VOL · X APRIL 1927 NO · 40

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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# *National Safety Council says so!*

THE National Safety Council recently held its Fifteenth Annual Safety Congress and Exhibit, attended by over five thousand safety exponents.

One and ONLY one automobile was invited to exhibit at this Congress—the New Safety Stutz.

The invitation of the Council to the Stutz Company says, in part:

> *"Your organization has produced a motor car which will not only help further to reduce the number of accidents, but also minimize the seriousness of results. We are particularly anxious to have the New Safety Stutz at the exhibit because it marks a new epoch in the automobile industry."*

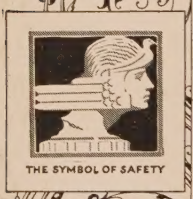
The greater safety and security claimed by its makers for the Improved New Safety Stutz is thus officially recognized by the most important safety agency in the world.

And to this cardinal superiority is added an onrushing smartness of appearance, a surpassing ease-of-riding-and-driving, a certain reliability and a marvelous performance.

*Wide Choice of Standard and Special Models*

A complete line of standard, de luxe and custom-built body styles, meeting every possible requirement of style, body appointments and price. The choice of 60 body styles and appointments, with unlimited combinations in many of the models.

Stutz Motor Car Co. of America, Inc., *Indianapolis*



## *The Improved New*

# SAFETY STUTZ

# KUPPENHEIMER GOOD[illegible]HES

SPRING & SUM[illegible] THE LAIRD PE[illegible]ENTY SEVEN

## "*That's* a Braw, Brawny Topcoat *laddie* and handsome as it looks"

"Handsome *is*, as handsome *does*." That's a canny Scotch phrase . . . and it fits the *Laird* Topcoat as his brogue fits Harry Lauder.

The *Laird* is the name of a three-unit ensemble. (1) A Woolen (2) A Style and (3) A Standard of Workmanship.

The *Woolen* is specially processed, to shed water and rebuff the cold. The *Style* is a classic in Topcoat cuts; debonair and nonchalant in its lines and drape; with an athletic shoulder. A coat that cuts a swath.

As for its workmanship . . . You may, in years, wear out *the style* . . . but you won't wear out *the construction*.

So a *Laird serves* as well as it looks. And it looks like a million dollars.

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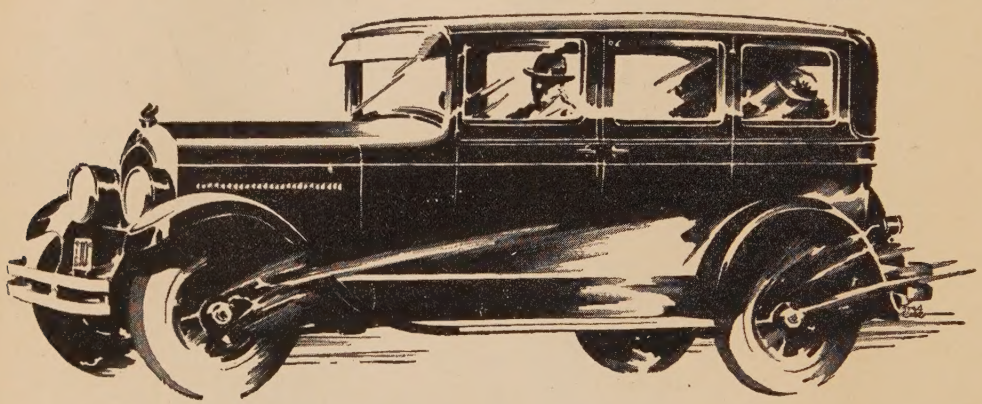
*"An Investment in Good Appearance"*

# 27th to 4th Place in Three Years
## — Ever-Increasing Public Preference

# CHRYSLER 70



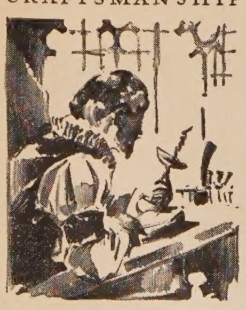
IN the beginning a fascinated public bought the Chrysler "70" for the charm and freshness of its new performance and appearance.

Behind that first Chrysler, and the public's first enthusiasm for its new qualities, are now more than three years of experience.

During those three phenomenal years—years in which public preference swept Chrysler from 27th to 4th place—motor car buyers have come more and more to know the substantial and solid qualities built into each and every Chrysler by its unique engineering and manufacturing plan of Standardized Quality.

They have found a dependability and long life in the "70"—proved by hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners—combined with those elements of progressiveness through which Chrysler has steadily maintained the speed, dash, beauty, luxury, economy and safety of the finer Chrysler "70" of today, as far in advance of its field as at the time of its introduction.

CRAFTSMANSHIP



*Eight body types priced from $1395 to $1795, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

*Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.*

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

# The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME X April 1927 NUMBER 40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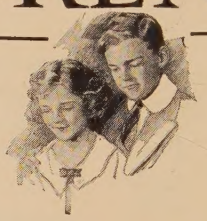
Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

# TO A MARRIED MAN WITH TWO CHILDREN



MODERN FATHERHOOD—what responsibilities it involves!

We say *modern* fatherhood because the world is different. Time was when children added no appreciable burden. Food was cheap; clothes were cheap; schools were cheap; help was cheap; and the older children looked after the younger.

We have left behind forever the world in which things were cheap.

### *What it costs*

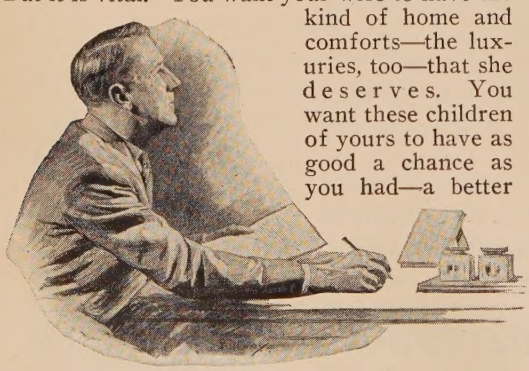
Twenty years ago it was estimated that the cost of raising a child to its sixteenth year was $2,500.

Today the cost is $5,000.

Twenty years ago the average cost of a college education for a boy or girl was $2,000.

Today the cost is $4,800.

The earning of money is not the sole, or even the principal obligation of fatherhood. But it is vital. You want your wife to have the kind of home and comforts—the luxuries, too—that she deserves. You want these children of yours to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance. Every day, as the cost of living goes up and up and up, you are thinking more seriously about these things.



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# Can Any One Book Please 40,000 People?

## *Why the Book-of-the-Month Club guarantees its subscribers against dissatisfaction, and how.*

THE purpose of the Book-of-the-Month Club is a very simple one, but many people misunderstand it. It was organized primarily to prevent you from missing the outstanding new books. Think over the last few years. How many good books have appeared, which you were anxious to read, but which you never "got around to," because you were either too busy or too neglectful. The Book-of-the-Month Club is an absolute insurance against this happening in the future.

Many people think, however, that if they subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club service they will be obliged to accept one new book a month, whether they like it or not. Such an idea repels them. Nobody wants someone else to choose his reading. Nobody wants his choice of books limited to a few a year. Now, in actual fact, Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers *have a wider range of choice among the new books, and actually choose their books with more discrimination*, than was ever possible before. How is this effected?

Every month *all the important new books are submitted, by the publishers themselves*, to the Selecting Committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club. This committee consists of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. By a system of independent voting, they choose what they consider the outstanding book each month. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals (of such good judgment and such differing taste) is *likely* to be a book that few intelligent people will care to miss.

But neither the Book-of-the-Month Club, nor the members of the Committee, consider this verdict infallible. It is nothing but a practical method of arriving at an outstanding book that *most people* will want. But tastes vary. Your taste should be sacred to you. Accordingly, if you are a subscriber, *you are not compelled, willy-nilly*, to accept the judgment of the committee. On the contrary, you are provided *with a double guarantee* against possible dissatisfaction.

First, before the book-of-the-month comes to you, you receive a carefully written report describing what sort of book it is. If you think you will like it, you let it come to you. If not, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice of a substitute from a group of other important new books, *which are also described very carefully every month, in order to guide you in your decision.* Moreover, if you let the "book-of-the-month" come to you, and then find you are disappointed, even then *you may exchange it at that time for any other book you prefer.* Both before and after you receive a book, you are protected against disappointment.

Is it not clear that the final effect of this service is, not that somebody else chooses your books—*but that you at last are able to choose your reading with discrimination;* and that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the new books you are anxious not to miss?

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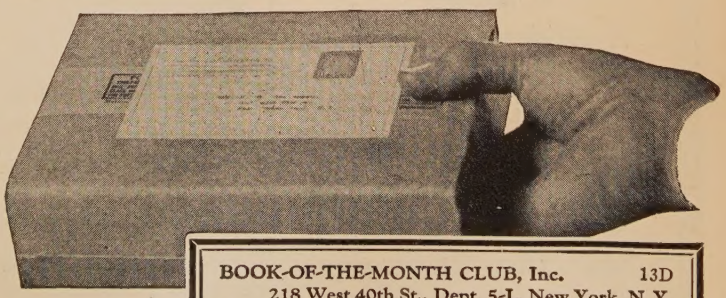

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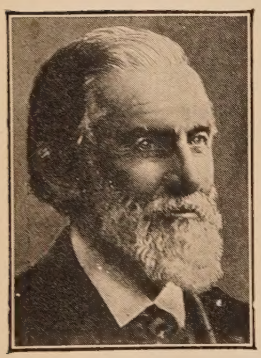

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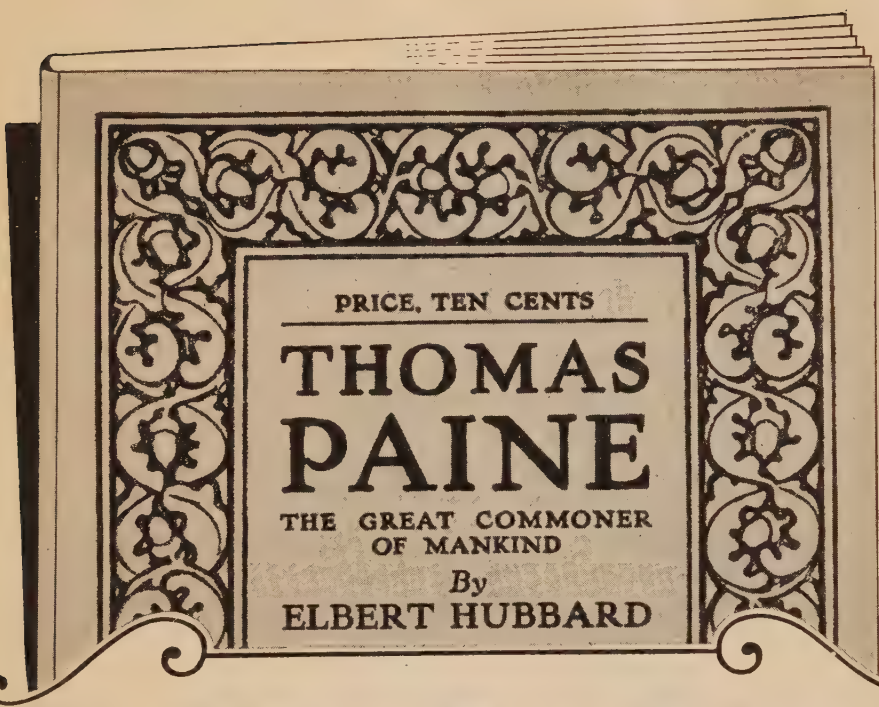


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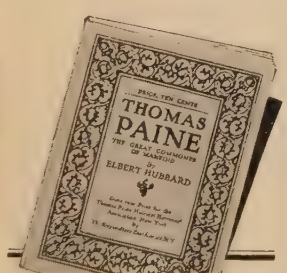


Thomas Paine was a liberator of men's minds as well as of their bodies. When Franklin said, "Where Liberty is, there is my home," Paine replied, "Where Liberty is **not**, there is my home."

He gave his life to laboring for mankind. Napoleon said a statue of gold should be erected to him in every city in the world. Washington paid tribute to his sound logic and unanswerable reasoning. Lincoln found his books when a young man, and they became a part of him. He declared: "I never tire of reading Paine."

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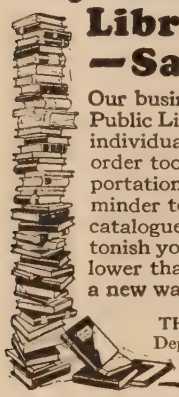

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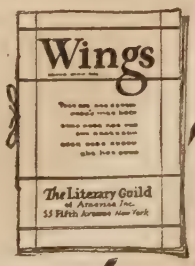

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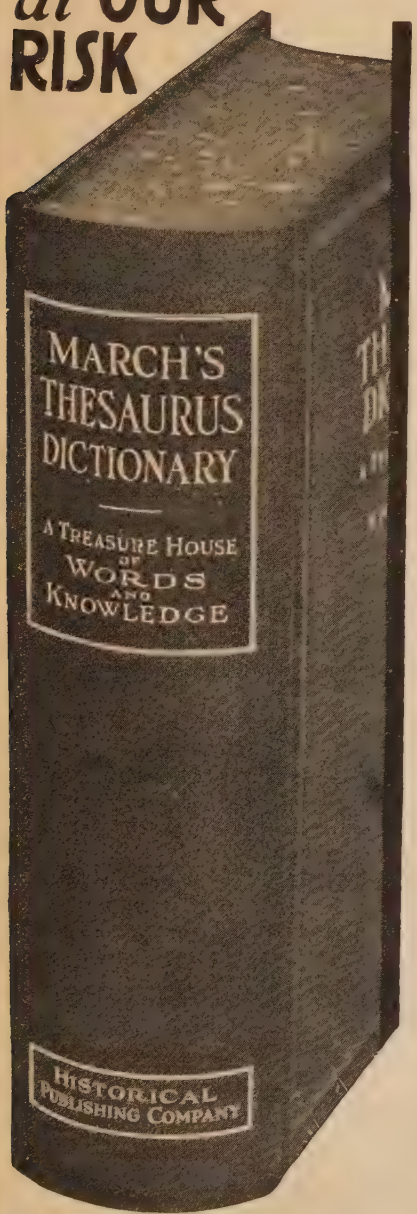


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*By Sigmund Spaeth.* *Simon & Schuster*
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A book of musical burlesques. Mr. Spaeth presents "Jack and Jill" set as an oratorio, as a song by Schubert, as an Italian opera, as a Wagner music drama, as a song by Debussy, and as jazz. He then analyzes at length the musical borrowings that enter into "Yes, We Have No Bananas." After that he attempts versions of "Yankee Doodle" in the manners of Händel, Bach, Chopin, MacDowell, Tschaikowsky, Debussy and Puccini, and finishes with a one-act American opera. The burlesques are ingenious, and the book is very amusing.

PASTICHE: *A Music-Room Book*
*By Yvonne Cloud.* *Faber & Gwyer*
42 s. 10 x 7¼; 101 pp. *London*

The text here is a miscellany made up of quotations from various musical books, old and new. The twenty-eight drawings by Edmond X. Kapp are all original, and many of them are excellent. They include portraits of Arnold Dolmetsch, Albert Coates, Harold Samuel, Lord Howard de Walden, Ravel, Busoni, Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood and Mme. D'Alvarez.

MUSIC AND MUSIC-MAKERS.
*By Constance Morse.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 364 pp. *New York*

An elementary history of music, written by a Boston music teacher. More than half of the book is given over to biographies of celebrated composers, beginning with Bach and ending with MacDowell. There is a bibliography, but inasmuch as it is not annotated it will probably help the beginner very little.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY.
*By Eliot Clark.* *Frederic Fairchild Sherman*
$20 10 x 7¼; 63 pp. *New York*

Murphy began life as a sign painter; his melancholy landscapes now adorn most of the great galleries of the United States. Mr. Clark's small book offers the first satisfactory account of him, as painter and as man. Eleven of his paintings are reproduced in monochrome. This edition of the book is limited to 250 copies.

## CRITICISM

ROBINSON JEFFERS: *The Man and the Artist.*
*By George Sterling.* *Boni & Liveright*
$1 7⅝ x 5; 40 pp. *New York*

This small work is of slight value. The biographical section is fragmentary and inadequate, and Mr. Sterling's criticism is mainly extravagant eulogy. The admirers of Mr. Jeffers, indeed, bid fair to damn him with excessive praises.

NEW METHODS FOR THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.
*By Edith Rickert.* *The University of Chicago Press*
$3 8½ x 5¼; 275 pp. *Chicago*

A humorless and often dreadful effort to reduce the natural human delight in beautiful letters to a series of graphs and formulæ. Here is a specimen sentence, in the course of a relentless anatomizing of a passage from Joseph Conrad: "Conrad's second sentence consists of a group of four short predications, followed by a succession of three longer modifying elements, and ending with three parallel short word groups." The author professes English at the University of Chicago. She says that her revolutionary invention was suggested by "the methods of code analysis used in the Code and Cipher Section of the Military Intelligence in Washington during the war."

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST.
*By R. H. Coats.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.50 7½ x 5¼; 240 pp. *New York*

The author has subdivided his survey into three rather distinct sections. In the first, he lists the dramatist's general characteristics—sincerity, sympathy, impartiality, irony, pity and indignation. In the second, he reviews dispassionately the finished products that have come out of Galsworthy's workshop—nineteen full-length plays and some shorter dramatic pieces. In the third are his conclusions—that Galsworthy is not a preacher or propagandist, but an

*Continued on page xviii*

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xvi*

honest recorder of the social, political and religious organization of our time.

THE PATRIOT NOVELIST OF POLAND: *Henryk Sienkiewicz.*
*By Monica M. Gardner.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 8¾ x 6; 281 pp. *New York*

There is very little strictly biographical material in this book; it is devoted mainly to a close consideration of Sienkiewicz's works. The author calls him "the greatest of Polish novelists."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE: *Poet and Dramatist.*
*By E. J. Thompson.* *The Oxford University Press*
$4 9 x 5½; 372 pp. *New York*

A well-documented critical biography of the Hindu Nobel Prize winner. Mr. Thompson argues that, despite his spirituality, Tagore is far from being a first-rater: he is often monotonous, he is a very unequal poet and there is a certain mental laziness about him. An extensive bibliography is appended.

## THE SCIENCES

OUR OWN AND OUR COUSINS' EYES.
*By Thomas Hall Shastid.* *The American Optical Company*
$1 9 x 5⅞; 199 pp. *Southbridge, Mass.*

A lecture delivered at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn. Dr. Shastid describes the evolution of the eye and its comparative anatomy. He believes that in the future the human eye will develop a better focusing apparatus for near points, and that eventually the two eyes will come closer together, and perhaps coalesce into one. In most persons today, he says, the left eye is servient and almost useless.

THE NEW SCIENCE AND THE OLD RELIGION.
*By Thornwell Jacobs.* *The Oglethorpe University Press*
$3.75 9¾ x 6; 463 pp. *Atlanta, Ga*

The author is a Presbyterian clergyman and president of Oglethorpe University, a small Georgia college. His book is an eloquent and effective plea for the acceptance of the facts of science by his co-religionists, and is well-informed and courageous in tone. It is the first publication of the Oglethorpe University Press, and was set up and printed by the students. Dr. Jacobs proposes to use it as a text in teaching them.

THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE.
*By Thurman B. Rice.* *The Macmillan Company*
$4.50 8½ x 5½; 363 pp. *New York*

A popular treatise on the transmissible diseases, with suggestions for their prevention. It is clearly and interestingly written. The author is assistant professor of sanitary science in the School of Medicine at Indiana University.

FOGS AND CLOUDS
*By William J. Humphreys.*
*The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$4 7¾ x 5½; 104 pp. *Baltimore*

Mr. Humphreys is a meteorological physicist employed by the Weather Bureau. His photographs of clouds are of extraordinary variety and beauty, but his descriptions are so laden with details that the average layman will probably find them baffling.

## HISTORY

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.
*By Theodore H. Robinson.* *The Oxford University Press*
$2 7 x 4¾; 244 pp. *New York*

This book is unsatisfactory for two reasons: (1) the author tries to cover too much ground for his space and (2) he approaches his subject as a theologian and not as a scientist. As a result, his chapters on Islam and Judaism are blotched with the jargon of the seminary, and the chapter on Christianity is devoid of all illumination to the serious student. Mr. Robinson has a D.D., and is a lecturer in Semitic languages at University College, Cardiff.

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. VOL. I. *The Orient and Greece.*
*By M. Rostovtzeff.* *The Oxford University Press*
$5 10 x 6¾; 418 pp. *New York*

Intended mainly for novices, this book is devoid of all the baggage usual to more pretentious volumes. It is clearly written and generously sprinkled with excellent plates. The section dealing with Greece, however, leaves something to be desired. Dr. Rostovtzeff goes to great lengths in discussing the sculptors and architects of Athens, but he is much too niggardly in the space he allots to the dramatists, philosophers and poets. Aristotle, Plato and Æschylus surely deserve more than cursory notice—even in a beginners' book. A number of maps are appended. The translation from the Russian is by J. D. Duff.

MAIN CURRENTS IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM.
*By Willard Grosvenor Bleyer.*
*The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8 x 5¾; 464 pp. *Boston*

A useful and careful but conventional survey of American newspaper history. In its discussion of jour-

*Continued on page xx*

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xviii*

nalism today it is far inferior to Oswald Garrison Villard's "Some Newspapers and Newspaper Men." There is an adequate bibliography.

## EDUCATION

FEDERAL AND STATE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.
*By William A. Cook. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2.75 8⅛ x 5¼; 373 pp. *New York*

ADULT EDUCATION.
*By Joseph K. Hart. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*
$2.75 8⅛ x 5¼; 341 pp. *New York*

Both these books are full of interesting information. Mr. Cook, who is professor of education at the University of Cincinnati, outlines the educational history of this country, giving special stress to the diversity of present-day administrative methods. Mr. Hart approaches the problem of adult education from a sociological point of view. His central thesis is the by no means original one that "the mind of our age is not now equal to the problems of our age." He thinks that the education of adults is, at the moment, more important than the education of children, because "the adult generation controls the experience-world of childhood; and it also controls the kind of ideas that the schools may pour into the minds of children."

SCHOOL SUPERVISION: *In Theory and Practice.*
*By Ellsworth Collings. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2.75 8⅛ x 5¼; 368 pp. *New York*

This is one of those horrors that delight the hearts of "scientific" educators. It is full of charts, new words and beautiful definitions—and is, to a large extent, quite unintelligible. In his section on the janitor—coming right after the section on the school board and before the one on the superintendent—Mr. Collings, who is dean of the School of Education at the University of Oklahoma, says: "The school janitor's specialized function in furthering the continuous growing of boys and girls is to provide for the physical conditions conducive to this end. He is charged with the ventilation, lighting, heating, cleaning and sanitary conditions of the school plant. Intelligent control of these factors is the specialized function of the janitor in consummation of the school's function."

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE NEW KOREA.
*By Alleyne Ireland. E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 354 pp. *New York*

A comprehensive study of the Japanese administration in Korea. Mr. Ireland finds that "from 1910 to 1919 Japanese rule in Korea, though it accomplished much good for the people, bore the stamp of a military stiffness which aroused a great deal of resentment, hampered the progress of reform, and was largely responsible for the discontent which culminated in the proclamation of Korean Independence on March 1, 1919." But he thinks that now there is to be found "an almost unanimous agreement . . . that native sentiment has, in recent years, shown a continuing tendency to become less anti-Japanese."

FARMERS OF FORTY CENTURIES, *or, Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea and Japan.*
*By F. H. King. Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 379 pp. *New York*

An extremely interesting and highly valuable account of the agricultural methods of the congested Orient. Mr. King, who was formerly professor of agricultural physics at the University of Wisconsin and chief of the Division of Soil Management of the United States Department of Agriculture, presents abundant evidence that the Chinese and Japanese know more about farming and gardening than any of the Occidental peoples, and that it is because of this that they have been able to maintain their dense populations. The book is very interestingly written, and full of excellent illustrations.

SOUTHERN ALBANIA IN EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.
*By Edith Pierpont Stickney.*
*The Stanford University Press*
$2.50 9 x 5¾; 195 pp. *Stanford University*

This study deals mainly with the Albanian question in the years 1912–1923. The author believes that it is well on the way to a satisfactory solution, primarily through the efforts of the League of Nations.

THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM: *A Study of the Negro.*
*By Edward Byron Reuter.*
*The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2.75 8⅛ x 5¼; 448 pp. *New York*

Mr. Reuter, who is professor of sociology at the University of Iowa, thinks that the Negro problem will be with us for a long time, for while "there is reason to anticipate an increased tolerance in intellectual and cosmopolitan circles,' there is "no reason to anticipate it elsewhere." He is very doubtful about what the Lothrop Stoddards and McDougalls have been saying about the anatomical and cultural inferiority of the black man to the white; he believes that all their dogmatic pronouncements are without scientific foundation.

*Continued on page xxii*

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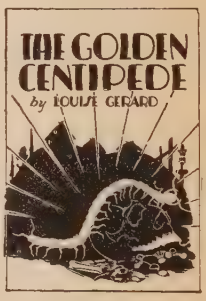


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*by Louise Gerard*

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*by Van Wyck Brooks,*

*author of "The Pilgrimage of Henry James"*

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*by Norman Angell*

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xx*

CHINA AND HER POLITICAL ENTITY.
*By Shuish Hsü.* *The Oxford University Press*
$2 7¾ x 4⅞; 438 pp. *New York*

A useful study of latter-day Chinese history, with special reference to the republic's relations with Korea, Manchuria and Mongolia. The author is a professor in Peking University, and has had access to native sources that are closed to most Western writers upon the subject.

GERMAN AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.
*By Kuno Francke.* *The Harvard University Press*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 134 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Four chapters dealing with the intellectual life of Germany following the Treaty of Versailles. One of them is devoted entirely to Count Hermann Keyserling, whom Dr. Francke regards as "brilliant and intensely original," and another discusses the problems of the German-American. In the latter the author says what one feared he would say: that the German-American must be a good American, and try to impress his cultural heritage on the civilization of this country—always in proper ways.

PRESENT DAY JAPAN.
*By Yusuke Tsurumi.* *The Columbia University Press*
$1.75 7⅞ x 5½; 114 pp. *New York*

The author devotes most of his space to the modern literature of Japan. In the final chapter, where he considers Japanese-American relations, he says the banal thing: he relies on "the manifestation of American spirit, the traditional spirit of fair play and serene justice."

THE BABBITT WARREN.
*By C. E. M. Joad.* *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 246 pp. *New York*

The Babbitt warren of the title is the United States. Mr. Joad believes that the American scheme of things is making inroads in Europe, and that the result is bound to be disastrous to civilization. He has never visited this country, and so falls into a number of ludicrous errors. "The films," he says, "are the literature of America." And the late J. Gordon Cooglar was "the one famous Southern American poet"!

THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.
*By Everett Dean Martin.* *W. W. Norton & Company*
$3 8½ x 5½; 319 pp. *New York*

Mr. Martin's thesis is that "education is more than information, or skill, or propaganda. . . . Education is emancipation from herd opinion, self-mastery, capacity for self-criticism, suspended judgment, and urbanity." The argument is extremely well maintained and the book is very interesting. But it sadly lacks an index.

BIRTH CONTROL LAWS.
*By Mary Ware Dennett.* *Frederick H. Hitchcock*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 309 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Dennett is an advocate of the repeal of the present archaic laws against the dissemination of contraceptive information, but in this book she presents the case of her opponents very fairly, and also does exact justice to those who advocate something short of complete repeal. The work is carefully documented, and constitutes a valuable historical record.

SEX FREEDOM AND SOCIAL CONTROL.
*By Charles W. Margold.* *The University of Chicago Press*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 143 pp. *Chicago*

This is a tract against Havelock Ellis' thesis that "it is not until a child is born or conceived that the community has any right to interest itself in the sexual acts of its members." Dr. Margold's counter-blast, in part, takes the somewhat astonishing form of proof that even among savages who countenance promiscuity sexual relations are regulated by rigid taboos. He is associate professor of sociology and social work at the Michigan State Normal College.

## BIOGRAPHY

JOHN WYCLIF: *A Study of the English Medieval Church.*
*By Herbert B. Workman.* *The Oxford University Press*
$12.50 9 x 5¾; 342+436 pp. (2 vols.) *New York*

This colossal biography was twelve years in preparation, and is based on a direct examination not only of all of Wyclif's writings in the original, but also of all the literature about him. It is well written, and heavily laden with foot-notes, quotations from the original and numberless appendices. The author is principal of Westminster College and Senator of London University.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON.
*By George E. Hastings.* *The University of Chicago Press*
$4.15 9¾ x 6; 517 pp. *Chicago*

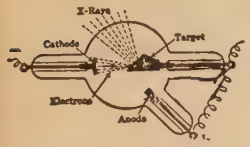
A rather humorless study, originally presented as a doctoral thesis at Harvard, of a Revolutionary dabbler in all the arts, and a patriot to boot.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN JEWRY. 1926.
*Edited by Julius Schwartz and Solomon Aaron Kaye.*
*The Jewish Biographical Bureau, Inc.*
$10 8¼ x 5½; 680 pp. *New York*

The first book of its kind to appear in America. It is, in many ways, very useful, but full of lamentable omissions. No mention, for example, is made of

*Continued on page xxiv*

*A Eunuch on duty. See copy on The Son of the Grand Eunuch.*




*cathode tube blazed a path into the atom. See The Romance of the Atom.*

*No matter what holy place we pray in. See Why Religion.*

*Do you know who she is? See Epoch.*

*A coat of arms for the White Wings (Street Cleaning Department) See White Wings.*

*In a poorhouse. See Poorhouse Sweeney.*

*A Society lady tells. See Tragic Mansions.*

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**CENTURY—*Enduring Books***


## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxii*

Louis Miller, one of the leading editors in the Jewish newspaper world; or of Avrahm Yarmolinsky, a Slavic scholar of recognized authority; or of Prof. Harry A. Wolfson, the distinguished Harvard professor of Jewish literature and philosophy; or of Dr. Isaac Goldberg; or of Benjamin Gitlow, the Communist; or of Thyra Samter Winslow, the fiction-writer. The editors lament that "some persons preferred to be omitted rather than associate their names with those of their racial colleagues. A few even rejected with indignation the proposal of being included in a volume where their Jewish identity would become a matter of public knowledge." But somehow or other they got Otto Hermann Kahn in.

WHITMAN: *An Interpretation in Narrative.*
*By Emory Holloway.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 330 pp. *New York*

Mr. Holloway is anything but a lively writer, but his store of Whitmaniana is colossal, and so his book is interesting and instructive. His materials about the Whitman of the early days are especially unfamiliar and valuable. At the end he prints a brief Whitman bibliography.

LUTHER BURBANK: *His Religion of Humanity.*
*By Frederick W. Clampett.* *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 144 pp. *New York*

The greater part of this book concerns Mr. Burbank's "atheistic" address, delivered a few months before his death, and the uproar it caused. It shows very plainly that he did not shine as a philosopher; the few ideas he had on religion were a hodge-podge of Ethical Culture and romantic pantheism.

### REPRINTS

IMPERIALISM. *The State and Revolution.*
*By Nikolai Lenin.* *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4⅜; 225 pp. *New York*

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.
*By Benjamin R. Tucker.* *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4⅜; 294 pp. *New York*

THE ESSENTIALS OF MARX.
*Edited by Algernon Lee.* *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4⅜; 294 pp. *New York*

"Individual Liberty" is a collection of representative writings by Mr. Tucker, the famous America individualist-anarchist, in his now-extinct *Liberty*. It is edited by "C. L. S." "The Essentials of Marx" is made up of selections from the works of Marx and also reprints of The Communist Manifesto and "Wage-labor and Capital," the latter with Engels' introduction. It has, in addition, a critical and historical foreword by Mr. Lee.

*Continued on page xxvi*

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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxiv*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. *Edited by Charles Moore.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 8 x 5¼; 65 pp. *Boston*

These maxims were written by Washington as a schoolboy, and are to be found in a copybook that he used before he was sixteen. Mr. Moore shows that they were largely borrowed from an English version of a French book called "Bienséance de la Conversation entre les Hommes," prepared by the Jesuits of La Flèche in 1595, and done into English by one Francis Hawkins, an English Jesuit, in 1640. There are a number of reproductions of pages of the Washington MS.

THE MISTRESS, *With Other Select Poems.*
*By Abraham Cowley.* *The Nonesuch Press*
18s. 10⅜ x 6¼; 213 pp. *London*

The dull, dreadful poems of Cowley are here reprinted in a very handsome volume, on Dutch rag paper and with an engraved title-page. There is an introduction by John Sparrow, who also contributes the textual notes. The edition consists of 1050 numbered copies.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN CAPITALISM.
*By John A. Hobson.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4¾; 510 pp. *New York*

This well-known work first appeared in the Contemporary Science Series, edited by Havelock Ellis, in 1894. It was revised in 1906, and is now revised again to admit a discussion of the effects of the World War upon the capitalistic structure.

SAINTS PROGRESS. THE FREELANDS. BEYOND. THE DARK FLOWER.
*By John Galswolthy.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.25 each. *New York*
6¾ x 4⅛; 383 pp.; 397 pp.; 394 pp.; 299 pp.

These are the second four volumes in the projected eighteen volume Grove Edition of Galsworthy's works. They are excellently printed and very convenient to handle.

## REFERENCE BOOKS

THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY: *Advanced Edition.*
*Edited by William Dodge Lewis, Henry Seidel Canby and Thomas Kite Brown.* *The John C. Winston Company*
$2.88 8⅝ x 6⅛; 1260 pp. *Philadelphia*

This dictionary, which lists 100,000 words and phrases and contains 3000 illustrations, is chiefly intended for high-school and college students, but it is also suitable for general use. The definitions are succinct, the etymologies are full enough for all practical

*Continued on page xxviii*

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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxvi*

purposes, and there is an admirable system of cross-references. It is clearly printed on tough paper, with a thumb index, and very substantially bound.

PIERRE KEY'S MUSIC YEAR-BOOK, 1926–27.
*Edited by P. V. R. Key.* *Pierre Key, Inc.*
$2.75 9¼ x 5⅞; 519 pp. *New York*

This annual presumes to cover the whole world. There are lists of orchestras, ensembles, soloists, accompanists, conservatories, agents, choral organizations, auditoriums, composers, dancers, opera-houses, musical publications, music critics, local managements, and prizes and scholarships. There is also a list of new works performed since October, 1925. The last 128 pages of the volume are given over to advertisements.

### FICTION

THE PAINTED CITY.
*By Mary Badger Wilson.* *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
$2 7½ x 4⅞; 247 pp. *New York*

Nine sketches of Washington life—not the life of diplomats and politicians, but that of the poor fish who do the gloomy dirty work of the town. The book is without pretensions, but there is sound observation in it, and it conveys very vividly the shabby tragedy of the minor job-holder.

SHOOT.
*By Luigi Pirandello.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 376 pp. *New York*

Instead of making this a straight narrative, Pirandello has Serafino Gubbio, cinematograph operator, whose nickname is "Shoot," put down his observations, in the form of notes, as he cranks the handle of the camera which is recording the unfolding drama. Varia Nestoroff, an irresistibly atttractive, primitive personality, plays havoc with Aldo Nuti and Carlo Terro and in the end virtually destroys them both. The author puts into the mouth of "Shoot" countless shrewd comments on human motives and actions. In this story he almost equals the excellent job he made of his play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author." There is a comprehensive bibliography of all the works of Pirandello. The translation by Charles Scott Moncrieff is thoroughly jazzy.

THE PACER.
*By Viola Paradise.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 278 pp. *New York*

The prolonged illness of her maiden Aunt Carrie, her only living relative, necessitates Judith Hazlitt's leaving high-school in her third year, though she is the star pupil. She goes to work in the canning-room

*Continued on page xxx*

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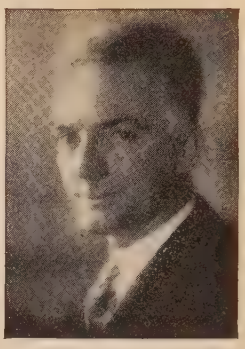

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## Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

of the Gunner pickle factory and earns the title of the "pacer" because of her quickness. She marries the factory owner, Joseph Gunner. But always there is a restlessness surging within her. Even Joey junior does not quell it. Her husband suggests that she attend college; she meets and mixes with the *intelligentsia* of Chicago, but it is not until she falls in love with a poet that she believes life is really worth while. She leaves her family and goes off to New York. Her poet writes to her after the husband has been to see him and offered to arrange for a divorce, that she should return to Gunner; that though he loves her she would be second to his work, whereas she and her husband are woven together in a perfect pattern. Gunner, too, writes to Judith and asks her to come home. She at last admits to herself that her pickle manufacturer is himself a genuine poet and returns to his fireside.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.
*By Struthers Burt.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7¼ x 5¼; 463 pp. *New York*

Stephen Londreth, son of a wealthy Philadelphia family, meets Mercedes Garcia, née Wiggins, a *revue* girl. After seeing her twice in one day, he asks her to marry him. This she does after two months. They go to his ranch in Wyoming and thoroughly enjoy the first few months of wedded bliss. But their natures clash and Mercedes returns to New York to resume her theatrical life. Londreth goes abroad. Mercedes has difficulty in obtaining employment, but is aided by Arthur Hastings. The latter had remained her friend despite her rejection, before Londreth's appearance on the scene, of his proposal that she live with him. She soon discovers that she is to become a mother and returns to the ranch, a half right to which Londreth turned over to her after their marriage. The separation proves how much they love each other, Londreth returns before the child is born, and they live happily ever after.

YOUNG ANARCHY.
*By Philip Gibbs* *Cearge H. Doran Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 309 pp. *New York*

Here again the author tells us of the conflict between post-war youth and the intolerant hard-headed older generation of England. The story concerns the wild doings of the Bishop of Burpham's children. Jocelyn stands as Labor candidate in his father's diocese and is defeated. Nancy writes a devastating modern novel. Lettice and Merwyn Wingfield, another pair who bring their conservative parents much heartache, are interwoven in the story, along with Elizabeth Pomeroy, a maiden sister of the Bishop. But when the General Strike comes along, they all play the game and pull together, with true English spirit.

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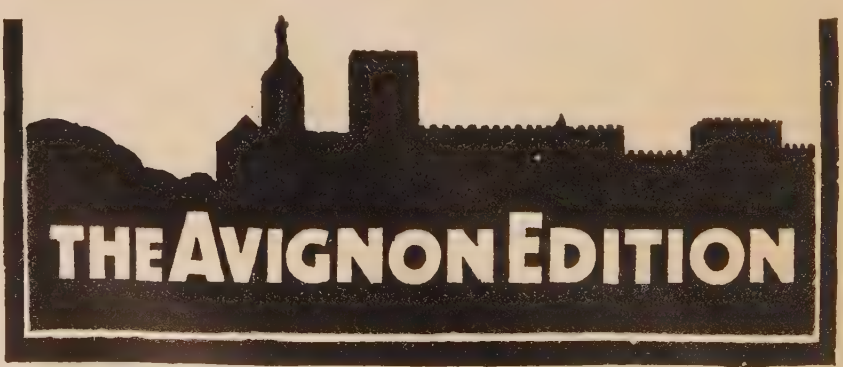


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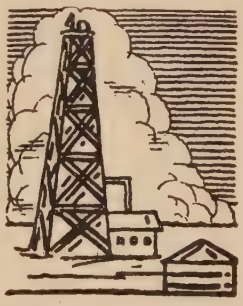

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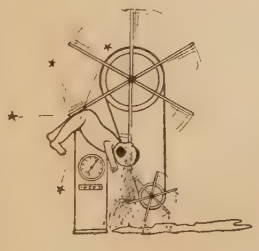

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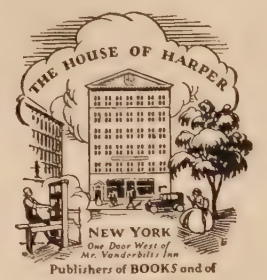
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VOLUME X NUMBER 40

*The American*
MERCURY

April 1927

# THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BY DEWEY M. OWENS

THE Associated Press in its present form dates from May 23, 1900, when it was chartered under the laws of the State of New York. But its real history goes back thirty-five years earlier, to 1865. That early history was as checkered and varied as its record for the last twenty-six years has been uniformly successful. Today the Associated Press is able to boast with considerable truth that it is the world's most successful coöperative organization. There is no doubt that it is the most conspicuous. It serves more than 1,200 papers, has 80,000 reporters, and annually collects and expends $7,000,000. Every day millions of Americans read the initials A. P. at the head of news stories. Some of them know that the two letters stand for the Associated Press; others, perhaps, think that they represent the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company.

For years and years it was an axiom in newspaper offices that "the A. P. always gets the facts." This meant that its writers presented a meticulously accurate but often very trite and dull picture of what had happened. The A. P. frowned on fine writing. Its reports were all as dry as dust, but the facts were there, and if the reader wanted any color he could use his own imagination or read the more colorful special dispatches which the more prosperous and newsy papers often obligingly printed to supplement the A. P.

But during the last five or six years all that has been changed. Today not even Mr. Hearst's International News Service is more flowery than the Associated Press. Nor does even the United Press get more "human interest" stuff into its dispatches. Since 1921, indeed, the Jazz Age has been showing its effects in the once staid news service. To appreciate just how marked this revolution has been one must go back and trace the A. P. through its more sombre days.

During the period from 1865 to 1892 it was not an incorporated body. It was merely a combination of papers and small news associations, held loosely together by a written agreement for the exchange of news. It was content to report in small town style the humdrum happenings of the territories in which it had members. This was yet an experiment, for prior to 1865 there had been no American news association worth mentioning at all.

The New York City Association acted as a clearing-house for the smaller branches during these early years. News from Europe was obtained by exchange with the foreign news agencies. A few special correspondents were stationed through the great open spaces of the West. The Western Union Telegraph Company permitted its agents to forward news by wire, thus aiding the Associated Press and at the same

time adding to the revenues of the telegraph company.

During the administration of Grant the Associated Press weathered its first violent attack from outside. Disgruntled Washington politicians drew up an indictment of James W. Simonton, its general manager, and attempted to show that the A. P. was a sinister monopoly, controlling the news and swaying public sentiment. The same argument has been used against the Associated Press many times since, but always it has managed to survive.

The first era of the Associated Press ended in 1892. For years there had been discontent among the loosely knit members, and in 1892 the Western Associated Press formally seceded and set up headquarters at Chicago. The old organization, with headquarters in New York, was so weakened by the wholesale defection that it was soon absorbed by the old United Press, which had sprung up in rivalry to it and had been gradually growing in power.

Then followed a period of fierce competition between the United Press and the Western Associated Press, with the former supreme in the eastern coast cities and the latter ahead in the West and South. Both were dependent for foreign news on Reuter's News Agency. Finally the Western Associated Press scored a knockout by securing the exclusive service of Reuter's. The United Press was thus placed under a tremendous handicap in collecting foreign news and several of the big eastern papers seceded and joined the Western Associated Press. On April 8, 1897, the old United Press breathed its last. More than 200 of its members promptly joined the Western Associated Press, which at one bound thus leaped into a prestige and prominence such as had never been enjoyed by any other news-gathering organization.

The Western Associated Press was incorporated under the laws of Illinois as a stock corporation. Its headquarters were at Chicago and it was managed by Melville E. Stone, an industrious young newspaper man, destined to sit at the helm of the Associated Press until April, 1921. The greatly increased prestige of the Western Associated Press made its services much in demand, but many papers seeking membership were turned away, for it was the A. P. policy to serve only one afternoon and one morning paper in each city. So the old charge of attempting to monopolize the news was revived, and the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* brought suit in 1900 to compel the Western Associated Press to supply it with news. The Supreme Court of Illinois decided for the *Inter-Ocean*, declaring that the Associated Press, which was classed as a public utility, had no right to deny its service to any paper able to pay for it.

Overnight, to escape the consequences of that Illinois decision, the Western Associated Press moved its headquarters from Chicago to New York, and on May 23, 1900, a new Associated Press was organized there. This, of course, was nothing more than a continuance of the old Western Associated Press. Stone continued as secretary and manager. Frank B. Noyes, of the Washington *Star*, was elected president, an office he is still holding.

## II

The Associated Press still operates under the charter granted it in 1900. The Western Associated Press had been a stock corporation, but the new Associated Press was chartered as a mutual association, operating solely for the collection and interchange of news. The corporation can make no profit and declare no dividends. Its affairs are managed by a board of fifteen directors. New member newspapers may be admitted by this board, providing no Associated Press member objects. When a member exercises his right of protest, the applicant may be admitted only by a four-fifths vote of the membership. It is, in consequence, virtually impossible for a newspaper to obtain the A. P. service when another A. P. member in the same town objects. Even Mr. Hearst, who owns the

rival International News Service, may thus exercise his right of protest and be heard. No longer ago than April, 1926, through his Rochester *Post-Express*, he prevented the admission of Frank E. Gannett's Rochester *Times-Union*. A year or so earlier he had barred out the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. Mr. Hearst owns thirteen A. P. memberships, and although he is looked upon with suspicion by many Associated Press members, he can keep the A. P. service from non-members wherever one of his member papers is printed.

Mr. Hearst is very partial to Associated Press memberships and holds on to all he can get. He cheerfully accepts the A. P. by-laws, including the one forbidding him to furnish news to his own news service and even the clause prohibiting him from placing International News Service wires in the same building with Associated Press wires. But his great rival, the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, steadfastly refuses to stomach the monopolistic features in the A. P. by-laws. As a result, not a single one of the twenty-seven Scripps-Howard papers has Associated Press membership. These papers have their own news association in the United Press, which is again the most formidable rival of the A. P.

The new United Press was in fact founded as a protest against the monopolistic practices of the Associated Press. When the old United Press collapsed in 1897, E. W. Scripps refused to join the Associated Press with his three newspapers, the Cincinnati *Post*, the Cleveland *Press* and the St. Louis *Chronicle*. He expected soon to found other newspapers in cities where A. P. memberships would not be available. So he organized the Scripps-McRae News Association, which, in 1907, was converted into the present United Press. The United Press serves any paper that has the price. There is no power of protest, and its clientèle is not asked to furnish it with news exclusively. The United Press now serves about 1100 papers, many of them in South America.

The monopolistic habits of the Associated Press have caused the Scripps-Howard chain to refuse to accept eight A. P. memberships acquired by purchase of member papers. Two of these memberships were in Denver, three were in Ohio, one was in Memphis, one was in Knoxville, and one was in New York City. The Associated Press offered to continue them under the usual conditions, but the Scripps-Howard management replied that under no circumstances would it agree to the by-law requiring a member paper to give its local news to the Associated Press exclusively. The Associated Press directors ordered service discontinued to all eight papers.

Roy W. Howard, chairman of the board of the Scripps-Howard papers, was thereby provoked into issuing a statement in which he denounced the monopolistic rules of the Associated Press as both archaic and immoral. Mr. Howard argued that the local news gathered by a paper was its own property, which it had a right to dispose of in any way it deemed best. He further declared that the Associated Press, while claiming to be a fully mutualized and coöperative concern, was in fact only nominally so. He attacked the provision in its charter which provides that the corporation may issue bonds to the amount of $150,000, the holders being allowed one vote for each $25 worth of bonds up to $1,000. Mr. Howard declared that the real control of the Associated Press did not rest with the ordinary members controlling only one vote, but with the selected group holding the bonds. They can now cast 6,000 votes in an election, while the rest of the members can muster only about 1,200.

However, the howls of its critics notwithstanding, the Associated Press has always refused to waive its claim to exclusive ownership of the news gathered by its member papers. In 1917 it got a court decision upholding its claim to ownership of its own reports of the news. All Associated Press newspapers then posted the following notice on their editorial pages:

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein. All rights of republication of all other matter herein are also reserved.

Melville E. Stone once stated that the Associated Press does not attempt to monopolize the news, but only lays claim to its own story of a particular happening. But this claim does not hold water, for employés of all member papers are strictly forbidden to act as correspondents for any non-member. In every Associated Press newspaper office a bulletin is posted impressing on reporters and editors the fact that they are working for the Associated Press as much as for their own paper. They are forbidden to send out any version of the news, no matter how differently it may be worded from the story given by the Associated Press. No A. P. rule is enforced more vigorously than this one. The minutes of the annual meetings held in New York each April are full of records of fines imposed on members violating it. Usually some green reporter is responsible for the violation; nevertheless, a fine is usually laid upon the publisher. Such fines may run as high as $1,000, but are usually nominal for first offenses.

This strict assumption of ownership of the news gathered by its members is what gives the Associated Press its chief claim to superiority over all other news services. For there can be no doubt that it is superior when it comes to covering every part of the globe. The rival news associations, which do not operate on a coöperative basis, may often send out a better story of a particular event than the Associated Press. But no other service can boast as many points of contact as the A. P. has, and no other can lay claim to 80,000 reporters scattered over the earth. Kent Cooper, the present general manager of the Associated Press, once explained it as follows:

> The magnitude of the Associated Press' task is not so much what it does as what it must be prepared to do instantly at any point on the globe. This work necessitates the watchfulness of approximately 80,000 individuals scattered throughout the world. Of course, all of this large number do not daily contribute news to be incorporated into the Associated Press report. Important things do not happen each day within the territory assigned to each of these 80,000 individuals. They are there to report an event if it happens and nothing is reported unless it does happen.

## III

The amount of material daily handled by the Associated Press is nothing short of staggering. More than 75,000 words are transmitted daily from each of the more important offices, of which there are four. In addition there are many State bureaus, serving only news of interest in their territory. Supplementary wires are usually installed during the baseball season. All this news is distributed by leased wires, of which there are 131,000 miles in the system. The introduction of automatic telegraph printers, capable of transmitting sixty words a minute, has greatly increased the amount of material the A. P. can handle. But it has not increased the value of the report. Hundreds of trivial stories are now transmitted every week. Close editing is no longer necessary, as in the days when the A. P. depended on a limited number of Morse telegraphers. Its report has become bulky and needlessly wordy.

As I have said, the Associated Press now has approximately 1,200 member papers scattered throughout North America and South America, with the vast majority in the boundaries of the United States. Each paper is responsible for the news of a given territory, and unless otherwise defined this is the area within a radius of thirty miles of the point of publication. In each office there are one or more correspondents of the Associated Press who work on space rates and thus pad out the salaries they receive from their papers. They file any news of interest originating in their locality. Thousands of dispatches are thus placed directly on trunk lines before a staff Associated Press editor has a chance to see them. This partly accounts for the atrocious English

often appearing of late in Associated Press dispatches. The circumstance is naïvely explained in the annual report for 1925, wherein the A. P. management takes a firm and lofty stand for pure and undefiled English. But it is pointed out that a corporation with thousands of widely scattered reporters can scarcely expect all of them to observe at all times every usage of polite grammar.

In 1920 the veteran Melville E. Stone, old and loaded with honors, was induced to turn the active management of the Associated Press over to younger men. His mantle fell on the able shoulders of Frederick Roy Martin and Kent Cooper. Martin was general manager until April, 1925, when he was succeeded by Cooper, who had been assistant general manager.

Soon after Mr. Stone retired the telegraph editors of the nation were astounded (and probably, in most cases, delighted) to see the sedate and respectable Associated Press showing signs of the Jazz Age, then upon the world in all its fury. Life began to creep into the dispatches, hitherto distinguished merely by their dry dullness. No one had ever expected anything from the A. P. except facts with all the life pressed out. It hadn't wanted color in its stories. Editors who wanted that color had to subscribe to the International News or the United Press, or some of the other more frivolous news services. But Mr. Martin and Mr. Cooper saw no reason why the Associated Press shouldn't have its lighter moments, so they began to send out bright little human interest stories.

For the first year or so the new Associated Press management was content to brighten up its report with these human interest hits. But in the Fall of 1921 a splurge of flowery writing began. The entombment of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington marked the departure of the Associated Press into the realms of gaudy phrases, hitherto left for the less conscientious and less accurate news services.

A young correspondent in the A. P.'s Washington office saw his chance when the United States brought back from France a casket containing the bones of some poor unidentified sacrifice on the altar of the Great Cause. I can't at present recall the young correspondent's name; he was unknown to fame before, and he has remained unknown since. But for a week he did some of the most voluptuous writing ever seen on the American continent. The bones of the anonymous dead man were glorified into the sacred relics of a hero who had seen a vision and followed it magnificently to a gallant death on the field of battle. Perhaps he was actually only a bewildered farm boy, snatched up by the draft and hurried unwillingly to his doom. But the A. P.'s literary correspondent painted him as the son of every sorrowing mother in America, the missing link in every broken family. The Washington politicians in plug hats, who followed the casket with one eye on the camera-man and the other on the vote-getting possibilities of the occasion, were transformed into heart-broken patriots, weeping at the bier of a fallen defender of their beloved country. Never before had the Associated Press been so eloquent.

But the news editors of the country apparently liked it. They sent hundreds of enthusiastic wires to the central office, demanding that the name of the gifted author of the blurbs be made public. For the first time in its history the Associated Press broke its rule of complete anonymity for its slaves. It sent out a bulletin giving the name of the young man, but not until after his series of dithyrambs had ended.

The next great chance to play upon the diaphragms of the plain people came when President Harding was martyred at San Francisco, in August, 1923. The death of a President is a gorgeous event such as any ambitious reporter may well long to tackle. The Associated Press writers, along with those of all other news services, made the most of their chance. Poor Warren was magnified from a dull and commonplace politician into a magnificent statesman and hero, and his fatal illness was depicted as

a breakdown from long and patient overwork in behalf of the People. Tragic pictures were painted of a great and benign President toiling away at the public's business until at last he worked himself to death.

This orgy of words continued while his body sped across the continent, while it lay in state at Washington and until after it was transported back to Ohio and buried. The thousands of yokels and children who flocked for a sight of the funeral train were painted as reverent mourners come to pay a heartbroken tribute to the fallen chieftain. The nation was pictured as at a standstill from grief.

## IV

When Dr. Wilson died early in February, 1924, the A. P. rhetoricians waxed even more maudlin than they had over Harding. When it became known that the ex-President was sinking, they began sending out dispatches which glittered with high-falutin writing. The wan and broken man who had been a helpless invalid since the Fall of 1919 was declared to be waging a fierce and magnificent fight against death. As a matter of fact, he was merely hanging on to his frail life as long as possible. There he lay almost in a state of coma, doing nothing, thinking nothing. But the word went far and wide that the war President was engaged in a truly herculean combat. When he finally died, the A. P. announced his death in the following four paragraph lead:

> Former President Woodrow Wilson died at 11:15 o'clock this morning.
>
> The place of his entombment and whether his funeral will be public or private will be announced later.
>
> The end was peaceful, life ebbed away while he slept.
>
> A tired man, he closed his eyes, and "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," passed on to the great hereafter "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

This lead was flowery, but yet passable. There was nothing downright laughable in it. But what followed was much worse:

> Last Friday the grim reaper had forced his way into the house after waiting on the doorstep more than four years. Saturday he had advanced to the landing on the staircase and stood counting off the ticks of the great clock. Saturday night he knocked on the chamber door. A faithful physician and a loyal wife stood with their backs against it. At nine o'clock he rattled the door and called on the peaceful, prostrate figure on the great bed—a bed long and wide, a replica of the bed in which Abraham Lincoln slept in the White House, with a golden American eagle and a tiny silk flag over the head-board.
>
> The watchers knew the battle was lost. At the portal of the door now open, the faithful Negro servant hovered. On the bed, sitting beside her husband, sustained by all the fortitude and composure of a woman facing a crisis, was Mrs. Wilson, holding between her hands the wan, withered right hand that had proven the pen mightier than the sword. Near the foot of the bed was the eldest daughter Margaret, resigned to the inevitable. . . .
>
> Death advanced and beckoned for the last time. The tired, worn-out man drew a long breath, there was a slight flutter of the eyelids, an almost imperceptible twitch of the nostrils.
>
> Woodrow Wilson's soul had drifted out on the great dark tide that runs around the world.
>
> Outside a sickly sun broke through a cloud bank. A little native warbler, a pilgrim venturing forth in search of early Spring and sun, stopped for a moment and from his twig aloft twittered a happy note. Almost at that moment Mr. Wilson was passing out.

The Associated Press under Melville E. Stone was inexcusably dull, but it never indulged in such puerile flights of fancy. Mr. Stone believed in giving the facts, and he wouldn't tolerate any natty phrases, however harmless. This policy often resulted in painfully drab stories when a little coloring would have been acceptable. The World War was the greatest story breaking during the era of modern newspapers, but the Associated Press, then still under Stone, covered it after the manner of a country editor reporting the annual farm convention. The signing of the armistice was the greatest story of the war, but the Associated Press disposed of it in the following dull phrases:

> The armistice between Germany on the one hand, and the Allied governments and the United States on the other, has been signed.
>
> The State Department announced at 2:45 o'clock this morning that Germany had signed.
>
> The department's announcement simply said: "The Armistice has been signed."

This was typical of the reporting of the Associated Press throughout the entire war. Facts were all Mr. Stone wanted in his stories, and facts were all he got. Nevertheless, the A. P. made a creditable showing, and received much benefit at the end by the fluke of the United Press in reporting that the armistice had been signed on November 7, some days before the great event actually took place. Of course, the A. P. sent out thousands of words of idiotic propaganda during the war, but in those days it was hard to distinguish between facts and propaganda.

In February, 1925, the revived and poetical A. P. helped to canonize Floyd Collins, an illiterate Kentucky backwoodsman, with a habit of crawling about through caves. On one of these trips a big boulder slipped its moorings and imprisoned a leg of the cave man. For seventeen days Collins remained in the vise-like grip of the rock, and the Associated Press sent out thousands of words about him. This was all very well, of course. It was a good human interest story, and it was no more than that. But the A. P., following its new habit, made a gallant hero of Collins. The stories described in great detail his magnificent fight against death. There was really nothing magnificent about it. Collins simply held on to life as long as possible. An animal in the grip of a steel trap does the same.

The A. P. made great preparations for reporting the Scopes anti-evolution trial at Dayton, Tenn., in July, 1925. Special wires were strung to the little country courthouse, and the impending clash was grandiosely styled "the battle of the century." But the hearing proved to be more farcical than dramatic, and by the irony of fate the A. P. men and all the other correspondents missed the one really striking incident: the death of William Jennings Bryan, which came suddenly the Sunday after the trial ended. Not an A. P. staff correspondent was on the scene, and the first stories of the Commoner's death had to be filed by the correspondents of Chattanooga papers. But the A. P. boys came rushing back in time to send out thousands of words picturing Bryan as a sturdy gladiator, worn out by battles for the right, sinking dead on the field of honor.

In similar fashion the A. P. poets gushed over Rudolph Valentino when he died in New York last August. The actor's last hours were described as heroic, and there were purple paragraphs on his gallant and losing fight. The thousands of morons who fought for a glimpse of him in his casket were described as his devoted admirers. But it is only fair to say that the A. P.'s death stories are not always maudlin. When Luther Burbank died at Santa Rosa, in April, 1926, it sent out a simple story, yet couched in sweet phrases. I quote the first four paragraphs:

> Luther Burbank, withered by age, died here early today amid the flowering fruits and blooms he had created for the benefit of mankind.
>
> The noted horticulturist passed on to the great adventure of a hereafter in which he had no faith.
>
> Only a few weeks before the end, he had declared that he could not believe in a life after death.
>
> And as life ebbed away and he stood on the brink he did not falter in his conviction.

## V

At the annual meeting in April, 1926, which ended the first year of Mr. Cooper's managership, the Associated Press took official cognizance of its changed policies. The annual report announced that in the future "increased attention would be paid to the activities of women, to art, to music, to amusements, including the theatre and moving pictures, to science and to literary affairs." This was a ratification of Mr. Cooper's policies, already in effect.

Thus given official approval, he went merrily along, smashing the hoary traditions of the A. P. right and left. He sent bulletins over his wires encouraging correspondents to file all the short human interest stories they could find. The A. P. had always insisted that news, to get space, must be important; Mr. Cooper held

it sufficient if it were merely interesting. The A. P. had always shrouded its writers under a thick cloak of anonymity; Mr. Cooper saw no reason why the author of a good story should not get a little personal glory. So he permitted Alan Gould, an A. P. sports editor, to sign his story of the Dempsey-Tunney prize fight. It was the first time in history that an ordinary Associated Press staff man had been allowed to sign his story. Subsequently Associated Press sport writers were allowed to sign their stories of the World's Series of 1926. Since then several other A. P. stories have carried the names of the writers.

But Mr. Cooper scored his real coup late in September last, when he hired Bruce Barton, advertising man and writer of inspirational fudge, to interview President Coolidge. Mr. Barton visited the strong and silent man of the White House on the day he left his Summer home in the Adirondacks. The furniture was already being moved away, and the President sat in an old kitchen rocker and Barton on the porch steps. For a long time they talked in heart-to-heart fashion, then Mr. Barton rose and went away. About three days later every Associated Press morning paper in the land carried his interview with the President on its front page, with a preliminary note announcing that Dr. Coolidge had for once waived the rule forbidding himself to be quoted, and had laid bare his heart through his old friend, Barton.

There were really two interviews, one for evening papers and one for morning papers. They revealed the President in an entirely new rôle, that of a human and lovable chap. One sought in vain to learn his views on any public question, but found with delight that he strongly endorsed marriage and motherhood. Mr. Barton also revealed that his first ambition was to be a country storekeeper, and that he still likes to putter about the old Vermont farm and repair its decrepit fences.

It was a simple, kindly interview, and one designed to stir only the most lovable thoughts in the human breast. But the Washington correspondents were white with wrath. Why in the name of all that was holy had the President laid bare his heart to the Associated Press alone? And why had he talked so charmingly to an outsider, a magazine writer, when the correspondents had for months been respecting his confidences and hiding him beneath the thin pseudonym of the White House Spokesman? There was even talk of refusing to further obey his mandate that he be not quoted directly. But it all came to nothing. The President issued a terse and icy statement pointing out that the Barton interview was a personal, not a public affair. And he coldly inquired if a President didn't have the right to give his interviews where he chose. The correspondents were silenced, but some of them thought darkly that the President was courting the A. P. a little too much.

On November 16th, more than two months after the Coolidge-Barton business, Robert E. Olds, Assistant Secretary of State, called to his office representatives of the Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service. He pledged the correspondents to secrecy, and then painted in lurid words a picture of Mexico as a hotbed of Bolshevism. He wound up by asking that the picture be presented to the American people, but elevated his hands in horror when one of the correspondents suggested that the State Department should stand responsible for the story. That would never do, Mr. Olds said. A friendly government could not thus attack openly another friendly government. Whereupon the United Press and the International News very properly refrained from carrying the story. But not the Associated Press. On the morning of November 18th, the A. P. papers all over the country carried scare heads over a dispatch beginning as follows:

> Washington, Nov. 17 (A.P.) The specter of a Mexican-fostered Bolshevist hegemony intervening between the United States and the Panama Canal has thrust itself into American-Mexican relations, already strained.

A storm of criticism arose around the Associated Press when Paul Y. Anderson, the very competent Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, exposed the manner in which the State Department had given out the propaganda. Many A. P. papers were caustic in their denunciation of the Washington bureau of the service, and demanded to know why the Associated Press was permitting the State Department to use it as a catspaw. But if they expected a satisfactory answer they failed to get it. L. C. Probert, manager of the Washington bureau, declared: "We got the story in the usual course of news and we had no reason to doubt its accuracy."

Kent Cooper, in an address to a group of insurance go-getters in December, defended the Associated Press from charges of partisanship. He pointed out that no one individual controls the organization, that its members are persons of every conceivable political, economic and religious advocacy, and that they are united only in the determination that its news service shall be free of every tinge of partisan activity. Mr. Cooper summed up as follows:

> The Associated Press has within a single year been charged with being controlled by the Roman Catholic church and by the Ku Klux Klan; by Henry Ford and by the Jews; it has been charged with favoring capital and opposing labor and favoring labor and opposing capital. Reflection upon this reputed control by opposing forces ought to prove the impartiality of the Associated Press and prove its freedom from the control of any movement, however worthy the movement may be.

Mr. Cooper was right in his contention that the Associated Press, taken in its entirety, cannot be anything but strictly impartial. The diverse and opposing views of the members insure this. But the fact remains that different units of the Associated Press are violently partisan, and may perhaps allow a little prejudice and favoritism to creep into some of their dispatches without being caught. All of which carries us back to the Coolidge-Barton séance up there in the sighing Adirondacks. Many newspaper men have thought that perhaps the President's favoritism toward the A. P. on this occasion made that august organization's men feel very kindly toward him. So far as I know only one man, James Melvin Lee, of the staff of the *Editor and Publisher*, has had the temerity to put these thoughts in print. In the very first number of the *Editor and Publisher* for the good year 1927 Mr. Lee dared to breathe the following:

> This Coolidge-Barton interview places the Associated Press in a rather embarrassing position if the Secretary of State or his fifty-seventh assistant wants a special favor for a political measure. The character of the Associated Press, like that of Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion.

# GO DOWN, DEATH!

## *A Funeral Sermon*

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

Weep not, weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.
Heart-broken husband—weep no more;
Grief-stricken son—weep no more;
Left-lonesome daughter—weep no more;
She's only just gone home.

Day before yesterday morning,
God was looking down from His great, high Heaven,
Looking down on all His children,
And His eye fell on Sister Caroline,
Tossing on her bed of pain.
And God's big heart was touched with pity,
With the everlasting pity.

And God sat back on His throne,
And He commanded that tall, bright angel standing at His right hand,
Call me Death!
And that tall, bright angel cried in a voice
That broke like a clap of thunder,
Call Death! Call Death!
And the echo sounded down the streets of Heaven
Till it reached away back to that shadowy place
Where Death waits with his pale, white horses.

And Death heard the summons,
And he leaped on his fastest horse,
Pale as a sheet in the moonlight.
Up the golden street Death galloped,
And the hoofs of his horse struck fire from the gold,
But they didn't make no sound.
Up Death rode to the great, white throne,
And waited for God's command.

And God said, Go down, Death, go down,
Go down to Savannah, Georgia,
Down in Yamacraw,
And find Sister Caroline.

She's borne the burden and heat of the day,
She's labored long in my vineyard,
And she's tired—
She's weary—
Go down, Death, and bring her to me.

And Death didn't say a word,
But he loosed the reins on his pale, white horse,
And he clamped the spurs to his bloodless sides,
And out and down he rode,
Through Heaven's pearly gates,
Past suns and moons and stars.
On Death rode,
And the foam from his horse was like a comet in the sky;
On Death rode,
Leaving the lightning's flash behind,
Straight on down he came.

While we were watching round her bed,
She turned her eyes and looked away,
She saw what we couldn't see;
She saw old Death. She saw old Death,
Coming like a falling star.
But Death didn't frighten Sister Caroline;
He looked to her like a welcome friend.
And she whispered to us, I'm going home,
And she smiled and closed her eyes.

And Death took her up like a baby,
And she lay in his icy arms,
But she didn't feel no chill.
And Death began to ride again—
Up beyond the evening star,
Out beyond the morning star,
Into the glittering light of glory,
On to the great white throne.
And there he laid Sister Caroline
On the loving breast of Jesus.

And Jesus took His own hand and wiped away her tears,
And He smoothed the furrows from her face,
And the angels sang a little song,
And Jesus rocked her in His arms,
And kept a-saying, Take your rest,
Take your rest, take your rest!

Weep not—weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.

# THE YOUNGEST GENERATION

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

Miss Cathleen, the youngest of my flock of five, was perched on the arm of a chair in my workroom; one foot rested on the seat and the other was sticking straight out; she had crossed her legs and with a book on her knee was pretending to read while I sat at my typewriter, tapping out what I had informed her would be a new pair of shoes for herself. This gave sufficient meaning to an otherwise monotonous performance to make it endurable for nearly an hour before her patience oozed away. We were alone in the house that afternoon. Finally she said: "If you will come over here and sit down by me I will tell you what I think late at night when I am in bed and alone and thinking."

"Young lady, you interest me," I answered in a tone as serious as hers. "Such an opportunity to explore the psychology of the female should not be tossed away. Tell me some of the things you think when you are alone and thinking."

These meditations, it developed, took the form of a tabloid novel full of action, the heroine of which could easily be identified as none other than Miss Cathleen herself. The story concluded, I praised it heartily, and then volunteered to contribute another, which I did, borrowing from Hans Andersen.

The performance was going over for a knock-out until one of Hans' fairies waved a wand with miraculous results. At this Miss Cathleen laughed heartily. The spell was so completely broken that I abandoned the yarn and tried another, borrowing this time from Grimm. He survived until an animal talked: that brought another outburst of laughter. I tried a third with no better success. By this time Miss Cathleen had mastered the technique and launched into one of her own manufacture. She was talking rapidly and directing me to stand first here and then there to represent her characters when Mrs. Crowell returned and asked: "What are you two doing?"

The answer was prompt and to the point. "Fooling each other," Miss Cathleen calmly replied, and proceeded with the dialogue between a mouse and the mouse's chauffeur. She offered it, not as drama, but as slapstick comedy. Miss Cathleen was then five, but already at that age she had voted out the miraculous as unworthy of serious consideration. Santa Claus remained a delightful game for another year, but he was clearly recognized as fiction. In fact, Miss Cathleen, even at five, was so keenly conscious of his real nature that she still refuses to believe in anything associated with him. Reindeer, for example, she regards as mythological, her name for them being Christmas cows. One must admit that they are improbable looking beasts, but if ever she sees a real one I think it is going to be a great shock to her.

Virtually all of the children of kindergarten age, or younger, who have come under my observation share to some extent the point of view which Miss Cathleen now demonstrates daily. There are wide variations in its degrees of manifestation, but all of the children seem to speak the same language. In view of the fact that they often do so at such tender ages as four or five I am forced to the conclusion that books, motion pictures, newspapers,

magazines, automobiles and Prohibition are not entirely accountable for their views. In a field where one person's surmise is about as good as another's I should not care to pose as an authority, but no thoughtful observer confronts these phenomena without venturing at least a guess at their causes. Mine is offered herewith; and no one will be more amused than I have been to discover in it a slight flavor of the miraculous. To be specific, I believe that after humanity has wrestled with any new series of thought processes until the vast majority of thinking people have become able to put them to practical use without suffering mental indigestion the new formulæ suddenly and unaccountably become part of the race heritage. Thereafter even infants apparently absorb them from the very air. I realize that a more scientific statement of his theory is possible, but I leave it a bit mysterious and miraculous, for that is how it must appear to at least the major portion of my generation. "Thoughts that men have died for we breathe lightly on the passing air!" Thus the basic idea was expressed long ago.

If I hark back to my own childhood, in looking at the Youngest Generation, I find them aliens, although I am yet on the lucky side of forty. The children of my boyhood days were still the heirs of earlier centuries. We tried to pretend that we were not afraid of ghosts, but the effort achieved little more than brave pretense. We doubted the supernatural, but it would not down. Today the nursery has to make a mighty effort to conjure a shiver out of ghost stories and even then that shiver is not sincere. The children know—without even knowing how they know—that all such yarns are bosh. The best applause they can give them is synthetic.

Their changed attitude is even more notable on the positive than on the negative side, and just as difficult to account for. One day I heard Ted, who is about three years older than Miss Cathleen, say to her: "Do you want me to tell you how the world came to be like it is? I'll tell you if you want me to." It was a rainy Sunday morning, with no school, and the children were supposed to be sleeping late, but as a matter of fact they were all sitting up in their beds, reading or talking. Miss Cathleen nodded assent, and Ted launched into his outline of history.

"At first," he said, "there were swamps all over everything, and weeds growing in them, and that's where the trees came from."

"How did the people get anything to eat?" demanded Miss Cathleen.

"There weren't any people, silly," replied Ted. "They didn't come until the trees grew up and had cocoanuts on them. Then they came and ate the cocoanuts."

I yearned for more of this yarn, but the mention of cocoanuts reminded Miss Cathleen that she knew where the remains of a box of shredded cocoanut could be found, and together they set off to salvage it, leaving the world in a very immature state of development. On that morning when Ted turned historian he was in the first grade of primary school and could neither read nor write. I had no recollection of his ever having encountered the theory of evolution, but of course he must have done so. They all do, and one rarely knows how or where. My guess is that this is no less true nowadays in rural Tennessee or Texas than in the suburban home of a magazine writer. In fact, I can much more easily account for the children of a farmer or dairyman coming into contact with the basic ideas of present-day scientific thought than any others. The rural population of this country now practises evolution in seed selection and animal husbandry. To use it in the fields and pastures and deny it in the forum must present an amusing spectacle to the observant Youngest Generation of the rural districts. One must be blind, indeed, if one fails to see how calmly and objectively all the children of today pass judgment upon their elders, even to the point of laughing at them without the slightest tinge of bitterness, a feat unknown in my own youth.

## II

After the children are able to read I find that they are scornful of heroes who can be wounded only in the heel or who carry magic weapons against which no others can prevail. Combat on such terms strikes them as silly; and now that I recollect how thrilling those fights were to me I must admit that I am ashamed of not having been fairer, not to say a little more intelligent. Their demand for tales of warfare waged under conditions that do not too grossly affront reason accounts at least in part, I believe, for the recent popularity of books and stories about cowboys, Indians, and the frontier. These yarns may be trash, judged as literature, and bunk, judged as history, but at least the heroes use man-made weapons in quest of gains that anyone can understand. No magicians intervene; the villains succumb to superior skill and bravery. To children these stories are realism, and they want nothing else. Most of the time, unfortunately, they do not get genuine realism, but they think they do and beyond question they want it.

Knowing how very definite their choice is with regard to ordinary reading, I naturally wondered what impressions, if any, they would receive from the Bible. In New Jersey, where we live, the State law requires that a verse be read daily in the public schools. Thus, by the time they are twelve or thirteen years of age the children have heard a considerable portion of the Book read at least once, and many of them have been urged to additional reading by their Sunday-school teachers. When questioned, they are not at all timid about replying. One little boy remarked to me, "I wonder why they call it the religion of the Jews." I pondered this a while and then said: "Well, it is; isn't it?" "Why, no," he answered, "they didn't seem to care much for it." His authority for this assertion proved to be the first and second books of Kings, in which he had read, to his astonishment, that one King after another had either lapsed into a toleration of religious freedom, or, even worse, gone over to the gods of the neighboring peoples. He pointed out to me that the great Solomon himself permitted his enormous household to follow its own whims in the matter of gods.

Inquiry addressed to other children developed the fact that they saw no connection whatever between the magical performances of the various prophets and their claims to divine inspiration. Feats of magic, in Biblical days, were the highest credentials a prophet could offer, and on more than one occasion rivalries were settled by competitive displays, comparable to tournaments. When I was a little boy and read the Bible all this was perfectly clear to me without (so far as I recall) ever having been explained. I understood without instruction that the prophet whose charms were the most potent or whose wizardry the most spectacular proved by his performance either that his god ranked above the competing deity, or that he himself was an authorized representative and the other fellow only a hellish pretender. But the Youngest Generation of this era is simply mystified by the juxtaposition of magic and assertion of authority. It has never occurred to its members that a man might attempt to prove the truthfulness of his assertions before the highest court in the land by turning walking sticks into snakes. Therefore, the record of such performances means nothing to it at all.

Here I cannot avoid wondering what the advocates of Bible reading by children expect to gain thereby. The printed page no longer inspires awe. There are now monthly magazines even for very young children, and, still more important in its bearing upon the impressiveness of the printed page, the public-schools issue little monthlies of their own. Before he reaches high-school the child of this generation has seen one or more of his own compositions in type. He reads the output of other authors critically. The Bible, I suspect, fared much better in the days when it was

a foot thick, with plush upholstering on the covers and metal hasps. Then, indeed, was it at least an awe-inspiring piece of furniture. If the plush binding was not enough to frighten a child away, the list of dead relatives on the solemn fly-leaves probably would. If both failed he usually came to grief in the barrage of begats in Genesis. Many a soul has been saved from the iniquity of inquiry by bogging down in the begats before encountering anything that seriously challenged his faith.

When I was a boy religion interested me very keenly, but I got nowhere with my inquiries until I was twenty-one years of age. The Bible in those days was something to be believed; you didn't have to read it and most Christians didn't. Whatever you knew in your heart was right, you could be pretty sure was there, and it was much easier to accept that comforting assurance than to strain your back trying to lift the book itself. But in recent years there has appeared an astounding number of books attempting to interpret the Bible in terms "that anyone can understand." Children are offered God's Word in convenient little volumes bound in limp leather, and urged by parents who don't know whether the story of Esther is in the Old or New Testament to plunge right in and "read this book as you would any other." That is just as impossible, I judge from what children tell me, as using a foot-rule in a machine-shop that does business according to the metric system. Not long ago I found a group of boys and girls fairly convulsed with laughter; the Bible verse read in school that day, they informed me, told of a man who washed his steps with butter "and prepared him a seat in the street." I have been able to identify this person, I believe, as Job, and the verse as one in Chapter XXIX of the book of Job. The only important point, here, however, is what the children thought about it. They pictured Job as obstructing automobile traffic until a patrol-wagon carted him off to the nearest psychopathic ward for observation. They did not know why he washed his steps with butter nor the purpose of any other part of his strange proceedings. The only person they recalled who ever did anything like that was Charlie Chaplin. Hence the laughter.

The Youngest Generation is not only not interested in dogmatic religion, but can scarcely conceive what it is. The children are Deists, as nearly as I can determine. The church they happen to attend doesn't seem to make very much difference. They believe in God and immortality, and all of them are going to an impressionist Heaven, lacking in detail, but very pleasant. Hell hasn't done much business for a long time. A broad detour circles the brimstone. The Youngest Generation is keenly interested in ethics but not as a topic for debate. What it demands is a brief code, dictated by reason and crystal-clear. Such a code is offered to all Scouts, both boys and girls, and this is the one they commonly use. It has become sacred both in and out of the organization. I have looked on more than once when a little boy attempting an evasion resorted eventually to fists or flight rather than give "Scout's honor" to support an untruthful statement.

## III

But I have lingered too long over this topic; their juvenile loves and flirtations are much more interesting.

One day last Fall an angel-faced mite of feminine charm who was popular in the first grade happened to hear someone address Mrs. Crowell by name. At once the little lady, who was on her way home from school, registered round-eyed wonder and asked: "Are you Ted's mama?" Ted was also in the first grade at that time. The answer was in the affirmative. "Well," exclaimed the little lady rapturously, "Ted's my fellow." That, of course, furnished a bond of interest, so introductions followed. The aplomb, the poise, the absolute assurance of these infants is charming. Ted, on being informed later in the afternoon that

his mother had just had the pleasure of meeting his sweetheart, remarked casually: "Her name's Jeanette." And that was all. No smirking. No embarrassment. Jeanette was his sweetheart. And he might have added: "What of it?"

Miss Cathleen came home from kindergarten one day accompanied by an apple-cheeked young man who had performed a rather remarkable feat for one of his size: he had held an umbrella over her all the way home. It was a very unpleasant day, and windy.

"This is Billy," Miss Cathleen announced. Later, after he had gone, she added for the information of the entire family: "Billy and I are going to be married."

"Well, well," I said. "And when are you going to be married?"

"When we are grown." This, with just a slight indication of impatience that I should ask such a stupid question. Then she continued: "We talked about it yesterday. We talked about it nearly all afternoon." Further inquiry disclosed that "nearly all afternoon" meant two or three minutes of standard time. They were marching together as partners in the classroom when the subject arose, and both agreed that they would eventually be man and wife.

In my school days the moment our attachments were discovered all was over. We were furtive. No matter how honest and wholesome our admiration for each other, the consciousness of something wrong was over us throughout the brief course of these flirtations. I still remember very poignantly the deep humiliation I felt when my father opened a school-book one day and found a note from a girl classmate. Moreover, if I recall correctly, and I think I do, we boys were almost as clumsy in our relations with our sisters as in our relations with our sweethearts. It was quite generally considered degrading to have a smaller sister tagging along or a larger sister exercising maternal authority by proxy.

The most manly and admirable course a young gentleman could pursue was to despise cleanliness, decent clothing and all women. Moreover it was customary to treasure every scrap of putrid conversation, information, or misinformation that good fortune sent our way. I was never very clever at this and I suspect that quite a number of my playmates registered an equally low score, but we concealed our ignorance to the best of our ability and pretended to be vastly edified by the unintelligible remarks of those heroic figures among us who were unmistakably bad boys. As for objecting to cleanliness, neat clothing, and all women, however, that seemed to be instinctive. I do not recall any exceptions. But nowadays I observe that the boys grow very fussy about their clothing just as soon as they start to school and sometimes before. Cleanliness is obviously the rule rather than the exception, and a boy who attracts none of the girls finds himself an object of ridicule. Women are no longer despised.

If you consider for a moment what different creatures they now are this change is easily understood. The girls swim just as well as the boys and go in for athletic games with no less enthusiasm. When I wore short trousers every city block housed Miss Priss, an unendurable person. Today I can name half a dozen pretty girls less than twelve years of age who are first-rate clowns. Not vulgar tom-boys but humorists, and both graceful and witty. Slight wonder, I should say, that sex discrimination declines among the Youngest Generation.

Girls in half-hose are now appraised rather keenly, as a conversation I recently overheard will amply prove. The speakers were two males, possibly eight years of age and about the size of tadpoles, nevertheless they were acting in the capacity of judges of a strictly informal beauty contest; that is to say, they were discussing privately the young ladies in their class at school and trying to agree as to which was the best looking. Tadpole No. 1

offered his nomination and the other considered it thoughtfully, then shook his head and pronounced judgment: "Her face is pretty," he admitted, "but her feet are too big and I don't like her legs."

"What's the matter with them?" asked Tadpole No. 1.

"They're bent wrong," was the reply and Tadpole No. 2 sketched a line through the air with his index finger by way of illustrating his point.

That, I think, is funny enough in itself, but it happens that I know the damsel in question and if you will accept my word for it Tadpole No. 2 was right. Her feet *are* too big and her legs *are* bent wrong. The rotogravure section and the motion picture have done their work so well that legs are no longer exciting; on the contrary they are a challenge to critical judgment. These young gentlemen are so accustomed to legs that if a sudden change of fashion were to conceal them I believe modesty would be the last explanation to occur to the juvenile male mind. The first surmise, I think, would be that something was wrong with the legs.

Among even the tiniest of these tiny tads there is no longer any dispute about the right of the female to assume the rôle of pursuer if she chooses, and very often she does precisely that. The Younger Generation still debates this point but the Youngest does not. In the course of her campaign it is assumed that the miss of six to twelve will bring to bear all her charms, but simpering modesty is no longer accounted one of them. What is the object of all this romantic activity? Why, simply to be recognized as a desirable human being. That is all I discover. In fact, without hesitation or qualification I announce my judgment that there never has been in any time or in any place on this earth a cleaner-minded, healthier, more wholesome, and altogether promising lot of children than are playing today in these United States. The forwardness of the girls is often shocking to their elders, but it seems not to be to the boys, and that, I should say, is the final test. They accept feminine aggressiveness as though there had never been any ban upon it. But so far as I can judge, girls are treated with more respect and consideration of the kind they really desire than ever before. Fathers are often alarmed about what they describe as the revolutionary behavior of these young women, but their mothers seldom are. Each sex is more conservative about the other than about itself.

## IV

In the course of my contacts with children below their teens I have watched carefully for the corroding effects of motion pictures. What I find is interesting but far from exciting. The boys seem to prefer horses, ships, fights, broad expanses of scenery, and rapid action motivated by a simple theme, the simpler the better. The girls like pretty women, especially if they are well dressed. Neither cares for hectic love stories and both prefer slapstick comedy to everything else.

Not long ago I overheard a boy of nine describing a motion picture to a girl of seven.

"And then the man shot her," I heard him say.

"Why did he do that?" the girl asked.

"Aw, because he was in love with her. They always do that. They're kinda crazy in the movies."

"All right," the young lady replied, much relieved, "go on."

That there are motion pictures not suitable for young children I think no one will deny, but the fact remains that many children see such pictures and I am here speculating upon their effect. My tentative conclusion is that raw meat in that form very quickly wearies the appetite. Briefly, I think that 90% of the children accept it with a yawn, although I know very well that at their age I would not have done so. Time hung heavy on my hands and I spent many hours in meditation. They do not. The influence of any dramatic performance

is diminished by the enormous range of their activities and interests. They are Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts; they take part in athletic competitions; they read books, magazines and newspapers; they dance and attend social functions; their days are crowded. Consequently most of the impressions made upon them are shallow and fleeting. This occasions complaint and astonishment, but I do not see why it should. We have given them a world of their own and certainly we ought not to be shocked at discovering that they live in it.

Their changing attitude toward parental authority is another and a closely related phenomenon that should not baffle and confound the men and women who brought it about. Surrounded by an adult world from which the art of standing-in-awe has completely disappeared, it would be astounding, indeed, if children still stood in awe of their parents. The Youngest Generation has never observed, much less experienced, that state of mind. But under normal conditions they are not unduly disobedient. Most of the sensational cases of juvenile delinquency flaunted in newspaper headlines carry their own explanation: broken homes. What most parents observe is nothing more serious than a frank, friendly challenge, as though the children were continually saying, as indeed they are: "How do you know that?" Neither our authority nor any other remains above question.

Their point of view was illustrated very clearly for me one day last Summer when I found a group of boys playing baseball and discussing the proper way to throw an out-curve. The eldest in the group was about thirteen. I volunteered to show them how to hold the ball.

"Can you throw a curve?" one asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Let's see you do it," he suggested. In type the words suggest that he did not believe me, but his tone clearly indicated that he did. What he intended was only a polite invitation for me to demonstrate my ability. The Youngest Generation, no less than the Younger, has fallen heir to the scientific point of view, which is that if you state a fact you will have no objection to proving it, but on the contrary will take pleasure in proving it. When I say that the young man believed me, I mean in the scientific sense. To be specific, he gave me the benefit of whatever doubt existed; he would have been surprised if I could not have thrown a curve after stating that I could; nevertheless, the matter was not entirely settled until I actually threw one. From his point of view this was neither impudent nor in any other way questionable. I had said that I could do a certain thing, so he placed the implement in my hand with all respect and politeness in order that I might have a presumably welcome opportunity to settle the matter. There, briefly, you have the gist of the attitude of the Youngest Generation toward its elders. And, incidentally, it is its attitude toward its own members and the universe. Personally, I find no fault with it. Authority is challenged, to be sure, but not unfairly, and certainly not with contempt.

Children have always judged their parents, but now they do it much earlier. I find them engaged in their judicial activities at seven, eight and nine, although I did not embark upon mine until about my seventeenth or eighteenth year. They no longer look forward eagerly to being our helpers and supporters; consequently, an objective attitude comes earlier. They know that we may be of great assistance to them, according to our abilities, and they begin very early to estimate those abilities. Many parents are somewhat befuddled or even resentful when the realization begins to dawn upon them that their children are not material assets to them, but this revolutionary change in the facts of life is very apparent to the children. They are quite frank in their speculations as to how useful we may be to them; and, after all, why shouldn't they be? As matters are now arranged, our function is to give, not to collect, but the children did

not will it so, nor had they any part whatsoever in the arrangement. We are solely accountable for it. If they face the facts of the case and we do not, then it seems to me that any resentments or disappointments we suffer are due to our own shortsightedness or folly. We ought to emulate their realism. In spite of all their alleged heartlessness they love and enjoy their parents; we must reciprocate without qualification. Otherwise there is no good reason that I can see for having a family at all.

When I was a youngster in my early teens and abbreviated trousers I dreamed brave dreams of earning money and helping papa. So did most of the other boys I knew. We would have quit school gladly on any day to launch our careers wherever opportunity to earn a dollar appeared. The Youngest Generation is more sophisticated. Their inquiries on this point are directed inward, not outward. They consider what they would like to do and where they would like to live. That fate may not afford them their choice in these matters is unthinkable. Father's function is to help them toward their goals, not to be helped by their puny earnings. Personally I think that nothing but disaster could result from resenting this point of view. It arises logically out of the economic order in which they were born and is therefore neither right nor wrong; it simply is. And they see it.

I have heard parents call this Youngest Generation heartless but I do not find it so, nor does it seem to me that anything whatever is gained by shutting our eyes to the inescapable conditions of life. Children have usually gone away from the homes of their parents either to school or as soon as they were able to make their own way in the world, and I entertain no expectations that mine will do otherwise. The period of greatest enjoyment must necessarily be when we have them with us and dependent upon us. Thereafter comes pride in their achievements, but that seems to me a shadowy thing compared to the intimacy of their early childhood. Together we live in a new world, not their creation but ours. It would be a tragic joke, indeed, if by seeing this new world more clearly than their parents they added to the normal score of parental woe. Thus far my own experience has been one of delight and astonishment that their little minds grow so much more rapidly nowadays; because of this fact we are able to have wonderful talks even while they are still babies. In the course of our talks I find that the joke will sometimes be at my expense, but after all who wants to play the patriarch these days? Even if I had a noble white beard I would take it with all haste to the nearest barber.

On the whole, I like the Youngest Generation. It is going to be vastly more revolutionary than the present Younger Generation, I believe, but with less wobbling, doubting, recanting and uncertainty. The Younger Generation hasn't accomplished much and even that little remains unfinished. The Youngest Generation is going to finish the job. Instead of an era of mere noise it will usher in a constructive peace. From a practical point of view, what we believe is less important than that we believe something which will enable us to work and love and live in understanding unison. The Younger Generation boasts and postures, but the Youngest Generation believes.

# HEMP

BY JAMES M. CAIN

CHARACTERS:

MR. SOLLERS, *a sheriff*

MR. LUTZ, *deputy sheriff*

MR. GILL, *a constable*

*The scene is the sheriff's office in a county jail, about eight o'clock in the evening. Messrs. Lutz and Gill have been sitting in front of the stove, saying little. Mr. Sollers comes in, removes his coat and hat in portentous silence, and sits down beside them.*

MR. SOLLERS—I mean I'll be glad when we get this nigger hung. This here has got my goat so bad I hate to come around my own jail.

MR. LUTZ—You ain't the only one.

MR. GILL—And two weeks to go yet. Holy smoke, but that there is a long time.

MR. SOLLERS—What I say, why ain't they let us hang them two niggers together, seeing as they both carved up the same Bohunk?

MR. GILL—What I say, why ain't they let them two niggers hang theirself, like they tried to do when they was first caught?

MR. LUTZ—And save us the trouble.

MR. SOLLERS—If they would of done that, why then them lawyers couldn't of made no spiel. Anything new today?

MR. LUTZ—Plenty.

MR. SOLLERS—Yeah?

MR. LUTZ—Tell him, Gill.

MR. SOLLERS—Say, what's coming off around here? You two look like somebody stoled your pants.

MR. LUTZ—The hell you say!

MR. GILL—Hunh.

MR. LUTZ—You go on and tell him, and when you get done see if maybe he don't look like he ain't never had no pants.

MR. GILL—And maybe glad of it.

MR. SOLLERS—Well, for Pete's sake spit it out.

MR. GILL—It's the other one.

MR. SOLLERS—Which other one?

MR. GILL—The one that was hung last month.

MR. SOLLERS—What about him?

MR. GILL—He's back!

MR. SOLLERS—*What!* . . . Men, don't tell me that!

MR. LUTZ—Yep, he's back!

MR. SOLLERS—God help me! . . . I always said them two niggers hadn't ought to be hung. That murder wasn't never proved up on them right. Ain't I always said that?

MR. LUTZ—You done said so much I don't just recollect all the fine points. Anyway, that there one is back.

MR. SOLLERS—How the hell do you know he's back?

MR. GILL—We seen him. Anyway, Lutz seen him and I heared him.

MR. SOLLERS—Where was it you seen him?

MR. GILL—Right out there in the main corridor, where we had the scaffold.

MR. SOLLERS—When?

MR. GILL—Last night.

MR. LUTZ—Seven minutes after twelve.

MR. SOLLERS—Seven minutes after twelve? . . . Why men, that was when we . . . that was right when we hung him!

MR. GILL—Right to the minute.

MR. LUTZ—No it wasn't.

MR. SOLLERS—I'm a-telling you, it was right when we hung him. I took note of the time, for to put it in my report,

and it was seven minutes after twelve.

MR. LUTZ—It wasn't when *we* hung him, no such. It was when *you* hung him. Just lay offen this here *we* stuff.

MR. SOLLERS—We all done it together, according to law.

MR. LUTZ—We did like hell. You done it yourself, according to law.

MR. GILL—That's right, Sheriff. Anyway that's how me and Lutz got it figgered out.

MR. SOLLERS—So you tooken the whole day figgering, and now you got it all figgered out. You two is so smart I wonder you ain't cut yourself. Anyhow, what the hell difference does it make?

MR. LUTZ—It don't make no difference. No difference at all. Only if that nigger was looking for *me*, it's funny he ain't said something to me, seeing I was standing there scared so bad I couldn't run.

MR. GILL—I swear, Sheriff, when Lutz told me what it was out there squealing, I says to myself, Boy, you sure ought to be glad you wasn't the one that sprung the trap.

MR. SOLLERS—Quit talking about that trap! Shut up about it, I say!

MR. LUTZ—Oh no! It don't make no difference who hung him.

MR. GILL—It looks to me like that trap was pretty important.

MR. SOLLERS—Men, why the hell you act all the time like you're sore at me? You ain't never acted with me thataway before. We was all good friends.

MR. LUTZ—Then why the hell don't you stick around the jail where you belong at, 'stead of laying around shooting pool all the time?

MR. GILL—And specially at a time like this.

MR. SOLLERS—Men, I'll tell you the truth now, if I ever told it. This here has got my goat, just like I said. I know I ought to be here. I know how it is on you boys. But I been looking for him to come back. I could feel it he was coming back. And I just ain't got the guts to stay here. *'Cause I was the one sprung the trap!*

MR. GILL—You sure did.

MR. SOLLERS—God, I got to have liquor. I got so in the last couple of weeks I can't hardly hold my hand out in front of me 'thouten it trimmles like I had the shivering ager.

*He unlocks his desk, produces a bottle, and they drink.*

MR. GILL—I would of give something pretty for a shot of that last night.

MR. LUTZ—I would of give my last lousy nickel.

MR. SOLLERS—I meant for to give you boys the key, but I been so scared I forgot it. . . . How come you to see this here . . . this here nigger?

MR. LUTZ—Well, that there was one of the remarkablest things I ever seen.

MR. GILL—It sure was.

MR. LUTZ—We was setting here, me and Gill, getting ready for to lock up for the night. We ain't took no notice of the time. Fact of the matter, we was talking, one thing another, and we ain't never thought about it. And then all of a sudden this here nigger commence to whooping and hollering and carrying on—you never heared such a noise in your life.

MR. SOLLERS—I always knowed he was coming back. I could feel it in my bones.

MR. GILL—Oh no!

MR. LUTZ—No, no. Not the one we hung. The other one. The one upstairs.

MR. SOLLERS—What was eating him?

MR. LUTZ—He wanted a Bible. I left Gill setting here and I went up to his cell, and when I got there he let on like he wanted a Bible. So I says, "What the hell good is a Bible going to do you? You can't read it, and it ain't no good to eat." So he says there's a place in there what a preacher learned him how to read it, effen I can find it for him, so I says, "All right," 'cause what I say, when a fella's getting ready to be hung, you might just as well do what you can for him.

MR. SOLLERS—I been looking for him to commence hollering for a Bible or something like that. They generally get that way, about this time.

MR. LUTZ—So I starts down the steps for to fetch him the Bible. And then I thinks to myself, why Gill, he's setting there right by it, so why not ask him to fetch it up? So I hollers to Gill.

MR. GILL—I was setting right where I'm setting now.

MR. LUTZ—I says "Yay Gill," and he says "Yay;" and I says "Fetch up the Bible, will you?" and he says "Fetch up what?" and I says "Fetch up the Bible."

MR. GILL—I swear, I couldn't understand what he said for to save my neck.

MR. LUTZ—So I started to holler to him again. "Fetch up the Bible" was what I was fixing to say. And then, I hope my die, I dam near died, 'cause there he was.

MR. GILL—And me still hollering for to know what it was Lutz wanted.

MR. LUTZ—And me, I heared Gill every time he hollered, and I couldn't say nothing. Effen I was to of died on the spot, I couldn't of said nothing.

MR. SOLLERS—What did he do? Jump out at you like?

MR. LUTZ—He did like hell. He come right in through the back door, right in from the graveyard, where we planted him. And me knowing all the time that door was locked tighter'n a tick on a hound's back, 'cause I locked it myself, right after supper.

MR. SOLLERS—Right through the door. Right through the door.

MR. GILL—That's what gets me.

MR. LUTZ—So I stopped in my tracks.

MR. GILL—I would of dropped dead.

MR. SOLLERS—Me too.

MR. GILL—And he come right on. He never stopped till he got to the place where we had the scaffold. Then he stopped and he commence turning around, like he was looking for something.

MR. SOLLERS—He turned around and around and around! God, I thought he never would get done with that goddam spinning.

MR. LUTZ—What? Was you there all the time?

MR. SOLLERS—I mean when we hung him. Real slow, but he ain't never stopped till them doctors went up to him.

MR. LUTZ—Gosh, I never thought of that.

MR. GILL—I swear, this here gets worse and worse every minute.

MR. LUTZ—So then—

MR. SOLLERS—Wait a minute. Let's have another drink.

*They drink.*

MR. GILL—Dam, that stuff is smooth, ain't it?

MR. SOLLERS—I been sopping it up every day. But seems like it don't hardly take no effect.

MR. LUTZ—So then I says to myself, if he looks at me, why I'd a hell of a sight ruther I'd die first. But he never done it. He looked right through me. I swear, I ain't never seen nothing like that in my life. He looked right at me, but he never seen me. I could tell from how he looked, he never seen me. So then I says to myself, maybe it ain't me he's looking for. Maybe he's looking for somebody else.

MR. SOLLERS—Maybe he was.

MR. GILL—I swear, if he was looking for Lutz, it sure does look like he would of said something to him.

MR. LUTZ—So then he commence to squeal.

MR. GILL—And me, I heared that with my own ears. Sound just like a rat.

MR. LUTZ—Didn't sound so much like a rat to me. Sound more like a shoat.

MR. GILL—Well, you take a rat and a shoat, and when they get to squealing good a fellow couldn't hardly tell them apart.

MR. LUTZ—Anyhow, he squealed like hell, I'm here to say.

MR. GILL—I never heared the beat.

MR. SOLLERS—Wait a minute. . . . Just lemme get aholt of myself a little bit.

. . . Boys, I mean this here sure goes hard with me.

MR. GILL—I know how it is.

MR. SOLLERS—All right. Go ahead.

MR. LUTZ—Well, that was when Gill got in it. Tell him what you done, Gill.

MR. GILL—It's just like I was telling you. I heared Lutz hollering for the Bible, but I couldn't hear what he said. So I hollered to him a couple of times, and then he ain't said nothing and I thought to myself, that's funny, that Lutz would holler like that and then shut up. So I was kind of figgering on it like, when all of a sudden I heared this here squealing. Lutz here, he says it sound like a shoat, but it sound more like a rat to me, so I started out after him. I picked up a chunk on the way out for to heave at him, and then I hit for the main corridor, right on the run.

MR. LUTZ—And tell him what you seen.

MR. GILL—What I seen was Lutz, but I swear to God I never seen him looking like that before. Lutz, he was green, same as that paint I put on my house last year. I never seen such a looking sight in my life. So I says "What's the matter, boy?" And then he told me what it was that was squealing.

MR. SOLLERS—Did he beat it when he heared Gill coming? I mean, this here nigger?

MR. LUTZ—Sure, he beat it, but he wasn't in no hurry about it. He kind of turned around when he heared Gill coming, and he looked, and then he went out the back door, right where he come from. But slow, kind of sliding along, taking his time.

MR. SOLLERS—And that back door, was it still locked?

MR. LUTZ—Tight. Me and Gill both tried it.

MR. GILL—And the key still in the lock.

MR. SOLLERS—I hear tell, when they come back, they can go through a locked door.

MR. GILL—And you ain't told him about his neck, Lutz.

MR. LUTZ—That's right. He kind of held his head on the side, like he had a crick in his neck.

MR. GILL—And the time. You forgot to tell him about that, too.

MR. LUTZ—After me and Gill got back in here, we seen the clock, and it was nine minutes after twelve. And we figgered about a couple of minutes had gone by.

MR. SOLLERS—Lutz, are you sure it was the same nigger? I mean, there couldn't be no mistake about it?

MR. LUTZ—I brung that nigger his grub for three months and shoved it at him right through the bars and if I don't know him when I see him I don't know God made little apples. And if you want to make sure, why you better set up and wait for him tonight.

MR. SOLLERS—I wouldn't set up for him effen they was to give me the jail.

MR. GILL—So that there is how come we look like somebody stole our pants.

MR. SOLLERS—Men, what are we going to do?

MR. LUTZ—That there is something to make a fellow set down and think.

MR. GILL—It looks to me like locking that door don't do a dam bit of good.

MR. SOLLERS—What I mean, what are we going to do about this other one?

MR. LUTZ—Me and Gill, we ain't got nothing to do with that. That there is up to you. You're the sheriff.

MR. SOLLERS—I ain't going to do it! You hear what I'm telling you, I ain't going to hang him! That there murder wasn't never proved up on him right. It wasn't proved up on him and it wasn't proved up on the other one, neither.

MR. LUTZ—It sure does look like there was something wrong.

MR. GILL—How you going to get out of it, Sheriff? The court says they got to be hung.

MR. SOLLERS—I don't know. But I ain't going to hang him, not effen I got to resign my office to get out of it. This here has got my goat.

MR. LUTZ—So you're going to resign your

office, hey? Then *I* got to hang him. Well, you are like hell. You done raised enough hell to get your office. Now you stay in it till this nigger's hung or you won't never get no other office. Not if I got anything to do with how the Democratic party is run in this county.

MR. SOLLERS—Don't talk that way, Lutz. I wasn't figgering on you having to hang him. I forgot that. I wasn't figgering on nothing, 'cepping I'm scared gutless.

MR. LUTZ—Well, see you lay off this figgering stuff. First thing you know, you'll be so smart I'm afeared you'll cut yourself.

MR. GILL—What I say, it don't make so much difference about them niggers getting hung. 'Cause if they ain't carved up that there Bohunk, why maybe they done something else what they ought to be hung for. Or if they ain't already done it, why maybe they'll do it in a couple years time, like of that. What I say, they hadn't ought to be hung in this here jail.

MR. SOLLERS—No sir. I ain't figgering on nothing.

MR. LUTZ—Dam near wore out everybody's buttonhole in the county, and then talking about resigning!

MR. SOLLERS—What's that, Gill?

MR. GILL—I say they ought to be hung somewheres else.

MR. SOLLERS—I just been thinking maybe we could build that scaffold outside in the jail-yard. Maybe they won't come back if you hang them outdoors.

MR. LUTZ—How about them graveyards? They come back there, all right.

MR. SOLLERS—I never thought about that.

MR. LUTZ—Yeah, that there idea is great. Then we'll have them all over the place, 'stead of only out in the main corridor.

MR. GILL—This here is one time it wouldn't hurt none if they was to get up a gang and take this nigger out and lynch him. Then it wouldn't be us that hung him.

MR. SOLLERS—Ain't no gang going to take him out. 'Cause a whole lot of people, they don't think he done it.

MR. LUTZ—And think he done a fine thing for the county, killing a Bohunk, even if he done it.

MR. GILL—Or anyway, if a gang *said* they was going to do it, so we could hustle him over to the State penitentiary.

MR. LUTZ—Say.

MR. SOLLERS—What?

MR. LUTZ—Dam if I don't think Gill thought of something, for oncet in his life.

MR. SOLLERS—What's that?

MR. LUTZ—What's the matter with us saying we heared some talk going around, one thing another, and then hustle him over to the penitentiary anyhow?

MR. SOLLERS—Nobody wouldn't never believe it.

MR. LUTZ—The hell they wouldn't. Nobody outside of this county knows anything about it nohow, and we can say that maybe none of the decent people wouldn't take him out, but we got a no-account element around here what wouldn't stop at taking him out anyhow, whether he done it or not. And God knows that ain't no lie.

MR. GILL—Well, I sure am glad to see you boys is woke up at last.

MR. LUTZ—Well, I sure am glad you woke up in time to see we woke up.

MR. SOLLERS—I swear, I don't hardly see how anybody could put up a squawk on that. And how the hell do we know that they ain't fixing to take him out? Dam, I mean some of them young fellows they got working around on these farms is mean.

MR. GILL—Some of them would take him out quick as they'd look at him.

MR. SOLLERS—It sure is a shame the way they treat them niggers. Them poor coons, it don't seem like there's hardly anything they can do that somebody don't want to lynch them for it.

MR. GILL—I never held with it. I always did say it was wrong.

MR. SOLLERS—I never tooken a nigger over to the penitentiary. How do they do it? I mean, does the county sheriff pull the trap, like it was being done in his own jail?

MR. LUTZ—Looks like to me, effen the county sheriff wasn't scared so bad he couldn't think, he would say he didn't have no jurisdiction outside his own county.

MR. SOLLERS—That's right. And then another thing, I can say I hadn't ought to be there at all. I can say I had ought to be home, for to look after things, like of that, and maybe to make the people think we ain't tooken this nigger away.

MR. LUTZ—And that there goes for the deputy, just like the sheriff.

MR. GILL—And anyway, one of them fellows up to the penitentiary, why he would maybe be glad to pull the trap anyhow.

MR. SOLLERS—How do you mean?

MR. GILL—I mean if you don't do it, Sheriff, this here means a hundred dollars for somebody. You forgot they give a hundred dollars to the one pulls the trap.

MR. LUTZ—Say, that's twice tonight you thought of something. You better lay off, else maybe you're going to sprain your nut.

MR. SOLLERS—The one that hangs this here nigger, why he's welcome to the hundred dollars.

MR. LUTZ—Why sure. If you use your bean a little bit, you ain't got nothing to worry about.

MR. SOLLERS—And then another thing, maybe that nigger wasn't looking for me nohow, but—just looking for his friend, the one we ain't hung yet. And if we get that one hung over to the penitentiary, why then we get both of them to hell outen this jail. . . . Boys, I mean I'm going to sleep easy tonight for the first time in a month and a half.

MR. LUTZ—I'll sleep easy when I see that haunt laid.

MR. SOLLERS—Well let's get at it. [*He unhooks the telephone.*] Hello, gimme long distance. . . . Long distance? I want to speak to the State penitentiary. Yes, this is Sheriff Sollers talking. . . .

MR. GILL—Well boys, I sure have pulled you out of a bad hole, ain't I?

# BOOMER OF THE SKIDROAD

BY KATE MULLEN

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck,
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?

SPECULATIONS as vagrant as this were abroad on the Skidroad this Candlemas Day, for Spring and speculation were in the air. Spring comes early to the Northwest—Candlemas Day the pussy-willows have already been out for weeks. On this second of February the woodchuck could still see his shadow, but it would be a test of a faith for him to retire back into his hole for more weeks of Winter. By noon the day was springlike to its very marrow.

But it failed to move Boomer. Never before had the first itch of Spring come and found him delaying. It worried him that he felt no urge to "blow"—no inspiration to "dangle." His legs were as good as ever, and not ten minutes away were the railroad yards with a choice of empty box-cars—and still he remained here on the Skidroad, which he heartily despised, especially this day.

Men and men and men! That was why he loathed it so—the sight and smell and association of men. He stood there, sloppily, in front of an erstwhile grand saloon, recently converted into a restaurant, and watched them mill past—listlessly ebb and flow, purposeless, most of them out of work, for this was the year's zenith of unemployment.

Most of them had just had a puny lunch. A few had had none at all. Some had souped at the Volunteers of America, and others had a two bit meal at some Jap eating place. Two or three were picking their teeth from a meaty four bits meal. But what was probably the majority were tantalizingly half-fed on coffee-and. They were all obnoxious to Boomer.

In the camps Boomer had often experienced the same revulsion—at this same sight and smell of men. Was it their womanlessness that he resented in them? Perhaps. It was so apparent today, and poignant, in the neatness of the majority and the untidiness of the rest. When they were clean they were so unironed, unpatched, or patched with white thread on black—so queer, neat with the pathetic tidiness of the man-animal "baching," a shirt washed in a horse-trough perhaps and dried on a wire fence. And when they were dirty and tobacco-stained and unkempt their womanlessness was still more heart-breaking.

They were "my wandering boy," and here was the long answer to that plaintive query, "Oh, where is my boy tonight?" It was The Port of Missing Men, this Skidroad, and here was to be found the lopsidedness of the great American Census and the discrepancy of New England's old maids—here they were, grown peculiar as men do who go unwomaned. It may have been all this that repulsed Boomer.

Still, it was not woman that he was lonely for today. Spring did not affect Boomer that way; perhaps with the stress of his long, itinerant and undecided years he had grown celibate-minded. If he thought of women at all it was in the same way that he thought of children, namely, in terms of economics and as a part of that largess of life that had been denied him in "the system we are under."

There were times when the crowd furnished Boomer with good entertainment, but not today. This promiscuous crowd—

satiric, comical, sorry, sublime and sad. A pink-haired fellow with a permanent grin, a bright green shirt, tight corduroys and feet like barges; one who looked like a New England tin peddler; another whose face was as ugly and beautiful as Lincoln's; a fattish man who walked as though some one should call, "Sit down you're rocking the boat"; and a smart swaggerer of a man, who was unmistakably a reincarnation of Micawber himself. A man with curly hair, who talked from the side of his mouth, and who walked as though his shoes hurt him, although it was probably his feet; a man with a red face and bright, yellow mustache and completely toothless except for two front ones, which remained graciously one above the other to hold a corncob pipe; a third who looked as though his face were made of leather, and perhaps it was; a fourth who, if he had been seen in Washington, D. C., would have been mistaken for a Senator from the South; a green Swede frankly taking a bite of snoose; natty little Filipinos in fitted coats and swanky accoutrements; and a venerable gentleman who, if he had not been on his way to an employment office after a job, might have been on his way to a seat behind the desk of a Supreme Court judge. Mostly of early American texture—when it was not Scandinavian—was the crowd that milled past Boomer, New England run away out West, of whom it might have been said, "There, but for the grace of God, go the greatest in the land."

Boomer they called him, but he was really not a boomer. Before anything else he was a propagandist—a panacea-ist. Had he been an actual vagabond his going feet would have been more fluid on this delectable Spring day, for a real boomer travels as inconsequently as a boomer bumble-bee. No, Boomer was serious—that classified him—and it was the Panacea which had beckoned him from Imperial Valley to Alaska and back again, then East, then West, always looking for the last chapter of Revelation.

But today he had no stomach for economic reforming—no pity and none of that magnificent compassion that often stirred his being. Many of these men he knew, and he was known of them, but when they saw the blighting look in his darkened face they pretended they did not see him, and passed him by. There were Scientific Sullivan, a black Irishman, keen, nervous, skinny and full of Marx and argumentation; a big Pole named Whitey Warsaw, mocking, laughing, handsome; Butte Miller, who had worked so long in the mines of Butte that his hair and mustache had taken on a greenish, copper hue; an Englishman who read voluminously and then came down on the Skidroad and spilled it all, and who could explain Einstein, which last fact gave him the only name he was known by; a talkative Swede, known classically as Yohn Yohnson, who talked economics in a plaintive falsetto—they all passed Boomer by. And Boomer was glad to see them pass by. Young La Rue, part Indian, part French, who walked, not as though he had swallowed a poker, but as though he did not need to; a spectacled Dane named Knut Knutson; Andrew Smith, who, with his thin nose and gray pants, would have made a mean husband, so it was just as well that he had never married; a small, bad-eyed fellow, Washburn by name, who didn't believe in anything; and a youngish man named Biggs, whose folks back in a little town in Maine prayed for him every morning at family prayers in these words: "And now, O Lord, guide his wandering feet homeward as Thou didst the feet of the prodigal son. This we ask for Jesus' sake —Amen."

Some of them spoke to Boomer. A Japanese rooming-house proprietor smiled and bowed profusely, and was answered by a scowl. Spit Davis stopped and began one of his famous harangues to the effect that nothing will ever be accomplished in the bettering of this world until the present civilization, "so-called," is ended by its own inevitable self-destruction, but never got any further than the introductory spit.

Babe Hanson, a huge timber beast, came by; he had plainly been drinking. Usually Boomer would have been sorry for him, but today he didn't care. He was as negative as it is possible for a man to get. There passed before him an old work ox, ready for the industrial junk heap. This man, nearly sixty, told him patiently that sleeping on the floor at night seemed to lame him up lately, so that he couldn't get around to look for work the next day. Boomer turned away from him, resenting the pathos of such as he.

Children—not even the joyous playing of children on the side-walk could loosen the glue that held Boomer's feet. The Japanese babies that brighten every skidroad on the Coast, sweet little Japonicas, like flowers among the roots of trees, or like squirrels darting perilously between the trunks of men in their kiddie-cars and scooters. Not all the sordidness of the "unrestricted" district about them touched these bright, Oriental blossoms in the sunshine of Candlemas Day. But Boomer couldn't bear the sight of them.

## II

By two o'clock he had an idea. Perhaps down among the employment bureaux—"slave markets," he called them—he'd get an urge to go somewhere.

There was no listless ebb and flow down here, but head-on breakers charging heavily whenever a hand appeared in the window and wrote the name of a job to be had. Boomer made no effort toward the window. He had come, like many others, for the news and gossip of stray jobs that could be picked up in this industrial stock market.

It was too early to talk of Alaska, yet there were current speculations concerning ships that would sail and canneries that would open up for those migratory beasts of toil, who crawled like the ground-hog out of their Winter hibernating. East of the mountains there was a big project—operations to begin soon; some of the men were already floating that way. Drifts of news from the oil-fields in California—camps opening up to the north—ships sailing—Australia seemed not so far away!

Boomer moved among the gawky crowds darkly. And then, at last, he saw one whom he was glad to see. This man leaned against a building on the opposite side of the street. He never once glanced toward the-hand-that-wrote, but continued to whittle away at a stick, which was already as sharp as a stiletto. Argumentation eddied all about him, and occasionally he'd speak. Whenever he did—usually in interrogatives—the others all stopped to listen. For this man *knew*. They were berating and belittling the use of machinery, unconsciously recriminatory, because it had supplanted them and their labor-to-sell. Then question by question this Socrates of the Skidroad would lead them on to bring out his point. He had the machine-age and its problems resolved into a scientific solution. He did not believe—he *knew*. He seemed like a strong rock, unmoved and undisturbed by the sea that surged about him. Boomer was moving toward the haven of his imperturbation when he heard an irritating voice expatiating oracularly upon the remedial points of the four-hour day. He turned away.

And facing him, as though to solace him, blared an enormous, gaudy and bawdy picture over a show house, captioned, GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! It fitted in like a staccato mark to Boomer's mood of misery.

By evening, the Spring-likeness still prevailing, the soap-boxers were all out. Boomer moved among them mechanically. Religion and economics, one could take one's choice. And dental work. A spell-binder in white was preaching and demonstrating, as he went, upon the propped-open mouth of some poor lad, who was earning his bed and board that way.

One group of religionists believed in long hair, and a row of men and women all with long, luxuriant locks, and the men all thickly bearded besides, stood in

a row along the sidewalk, facing valiantly a world that seemed determined not to be saved. On another corner a group stood about a woman who played on a portable organ and sang gay hymns, which went winging up through the raucous Saturday night noises.

It was the speakers with the economic solution for all human ills, however, who drew the Skidroad. Especially the one with the line of jokes, a wobbly, whose wise cracks were made at the expense of the crowd and their mad scramble for "pork chops that hang high" and the pitiableness of their struggle for jobs on the "slave market." Whenever he jabbed them for their slavishness they roared with laughter, each man thinking he referred to someone other than himself—like sinners listening to a preacher. The speaker must have been a "dehorner" too, for he called them "booze-fighters," and made satiric and caustic remarks about their preference for white mule and rot-gut moon to the betterment of their own conditions.

A Communist held down another corner, and down the street an old-time Socialist asked a group of men, "How long are we going to allow the master class of parasites to ride upon the backs of the workers?"

Boomer knew it all by heart. He moved away, carried his body over mechanically, and leaned it sloppily against the corner where he had begun the day. And then he heard it. Heard it and smiled. The smile warmed into an actual laugh.

## III

It was the sound of a negro laughing. "Sounds like Felix," he told himself, and moved toward the laughter. It *was* Felix.

Felix was standing on the curb doubling with laughter. Someone had told him a joke. It was a loud laugh, fat and ribald, hearty, vulgar—contagious. It contained no propaganda, and had a lilt of Spring. It was young—race-young—and completely lacking in either cultivation or inhibition. It came away back from somewhere where there was plenty of joy in reserve. Frankly and from the very depths of this great reserve Felix gave himself up to laughter. When Boomer discovered Felix he was still laughing a last joyous remainder.

"Mah good Lawd, Boomer, am it you or am it a hant?" He put on this rich Negro brogue just to be funny, for he was a porter on the Milwaukee and knew white folks' talk as well as Boomer. He was glad to see Boomer, unmistakably glad. They had worked together one Summer, somewhere in California. Greetings were followed by news, one of the other.

" 'Member Ruth," asked Felix, "flunkeyed there that Summer? Well, she'n me's tied up." He laughed again, and it was like a rich, warm flood of color spilling into the gray of the skidroad. Boomer felt the Winter ice in him begin to heave into great cracks.

"Yes," Felix laughed, "we got a little shack up yonder. Ain't to home much. But this is her night off, and we'se putting on a chicken dinnah, an you-all, Boomer, is just what we need to make it a pahty. Yessir, the Lawd sent you right here to me—He sure enough did." So how could Boomer refuse?

And apparently he was a guest—just the touch they needed to make the dinner a party. Ruth was jubilant.

Immediately Boomer entered he felt the great cakes of ice in him loosening into a relieved tumult. It was such a pretty place. Ruth worked for the swells on Capitol Hill, and knew how to make a home. It was not a shack at all, but a modern home, from bridge-lamp to breakfast nook, and from electric range to fireplace.

And such a dinner—a five-dollar-a-plate-road-house-dinner, only more sumptuous. Fried chicken, hot biscuits and coffee that tasted exactly like the smart advertisements say it does. Boomer praised it extravagantly, and Ruth laughed and Felix laughed. Then Ruth told him how the tony ladies that called on her mistress would say—she mimicked them perfectly—

"Abso-*lute*ly the most dee-*lish*ous coffee! My dear, do tell me, how *does* the maid prepare it!"

"Ah nevah tells them," said Ruth, "ah just puts them off." And then they all laughed some more. "All I does is to throw in the coffee, plenty of it, into a pot. And when I says pot I don't mean pehrcolator. Perhk 'n perhk 'n perhk, one drop at a time zif it was 'fraid of getting its feet wet—nossir. Ah throws it into a pot and a weeny spec of salt and breaks in an egg and sometimes two, and lets her boil up once and then sets her on the back of the range, and forgets it."

And then they all laughed some more, and Boomer felt the ice cakes tumbling off down stream. Suddenly Ruth exclaimed, "What's the matter with you, Boomer, you dietin'? You 'fraid you'll lose that flapper figure? Well, this ain't no place to reduce. Felix, give me his plate!"

And they all laughed again, and Felix said, "Tell Boomer, Hon, what you do when they insists on using their pahlor pehrcolator."

"Oh, yes," responded Ruth, not so reluctant to show off, "you see, if she didn't use that jazzy pehrcolator with the faucet on it, when she puts on a swell party, she'd just naturally bust. So I just puts them there old coffee grounds in the top and my good coffee in the bottom, and then they just have a fit over the dee-*lish*ous coffee. Nossir, when Ruth makes coffee she don't make no dishwater!"

For dessert they had the only thing that was appropriate for such a dinner—the first of the season, pink, débutante rhubarb. After dinner Ruth played for them on the player piano. She sat before the moving perforations, and handled the keys exactly as though she were playing them. And her rich, young voice went with the piano music up and away and off, gay and grand and pretending-to-be singing to great audiences—blues and jazz and one infinitely sad tune, whose refrain was, "Daddy, daddy, where's my mamma gone?"

After that they talked and reminisced and laughed, and then, just incidentally, Felix mentioned the crowds that were pouring in to a great project that was opening up in Utah. And then, all of a sudden, there came to Boomer the urge to "blow." He would go to Utah!

"What's your hurry?" asked Felix bewildered.

"Why, the evening's just begun!" exclaimed Ruth.

"I know," said Boomer, "but I must be on my way. You see I'm dangling in the morning."

# EDITORIAL

It is a tribute to the romantic and incurable imbecility of mankind that reading articles and listening to speeches in favor of international peace is now one of the chief spiritual diversions of the more thoughtful and enlightened minority thereof, in the face of the plain fact that another general war was never more likely than it is today, not even in the Spring of 1914. Let the experimenter apply his ear to the ground on any calm night: he will hear the whirr of grindstones sharpening swords and the bay of Liberty Loan orators practising in the woods. Has there been any advance in international amity since the Treaty of Versailles? Many earnest men and women argue that there has been—but they are the same, I fear, who also argue that there has been an advance in Prohibition enforcement. Such beliefs have a Freudian, or at all events, an Adlerian basis: they are as comforting and as unreliable as dreams of love. They ease the fatigues of tiring Liberals, but have little other excuse for being. Regarding their moral content, I confess myself somewhat skeptical. The late war, in fact, pretty well took morals out of practical politics, and even out of rational thinking. When, in this great Republic today, one finds a moralist who denounces war in general as unspeakable and the inevitable next one as unthinkable, it is usually quite easy to find, deep down in his psyche, a passionate conviction that the Poles ought to be allowed to keep their neighbors' stolen goods, or that a revolt against English rule in India would be a crime against God. Being against war, in brief, is merely another form of war—in the present case, the celebrated war after the war, so frankly hymned by the Hon. David Lloyd-George in the days of his glory. Thus it would be immoral for the Hungarians to try to throw out the Rumanian cuckoos who now despoil their hereditary nest, just as it was immoral for the Turks to heave the Greek bootblacks into the Ægean. Unluckily, it will be extremely hard, when the time comes, to convince the Hungarians of that.

In Western Europe the makings of another general war must be visible even to such naïve fellows as retired Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The continued existence of France in her present state of encephalitis is as sure to bring it on as the sparks fly upward—and the only apparent cure for that encephalitis is war itself. Nations, like men, are easily corrupted by flattery, and bear success very badly, especially when it is only defectively related to merit. The gaudy eloquence that bathed the poor Frogs during the late crusade for democracy exaggerated their natural weaknesses in a truly lamentable manner. They came out of the uproar honestly convinced that the cause of civilization and their own cause were one and indistinguishable, and they remain of that conviction today. I do not say that that notion is insane; I merely deny that it is self-evident. One might plausibly argue, indeed, that the complete disappearance of France would produce no more perturbation in the world than the loss of an ear produces in a man. Brussels and Lucerne would quickly put in better cooks, and Copenhagen, I venture, could take care of the peep-show business without any need of an international loan. In six months the visiting American Sunday-school superintendent, raking the ruins of Paris for garter-buckles, would be but little more put out than he is by the ashen state

of Pompeii. The rest of the French contribution to Christian culture is precious unquestionably, but not indispensable. Thus the gallant Gascons probably overestimate their importance to the world—but whether they overestimate it or not, it is real enough to them. Their operations in Poland, the Balkans and the Near East are surely not to be dismissed as mere maraudings. In this department they are obviously far more altruistic than the go-getting English. They pour out their sweat and treasure (including certain moneys belonging to the rest of us), not to promote the sale of perfumery, champagne and hand-painted oil paintings, but to protect civilization against the carnal pollutions of the English, the Germans and the so-called Americans.

Unfortunately, this benign service is unappreciated, even by its beneficiaries. The English, though they gain by having French gallantry and *délicatesse* held before their fishy eyes, see only a menace to their business, and a burden upon the protective part of their budget. The Germans, having observed the concrete paladins of the French crusade at close range, see only ungenerous enemies—worse, rooting swine. The Americans, viewing a heavy debtor on what seems to be a holiday, with a plume in his hat, growl unpleasantly in their remote kraals upon the prairie, and are not convinced by the assurances of Columbia professors, however learned and decorated. Even the Italians and Spaniards murmur, and from Russia come yells. Thus the stage is set to put down another menace to democracy, autocracy, or what you have, and the aforesaid whirring of grindstones freights the midnight air. It is conceivable, of course, that the French, before the English are ready to launch the familiar forces of God against them, may suffer a change of heart and begin to practise humility, economy and all the other virtues of honest Elks. It is also conceivable that all the leopards in the zoos of the world may one day change their spots. But neither miracle is probable.

## II

The French managed things very badly at the close of the last crusade, mainly because, as a democratic people, they have no statesmen, but only vote-getters and revivalists. There was an obvious split, in those days, between England and the United States, and it might have been converted into what, to all intents and purposes, would have been a Franco-American alliance. Such an alliance, it seems to me, would have been of the utmost value to both of the high contracting parties—to France because it would have made her irresistible on the Continent, perhaps for a century, and to the United States because it would have put England into a plain and incurable second place. But it was spoiled by rhetoricians, talking chiefly of honor, manifest destiny, the glory of the *poilu*, the salvation of democracy, and other such theological phantasms. When the debt rose up before them they tried to dispose of it by hurling synecdoches and epanorthoses at it. The debt survived, but the alliance was mortally wounded, and is now only a ghost to haunt pacifists.

Its passing, I believe, brought France nearer to the inevitable reckoning, and made her chances of surviving it very slim. The size of the French Army alarms only romantics. It was larger than the German Army at the outbreak of the last war, and yet not much more than half of the German Army hurled it back on Paris. It will have an advantage during the first few weeks of the fighting, and if not impeded by the help of the Italians (which threatens, despite the present growls) may hang on for three or four months. But after that, as the heroic English gradually arm their allies, it will succumb—gloriously, let us hope, but still certainly.

And what then? God knows. I am no prophet in a white chemise, but confine myself to the obvious. It may be the turn of the United States next: nobody loves a fat man. Or it may be the turn of England: nobody loves the senile, and especially not

his heirs. The point is that we are passing through a phase of history which recalls the battles-royal which used to be fought in suburban "athletic clubs." Five darkeys would be thrown into the ring together—four small ones and one big one. The four small ones would at once combine against the big one, and usually, after a hard struggle, they knocked him out. Then, if they were not too far gone, they would fight one another. This process, immensely magnified, is now going on in the world. Germany, growing too formidable for comfort, was knocked out by the whole gang, led by her chief rival, England. Then the same gang tried to finish Russia, defeated by the Germans but threatening to rise again. Now it is France that causes alarm, with her flashing army and her grandiloquent aspirations. Her destruction will only pave the way for the next one. It may be England. It may be the United States. It may even be a revived and ambitious Italy, surviving Mussolini and mastering the art of war at last. It promised, a few years ago, to be Japan: the promise may be resuscitated. The principle remains the same. There is a struggle, the fittest prevails, and then the less fit combine to restore the balance.

But that balance, of course, is never actually restored, save transiently. Nature is inimical to such delicate mathematics. It would be hard to imagine a more irrational and wasteful system. It works against every sort of superiority, the genuine as well as the false. But there it stands, and I see no way to remedy it. The schemes proposed by the pacifists are all plainly hopeless, and most of them are downright lunatic. Of them all, the scheme of universal disarmament is perhaps the worst. It is based upon the false assumption that wars may be fought only with cannon a hundred feet long, and that they are thus impossible without long preparation. But if every nation in the world were actually disarmed, wars might still be improvised overnight, and there is no reason to suppose that they would be fewer or less bloody than they are now. This superstitious belief in disarmament is part of the price that the world is paying for the blather of 1914–18. The doctrine that Germany planned the war for forty years, and could not have fought it without all that machiavellian preparation—this doctrine appealed so powerfully to sentimental minds that they cannot rid themselves of it now. But it was buncombe when it was invented, and it remains buncombe today.

In another favorite pacifist scheme there is even worse nonsense. This is the scheme so often described (somewhat vaguely) as that of breaking down national boundaries. It rests upon the theory that peoples who speak the same language, exchange goods freely and pay taxes to the same gang of thieves never fight. What could be more absurd? Peoples fight when their interests clash—and the interests of the French and the Germans would clash in a United States of Europe almost as plainly as they do today. Moreover, suppose this obliteration of differences could be actually executed, would it be to the benefit or to the disadvantage of the world? I incline to think that it would be greatly to the disadvantage—and some realization of that fact seems to have penetrated even the dull mountebanks who managed the last war, for on both sides they talked loftily of the rights of small nations. Those rights are very real. Moreover, there is profit in them for all of us. Progress comes, not out of the enforcing of likenesses, but out of the clash of unlikenesses. It is the mutant that makes a new species, not the respectable tabby-cat. Where people are all alike, as in Albania and Mississippi, nothing ever happens—nothing, that is, worth the paper needed to record it.

But I apologize for indulging in argument. Argument will never fetch the world-savers who now snuffle and sob. There is but one thing that can cure them, and that is another general war. When it begins they will put up their ideals and begin yelling for blood, as they did the last time.

H. L. M.

# THE SOCIALISTS IN THE WAR

BY JAMES ONEAL

On receipt of John Stuart Mill's book, "On Liberty," Henry Thomas Buckle wrote that there is a kind of tyranny more insidious than political despotism. "This is the despotism of custom," he said, "to which ordinary minds entirely succumb, and before which even strong minds quail." When custom is challenged, even by a feeble few, in wartime, the police are called out and one type of despotism becomes the accomplice of the other.

In April, 1917, the American Socialists gathered in St. Louis to offer their observations on the proposal that the United States should enter the war on the side of the Allies. According to the current statements of Dr. Wilson, God and virtue were at stake. But we Socialists had our doubts, and indulged in the illusion that there would be no harm in expressing them. We were a small band, with less than a million votes. We had a few daily publications, a few monthlies, and a few hundred weeklies, all of them in debt. Against us was a formidable array of wealth, power and publicity. The newspapers, a great majority of the pastors, most of the politicians, the corporate dynasties, myriad squads of Babbitts, the police, the army, the navy, and "the moral forces of the world" were all against us. Certainly a peep from us would not stop the general howling for blood. Moreover, there were the first Ten Amendments. Madison and Jefferson had something to do with formulating them, and Dr. Wilson was the heir of the Democratic tradition.

So after a few days of debate a majority report declaring opposition to American entrance into the war was approved and later adopted by the members in a general vote. "We brand the declaration of war by our Government," read the strongest sentence, "as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world." That assertion was, perhaps, an exaggeration, but it represented our mood. The patriotic press immediately began to display the sentence conspicuously, and it soon dawned on us that we had no stake in God and the Fatherland. The pastors had tied God to the cannon of the army generals, and as for the Fatherland, we could prove our devotion to it only by consenting to be transported as conscripts. Within a few weeks we were almost unanimously denounced as an impious crew of vandals. We had violated custom, and the mob was at our heels. The "ordinary minds" of Buckle's phrase succumbed at once. The "strong minds" quailed and then joined in the pursuit. Then came the police and Wilson's *Cheka* and the nation was "united."

We had not calculated on the mob, though we did expect some trouble from the constables. Few of us had any idea of the crowd-hysteria that could be summoned up by journalists, politicians, and the bourgeois *intelligentsia* in general. The infection quickly penetrated our own ranks. A number of those who for years had lived on the outer edge of the Left Wing caught it almost over night. This faction had conjured up barricades and a commune in every large city. Its members were impatient for the day when they could exhibit their revolutionary valor.

But Dr. Wilson, within a few weeks, pocketed most of them. He gave them missions abroad, engaged them as publicity agents, and labeled them "real Socialists," and the newspapers welcomed them as brothers-in-arms. We had always considered most of them gas-bags and were glad to be rid of them, but their transformation was so sudden that it shocked us. The former Dantons furiously chanted the ritual of the imperialists like trained professionals. Dr. Wilson, as the custodian of "the moral forces of the world," became their God.

Had their conduct ended there we would have had little complaint. A few others who had not associated with the knights of the barricade also left us to support the war, but they did not attack their former associates. The Left squad, however, now in the arms of Wilson, could not be moderate. The very men who had enjoyed those gaudy visions of supping on bourgeois blood turned informers and Socialist-baiters. They howled with the mob and became more patriotic than the patriots.

The first suggestion, indeed, of government suppression of Socialist opinion on the war came from two converted Socialists. Winfield R. Gaylord and A. M. Simons had been highly honored by American Socialists for many years. The former had been an effective lecturer and a member of the Wisconsin Legislature. The latter had for years edited the party's most important monthly and was the author of a number of books. He had drafted a declaration against the war in 1914. In February, 1915, he wrote that "we are about to meet the test under which the Socialists of the warring nations crumpled. We have their example before us as a warning. For us to fail would be twice as great as their failure."

On April 17, 1917, Gaylord wrote a letter to Senator Paul O. Husting of Wisconsin, which Simons endorsed in a postscript. A copy of the anti-war declaration of the St. Louis convention was enclosed, with the advice that "there is no need of estranging the great mass of Socialists and those who sympathize with them by any drastic action," but that "there is occasion for the discreet use of authority for the prevention of general circulation of this pernicious propaganda." The Senator used this in support of an argument, to quote his own words, "on the necessity of taking measures calculated to protect ourselves from disloyal and treasonable utterances and publications." This was the beginning of the American *Cheka*. The "discreet use of authority" came a few weeks later, when the State headquarters of the Indiana Socialists was raided by Federal agents at Indianapolis, the office sacked, and its literature carted away. The test of which Simons had written had come, and he was one of the first to crumple.

## II

In the same month another occupant of the extreme Left Wing enlisted under Wilson with a serviceable typewriter. William English Walling had brooded for years over the alleged apostasy of American Socialists to the revolution. They were serving the bourgeois gods. He was sure of it. Three large books, several pamphlets, and numerous articles had carried his gloomy message. The party leaders were becoming soft; the flock was being led astray. In one of his larger works, "Socialism As It Is," (p. 401) he described what he considered to be proper Socialist conduct in the event of war:

> Socialists are prepared to use force when governments resort to arbitrary violence—for example, to martial "law." In the Socialist view no occasion whatever justifies the suspension of the regular government the people instituted—and even if such an occasion could arise there is no authority to which they would consent to give arbitrary power. Military "government" is not government, but organized violence.

Thus Mr. Walling in 1912. Now meet Mr. Walling in 1917. In the New York *Evening Globe* of May 1 of that year the man of force appeared again as a man of force, but he was no longer brooding over

the wayward tendency of American Socialists to make peace with the modern order. He had made his own peace with it, and he urged the courts to force his late comrades to follow his example. He was indignant over the perverse example set by Morris Hillquit and wrote: "Whether the courts will deal with this latest German propaganda remains to be seen."

This yearning for the police became a marked feature of the literature produced by all the converted Dantons. In the old era Walling had pursued the late Samuel Gompers because of Sam's veneration for the altars of the higher Babbittry, but now they became intimate friends. All the other conspicuous representatives of the ultra-Left were similarly gathered in. There was Dr. Frank Bohn, joint author with William D. Haywood of a pamphlet declaring that "any means" was legitimate for the overthrow of the bourgeois order. He was given a mission abroad to save it, and upon his return many ungodly Huns were slain by his virile pen. There was also Charles Edward Russell, whose pamphlet in 1915 against the war was still doing service while he was on a mission to Russia with Elihu Root to persuade the Russians to contribute more of their bones to the Christian Crusade of the Allies!

A smaller group, not identified with the Left, also collapsed. John Spargo, author of a life of Marx and numerous other books, had objected to the militancy of Russell and recoiled at the apostasy of Gaylord and Simons, but within a few months he also took the veil. His metamorphosis was an extraordinary one. In the New York *Times* of May 5, 1918, writing of the centennial of the birth of Marx, he said that this anniversary "may be regarded . . . as the end of Marxian Socialism." In June, 1918, appeared his book on "Americanism and Social Democracy," the theme of which was that the American Socialists had been under the influence of German Socialist thought so long that they were all pro-German. This despite the fact that the St. Louis declaration had indicted all the Powers in the war as robber states fighting for a place at a thieves' supper! By 1923 the metamorphosis of Spargo had been completed to the Babbitt stage. In the *Outlook* of March 28 he could write that "the great need of the world, the fundamental requisite for economic rehabilitation, is a vast strengthening of the capitalist system of the several countries." In 1924 he visited Washington to pay homage to Dr. Coolidge.

To the Spargo wing belonged also Allan L. Benson, Socialist presidential candidate in 1916. In 1915 his first anti-war book, "A Way to Prevent War," appeared. In it he presented a realistic view of the causes of war—the appetite for other people's real estate, back-stairs diplomacy, military fops seeking glory, the armament clans, the stupidity and intrigues of the Foreign Offices. In 1916 his "Inviting War to America" appeared. The same theme was enlarged upon, with the United States as the background. "We should seek to show the American people, by careful, patient reasoning that the same forces that brought about the war in Europe are operating here," he wrote. "We should show that the same system that kills the workers in war robs them in peace." But within a short year careful and patient reasoning convinced him of the necessity of killing in war and robbing in peace. The awkward squad of "true Socialists" welcomed him, and led him to the Wilson altar, and there he confessed his sins. In the New York *World* of November 2, 1918, he joined in an appeal to the voters "to uphold the President by voting for only such congressional candidates as support with loyalty and enthusiasm the President's entire programme of war and reconstruction."

Twenty-five years ago a history of Tammany Hall was published in New York and in March, 1917, a revised and enlarged edition appeared. Tammany's essential industry of looting the public till was illustrated from musty old documents and newspaper files. Mooney, Stagg, Page,

Swartwout, Tweed, Croker and the other jolly pirates stalked through the volume, showing that the way to eminence in the Republic was not barred to the lowest vulgarian. The author of the book, Gustavus Myers, continued his researches into the by-ways of American history and in 1909 the first of three volumes of a history of the great American fortunes appeared, with the remaining two following next year. Rotary's Book of Genesis declares that Babbitt's first ancestors saved a few fishhooks, and by thrift and enterprise added gradually to this first store of capital. The gang without fishhooks became pack-horses for the early Babbitts, and so we have an explanation of the origin of economic sin. Myers set out to explode this myth. His work was by no means new, but his documentary material was voluminous and could not be reconciled with the version in Rotary's Book of Genesis. Stephen Girard, John Jacob Astor, Marshall Field, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Russell Sage and all the others stalked in this second work as the Tammany vulgarians did in the first one. In 1912 Myers invaded the holy of holies, the Supreme Court of the United States, and in a history of that noble tribunal kicked a few national saints from their pedestals. The final sentence of this volume declared that the "next application of the rule of reason will be made by the organized working class in its own interests to the end that it will expropriate the expropriators."

Brother Myers came to the Socialist fold some time in 1908, and was soon marching with the syndicalist wing of Robert Rives La Monte. But in 1914 the Christian crusade for democracy changed his whole perspective. His recent history of American idealism makes ample amends for the impiety of his first two works. Even the brokerage business of Tammany is seen in a softer light, and now he writes of the impious conduct implied in "carping, jeering and destructive criticism of America, its people and institutions."

## III

When the opulent J. G. Phelps Stokes left his clubs some twenty years ago to share our adventure he shocked the very best people. In the years following he guarded the Socialist sanctuary jealously against all persons suspected of any traces of Rotarian culture. When we obtained a substantial victory in Milwaukee in 1910 he was plunged in gloom. He declared that the Milwaukee voters were "mere reformers" who had compromised with the enemy. Only the presence of other members of the Left gave him courage to stay at his post. There he remained till the fatal call to the colors in 1917. Then he enlisted in the New York Veterans Corps of Artillery, was advanced to a lieutenancy in March, 1919, and finally became a captain in the New York National Guard the following year. Drilling his troops, he forgot the Milwaukee sinners of 1910.

In October, 1917, a new political party of all the civic virtues was organized. Its founders affirmed, among other beliefs, that the grog-shop was an offense against the national piety. Stokes became treasurer of this party, but as neither peasantry nor proletariat could be induced to enter it, it failed to make any showing in the election returns. The Social Democratic League was founded in the same year and Stokes again fell heir to the financial portfolio, but the league never lived long enough for him to make a report. When the Russian monarchists established a Russian Information Bureau in New York he became a councillor for it until Kolchak's cargo of democracy was pitched into oblivion by Trotsky's bayonets.

Of those who formed the barrier to the German invasion, Robert Rives La Monte deserves special mention. La Monte had represented a syndicalist tendency and was recognized as one of its leading philosophers. He anticipated the fall of the bourgeois Jericho by direct action. Born of a wealthy family, he became impatient for the immediate and complete surrender of

the bourgeois enemy. Balloting by the faithful was too slow. It was always uncertain, and tended to distract attention from the big job. Why not enlist for the "revolutionary tactics of insatiable syndicalism?" He was enraptured with what he described its "almost miraculous powers." But all this had a glorious ending in 1917, when the citizens of his home town rejoiced that Robert Rives La Monte had become a sergeant in the Home Guard. God and Fatherland could not be denied. Henceforth "Who's Who in America" announced to the curious that he had "not been identified with the Socialist Party since August, 1914."

In 1917 the patriotic Samuel Gompers became alarmed that the required amount of cannon fodder he was expected to deliver from the ranks of labor might not be forthcoming. Prospective conscripts recalled that he had visited Europe in 1909 and had embodied his observations in his "Labor in Europe and America," published in the following year. One sentence is sufficient to present his view of the war that everybody knew was coming. "In Europe anti-militarism signifies a challenge to governments by the workers," he wrote, "a defiance by them of the classes that stand to win much and lose little by the killing of thousands of common soldiers in battle, and a deep-seated resolve to refuse to take the last step in what is termed 'military duty'—that is, for one set of laborers to shoot down on the field of carnage other equally well-meaning and simple-minded toilers between whom and themselves there should exist in this age of awakened conscience and general enlightenment a fraternity strengthened by a common suffering."

In 1917 there were still members of his unions who were asking, as he had asked in 1910, whether it were worth while to take the last step in military duty. But Sam had contracted that they should take it, and so he concluded that a demoniac influence restrained them. Whereupon he called the faithful together in Minneapolis in September, and there the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy was born. It was blessed by a long message from Dr. Wilson, and the "true Socialists" honored the occasion by their presence and approval. The conference declared that "war waged for evil ends must be met by war waged for altruistic ends." Inspired by "ideals of liberty and justice," the delegates affirmed "that where expressions are used which are obstructive to the government in its conduct of the war, or are clearly capable of giving aid and comfort to the nation's foes, the offenders should be repressed by the constituted authorities in accordance with established law." The dissenters among the union leaders promptly took the hint. In the previous May Dr. Wilson had issued his proclamation of the Selective Draft Act in which he humorously declared that the nation had "volunteered in mass." The Espionage Act was passed in June, and was supplemented by the Sedition Act in May, 1918. The Minneapolis declaration regarding loose talk assured the Washington dictators that Sam's crowd could be relied upon.

A man-hunt now began, with the religious fervor befitting its altruistic ends. Tar and feathers, yellow paint, in some cases coils of rope, the raiding of homes, ostracism, arrests, and a few murders solemnized the joyful pursuit of the ideals of liberty and justice. The farther he was removed from the draft by age, the more militant did the patriot become. Gompers rejoiced that he had contributed a number of his relatives to the war. To certain Army officers in October he declared that "this war is the greatest event in human history since the Creation." Before the American Luncheon Club in Paris the following year he became almost poetical. There he declared that "the name of America to us is a symbolism, an ideal, the apotheosis of all that is good and great and righteous." Unluckily, the nobility of money, with which Sam thus fraternized beautifully during the war kicked, him

unmercifully following its end. Employers' organizations by the score announced boldly that his trade union conscripts must abandon their unions and accept the open shop upon their return from the trenches. Nevertheless, he never lost his faith in America as a holy land of idealism.

## IV

Within one year after our entrance into the war twenty-two of the Socialist publications were thrown out of the mails, four of them being dailies, and a number were prohibited from shipping by express. Books, pamphlets and leaflets were also denied transmission through the mails. At a later period circulars merely appealing for funds to insure efficient counsel for indicted Socialists were held up by the alert postmasters. The national office of the party was raided in September, 1917, and its files, mailing lists, records and documents were carted off. In the following year Victor L. Berger, a member of Congress, Adolph Germer, national secretary of the party, J. Louis Engdahl, editor of the national party weekly, William F. Kruse and Irwin St. John Tucker, heads of departments in the national office, were indicted. In January, 1919, two months after the end of the war, the accused were convicted and sentenced to twenty years in prison. In September, 1918, Eugene V. Debs received a sentence of ten years.

We Socialists were not alone in sharing this rebirth of liberty. At Bisbee, Arizona, a thousand miners were chased into the desert; at Butte Frank Little was lynched by the local Babbittry; seventeen members of the I. W. W. were tarred, feathered and whipped in Oklahoma; Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati was kidnapped and his back was cut into bloody strips; a German miner named Prager was lynched in Illinois. No matter where the Socialist or other radical turned, the terror dogged his heels. No man was safe from the swarm of informers, spies and *agents provocateurs*, volunteer and official. Only in some of the larger cities were Socialists able to meet, and at these meetings *Cheka* agents appeared with pencil and pad to report to Washington what was said.

This espionage system radiated from Washington through a thousand channels. It was linked up with committees of safety and defense councils, whose chief duty was to see that the daily thought ration issued by George Creel was accepted without a whimper. The England ruled by a landed squirearchy in the period of the American Revolution was a freemen's paradise compared with the America of the Wilson war years. Hinkhouse's recent study of British opinion of the American Revolution convincingly shows that even after hostilities opened at Lexington subscriptions were openly taken in London for the relief of American families whose breadwinners had fallen. But in 1917 our publications were destroyed and our meetings dispersed by bullies. This was not because we favored the so-called enemy. We had no more affection for the pompous idiots of the Central Powers than we had for the sanctimonious frauds representing the Allies. In fact, openly pro-German publications fared better than our own. The *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, a German Socialist daily, had bitterly attacked the German Socialists for voting the war credits and this continued to be its policy. The conservative *Staats Zeitung* served as spokesman of the German cause. Yet the former was thrown out of the mails and the latter continued publication under a government license. Our crime as Socialists was not that we accepted the German fraud, but that we would not accept the Allied fraud.

We soon learned that the *Cheka* had become highly organized and systematized. Once having got their hands on the national throat, the bureaucrats continued business into the peace period. I once saw a printed volume of suspects compiled from index cards in the so-called Department of Justice. It looked like a New York telephone directory. The New York *Call* obtained access to this volume and ran long

excerpts from it. All the active Socialists of the country were listed, together with every other man or woman who had said or written anything that offended the Wilson Cossacks, including Jane Addams, whose name headed the list. That model of the patriotic virtues, Attorney-General Daugherty, in the annual report of the department for 1921, declared that the *Cheka* was being continued and perfected. He reported that the General Intelligence Division had accumulated 450,000 index cards and "many exhibits, photographs, and descriptions of persons." In the fiscal year then ended 1,500 new photographs had been added. Daugherty's predecessor, the celebrated Palmer, added a special news service, which he provided free to country newspapers to keep his Red Menace buncombe alive. The *Nation* of March 6, 1920, reprinted a facsimile of a page of this stuff, offered free to country papers at the expense of the taxpayers.

Out in the interior private organizations of Babbitts imitated the official *Cheka*. Among my collection of curios is a volume compiled in Minneapolis in 1920, illustrated with photographs of private letters and documents that could have been obtained only by a wide system of theft. This index of undesirables has 127 pages, but it was apparently compiled by amateurs. Its authors committed the ludicrous blunder of including excerpts from articles and letters written by some of the Lefts years before they began rooting for an Allied victory! Thus the local or provincial *Cheka* of Minnesota damned certain men as miscreants who in fact were trusted aids of the central *Cheka* at Washington. This stupidity recalls some of the blunders of the half-wits in charge of the Russian *Okhrana* in the days of the Romanoffs.

I cannot omit from the narrative an interesting story of Wilson's Fourteen Points. If my readers will take the trouble to read that archaic document they will observe that it is largely based upon the idea that none of the Powers at war should be permitted to profit by it. Such a programme agreed with the view of the American Socialists. They asserted that the two alliances were smeared with the same muck, and that neither should be permitted to strip the other of its valuables at the end of the war. I do not say that this was Wilson's view. I only assert that his Fourteen Points can be reconciled with this view. He outlined them in January, 1918. But nearly three years before—that is, in May, 1915—the American Socialists prepared a programme of fourteen points that so clearly resembled the fourteen later presented by Wilson that a comparison of the two suggests that he had ours before him when he wrote. Such questions as indemnities, the transfer of territories, self-determination, international organization, open diplomacy and freedom of the seas are clearly outlined in the Socialist document just as he later discussed them. He departed from it only when he particularized regarding Belgium, France and Turkey. Thus the "moral forces" locked us up, and then took our declaration as a basis for working out a programme for settling the questions raised by the war. It was a grim piece of humor, which Dr. Wilson no doubt enjoyed.

Meanwhile we were cut off, during the war, from all the Socialists and trade unionists abroad. Attempts were at one time made to get together in an international conference in the hope of contributing something to end the slaughter. The Allied governments countered this scheme by sending handpicked delegations to various countries. With one such group Sam Gompers did business in England. The Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party over there had supported the war with some misgivings, and as it dragged out both organizations began to suspect the real aims of the Allies. They never went crazy over the war or regarded it as a crusade of God's saints, as Gompers did. Naturally, he could not deal with men of such views, so a delegation picked by the British Government was sent to visit him here. Its members had no mandate from

the political or economic organizations of British workers. In fact, these organizations publicly objected to the impudence of selecting men who did not and could not speak for them, but they were nevertheless accepted by Gompers and Wilson as true spokesmen of British workmen. While abroad later on, Gompers got snarled with the only organizations that could speak for the British proletariat, and so spent most of his time in London and Paris eating and drinking with financial leaders, political brokers and the titled masters of England. He would not agree to meet genuine representatives of the British workers during the war. His British accomplices in deception represented an insurance society, the General Federation of Trade Unions, not the trade union executives or the heads of the Labor Party.

## V

Although a thousand or more of the Socialists' locals in the smaller towns and cities had been destroyed by the White Terror, we increased our membership, after the war, in the large cities. But we were not to have peace. Within our own ranks appeared another mania, an irresistible desire to ape the Russian Bolsheviks. Hundreds of ambitious Lenins appeared immediately after the armistice with model soviets, red armies, commissars and Marxian experts, all of them apparently more eager to hang us and each other than to establish a soviet republic. I myself stood near the top of the hanging list. This movement offered fine sport to the Wilson *Cheka*, whose agents immediately entered the Bolshevik organizations, helped to write their programmes, rose to high positions in them, arranged for their scattered members to meet on the same night all over the country, and then bagged thousands of them in a general raid. The Bolsheviks went underground, taking the *Cheka* agents with them, and in 1920 they selected two delegates, Jacob Nosovitsky and Louis Frania, to represent them at a secret conference in Amsterdam. On the eve of leaving the United States Frania was charged with being a spy. A trial followed, in which Nosovitsky represented Frania. The latter was acquitted by his fellow "Bolsheviks." Nosovitsky was actually an agent of the Department of Justice and subsequently wrote an interesting story of his adventures for the Hearst papers. A few years later Frania left Moscow with a large sum of money to be used for propaganda abroad. He disappeared from the Bolshevik ken, and was eventually reported to be enjoying life in Paris. Thus the American Bolsheviks were apparently represented by two agents of the Department of Justice at the Amsterdam conference.

Within a few years no less than eighteen Bolshevik organizations appeared on the scene, each with a tinpot Lenin at its head. They frightened the Babbitts with broadsides of revolutionary maledictions, but even the *Cheka* agents could not keep the thing a going concern. By a process of arrests, deportations, amalgamations and desertions, the Bolshevik revolution has finally declined to two small fragments whose members are content to dream of the hectic days of police-hunts through cellars and garrets. We Socialists thrived on the malice of the *Cheka*, but the Bolshevik nonsense hurt us. It left gaping wounds from which we have not recovered. We could not deny that the Bolshevik absurdity had its origin in our own ranks.

But having disposed of us, clever mountebanks saw an opportunity to underwrite the "Bolshevik menace" and cash it into dividends. The National Security League, the American Defense Society, and Ralph Easley's National Civic Federation had been in the field for some years. Now hundreds of promoters appeared with their Sentinels of the Republic, Minute Men, and other such societies, appealing for cash to save the Republic. How many millions they obtained will never be known. Here and there an individual Babbitt acted on his own account. Thus, shortly after the Wall Street explosion, Darwin P. Kingsley,

president of the New York Life Insurance Company, sent a circular, dated September 17, 1920, to all his agents declaring that the explosion "was the voice of the Red, the shriek of the parlor Bolshevist, the united utterance of all forces that hate organized society." The War Department, jealous of the *Cheka* activities of the Department of Justice, also established a propaganda department which specialized in attacking organizations of women. These included the Girls' Friendly Society, the Needlework Guild of America, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Young Women's Christian Association. Not until the New York *World* exposed this nonsense did the heroes engaged in it abandon it.

It is the opinion of James Harvey Robinson that there are four historical layers underlying the minds of civilized men. These he enumerates as "the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind." This may in part explain the war and the post-war periods. The primary instincts underlying the civilized mind rise to the surface in adult life under the stress of some great catastrophe. Ancient barbaric and animal impulses, slumbering beneath a thin veneer of culture, were thus released by the war and have left deep scars on our modern life. Those under the spell of primitive emotions indulge in grotesque conduct, rationalize it in terms of idealist exaltation, and carry us back over the ages to our shaggy ancestors.

# AMERICANA

## ALABAMA

A DAY in the life of the Hon. Bibb Graves, LL.B., Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux and Governor and Captain-General of all the Alabamas, as described in the eminent Prattville *Progress:*

> Gov. and Mrs. Bibb Graves have accepted an invitation to visit Prattville next Sunday and while here will be the guests of H. S. and Mrs. Doster. By invitation Gov. and Mrs. Graves will make talks to the Baptist Sunday-school and to the Methodist Sunday-school. They will first visit the Baptist Sunday-school at 9:30 o'clock and talk at the opening exercises. Gov. Graves will then be the guest of the Wesley Bible Class and make a talk at the Methodist Sunday-school. He will also make a talk to the Presbyterian Sunday-school.
>
> After church services he will visit the home of the editor of the *Progress*, two miles southeast of Prattville, and all who wish to meet him are invited to do so during the afternoon, for on that occasion we wish it understood he is Prattville's and the county's guest.
>
> With Gov. and Mrs. Graves will be Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lee.

## ARKANSAS

DOINGS among the war heroes of this great State, as described by the Salem *Informer:*

> In this new outfit, a "pig" is an ambitious Legionnaire who wishes to become a "shoat" and then a "hog." He is a "shoat" when he has obtained five members for the Legion. Ten members make a "hog" of him, and 100 members will earn him the title of "Grand Chief Membership Hog." The hogs will hold a big "grunt" at the State convention, when blue ribbons will be distributed. Special nose-rings, ear-marks and other regalia will be worn. Every Legionnaire is eligible to join the new organization, which was created by James K. Jordan, department membership chairman.

## CALIFORNIA

DIVORCE news from San Francisco:

> Mrs. May J. O'Keefe in a cross-complaint filed in the Superior Court today by her attorney, Morris Oppenheim, as an answer to a divorce action started November 23 by her husband, Peter J. O'Keefe, former policeman .... alleges, among other things:
>
> That the plaintiff (O'Keefe) almost every day since marriage to the defendant, to keep witches and evil spirits away, poured gasoline, coal oil and salt around and about the premises at 1944 Post street.
>
> That the plaintiff lit a piece of paper and waved it around and about his head to keep said witches and evil spirits away.
>
> That the plaintiff garbed himself in a knitted cap loaded with garlic and witch oil, the odor of which was such that the defendant was unable to sleep.
>
> That the plaintiff bandaged a knife to his head when he retired at night and kept a steel carpenter's saw beside him to ward off said witches and evil spirits.
>
> That almost every day since marriage to this defendant, said plaintiff wore corset steels in his hat for the purpose of warding off said witches and evil spirits.

NEWS item in the Davis *Enterprise:*

> We have learned of a news item of local interest, but which we are not at liberty to use, as the deal has not yet gone through.

RESOLUTIONS passed by the School Home Institute, assembled at the Pacific Union College:

> In harmony with the definite instruction given in the Testimonies, the wearing of feathers and artificials is discouraged.
>
> Young women are required to dress in modest, simple, and healthful attire. V-shaped necks should not be cut lower than two inches below the clavicle, and the round or square-shaped necks should not be worn lower than one inch below the clavicle and proportionately on the shoulders and back. Sleeves should not be shorter than to the inside bend of the elbow, and slits in the sleeve should not come above this point. The length of the skirt may not in any case be shorter than twelve inches from the floor, the exact length depending upon the style of the skirt, the age and build of the wearer. If the skirt is narrow, twelve inches is too short.
>
> Dresses made of organdie, georgette, thin voile, or similar material, require slips with sleeves.
>
> French heels should not be worn. Common-sense shoes are recommended.
>
> Modesty requires hose to be inconspicuous.
>
> Jewelry, such as rings, bracelets, necklaces, or lockets, may not be worn.

## COLORADO

THE august bench in Denver:

Judge James O. Starkweather severely censured the Rev. Wallace Wear, a Baptist minister, for referring to his wedded life as one of "domestic hell." The court record was corrected to read "domestic discord."

## CONNECTICUT

DRAMATIC criticism in the Waterbury *Democrat:*

"Abie's Irish Rose" is the yeast that is serving to raise the big white loaf of humanity. Its beautiful simplicity and yet its far reaching thought make it a vehicle that compliments the American stage. It tells a great truth by the use of life's little A B C's. Its message comes spontaneously and for that matter with striking but broadening force. From the age old plot of the world Anne Nichols has given us a much to be desired view on life. She proves once more that love conquers all.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE intellectual life in Washington, as reported by the moral and patriotic *Post:*

More than 5,000 persons, several of them prominent locally, joined in chanting the slow, sonorous ritual of the scientific healing service conducted by Swami Yogananda, Indian teacher, metaphysician and psychologist, and founder of several Yogoda centers in this country, last night at the Washington Auditorium. The service continued an hour, the large crowd repeating after the Swami the words of the ritual in prolonged, resounding tones, giving just the turn, emphasis, and time which he gave. Neither did the volume decrease as the hour wore on. An occasional note of pure melody, as if proceeding from a singer, was audible amidst the multitude of voices. The slow incantation ended with several prolonged repetitions of "I am whole, for Thou art in me," the word "whole," toward the last, prolonged for more than a minute. At the close the Swami slowly left the platform, and the crowd filed out.

CONTRIBUTION to psychiatry by the gifted Robert Quillen, writing in the eminent Washington *Post:*

It seldom happens that a suicide has recently bathed.

## FLORIDA

OFFICIAL announcement to the press of the Republic in the *Southern Baptist Clip-Sheet:*

FEW CHRISTIANS HURT IN FLORIDA HURRICANE

Investigation has developed the fact that very few Christians were killed or seriously injured in the hurricane that recently visited the Florida East Coast. Dr. J. L. White, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Miami, advises that out of the membership of his congregation, numbering over 2,000, not one was seriously injured, while in one hospital, where there were 120 storm victims, only five were professing Christians.

## HAWAII

PROOF that the former anthropophagi of Honolulu are, after all, capable of taking in the refinements of American democracy, and that in time they may become civilized, as revealed by a news item in the *Star-Bulletin:*

Chickens—two of the feathered kind—had their innings at the soap-box meeting at noon today at King and Bethel streets, when Charles Maschke, candidate for the nomination for representative on the Republican ticket, appeared before the crowd.

Maschke, who brought the birds to the soap-box in a big crate, exhibited the chickens to the crowd and then in a brief talk outlined the qualities of the two birds and declared that it was not easy to raise chickens.

He also exhibited several cups that he had won with his prize chickens and stressed his fitness to be a representative by holding up a chicken as he talked on the issues of the political hour.

## IDAHO

FROM a bulletin of Gooding College:

Be a LaCoste, a Tunney, a Cardinal, an Ederle, or a Carey, with the dash, the stamina, the enthusiasm, the persistency and the consecration that always insures success, and put Our College across the channel to *A Larger Field* of usefulness and a greater opportunity for serving the Master and elevating the ideals of the Christ we live and love to serve.

## ILLINOIS

MOTHERLY advice to the sweet ones of Chicago by Mme. Antoinette Donnelly, fashion expert of the *Tribune:*

If there should be some old-fashioned gals in our midst that do mind the sudden rising of the skirt when they sit down, and do mind revealing what were better left hidden—we can only warn them to keep out of deep, soft cushioned chairs and davenports. The further down you sink the higher the skirt goes.

It has been recommended that in the privacy of one's full length boudoir mirror one study positions to take and positions not to take in order to preserve a semblance of that old-fashioned virtue, modesty, which, after all, does score in the summing up of feminine charm.

WHAT a minister of God in this great State can do when the spirit bubbles in him:

> The Presbyterian Congregational manse at 10:30 this morning was illuminated with the glow of Edenic beauty; long life and happiness were diffused in one of those strange hours of subtle interpretations, and in the transfiguration appeared John D. Green and Miss Alice Lee Schmidt whom love had already made one, seeking only the legal attestation of this holy oneness. Miss Schmidt appeared in the loveliness and beauty of Mother Eve, and strong and handsome John bore the strength and dignity of true manhood. After the ceremony by the Rev. S. A. Teague the groom nestled his little birdie into a large Hudson Grohn; then, taking his seat beside her at the wheel, they sped away over the Ohio through the Southland for their honeymoon.
>
> THE PASTOR.

HEART-RENDING wail of the Right Rev. Edwin Holt Hughes, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Chicago Wesleyans:

> Gormandizing, pessimism, and evil thoughts must be rigidly kept from us who preach a religion of love. One of the most lamentable cases in the Chicago diocese at present is of a brilliant young preacher who has become an almost insensate mass because of overeating.

LITERARY orgies in the late literary capital of the Republic, as reported by the *Step-Ladder*, organ of the Bookfellows:

> The Chicago group, led by Misses Bertha Clark, Minnie Patterson, Esther Hornor and Mrs. Strouse, opened the season with a dinner attended by about fifty persons at the Y.M.C.A., 19 North La Salle street. Plans were announced by those who are to lead sections in poetry, drama, fiction, non-fiction, etc. The guest of the evening was Shafto Dene, well known to column fans as Le Mosquetaire, who read from his new book of poems. Meetings are to be held each Saturday in one of the private rooms off the cafeteria on the third floor of the Y.M.C.A. and announcements will appear in the Friday Literary Review of the Chicago *Evening Post*. All who can do so are invited to attend.

## INDIANA

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the Evansville *Press:*

> MIRACLES ARE STILL BEING PERFORMED
>
> *See this Petrified Human Body*
>
> Taken from the Ohio river at Evansville, Ind. He is the perfect model of the man he once was, when he breathed the breath of life and rich red blood flowed through his live arteries.
>
> But this creation of God under peculiar and the right conditions for unknown reasons staged by nature has been transformed into stone the form of which he was in life, weighing 400 pounds and 5 feet 7 inches high.
>
> The questions involved, "Who was he?" This may never be answered. The expression of the face, the features, eye sockets, hands and fingers with finger ring, perfect feet with corn on toe, the teeth, finger and toe nails, traces of eyebrows and hair on head and body, shows conclusively that one time he was a live, well developed man.
>
> Was he murdered? Marks on the body indicate that he was. What seems to be a bullet hole in the right breast, and scars on the arms and breast indicate that he was shot, bound with rope and thrown overboard to conceal the crime.
>
> What causes petrification? This will be fully explained by attendants.
>
> This exhibition is purely educational, and should be seen by everyone, especially by the women and children. This is educationally inspiring and will arouse your creative and imagining power.
>
> *312 S. 3rd st.—Adm. 10c-15c—F. M. Richards*

## KANSAS

NOTEWORTHY social service of the Topeka *Capital*, as reported by the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Andy Gump can't bring his Christmas cheer into Kansas, or at least that part of Kansas in which the Topeka *Capital* circulates. Yesterday's comic strip showing Andy pouring a bit of liquor from a bottle was censored before it was printed in the *Capital*. The bottle and the glass were entirely eliminated, so none of the *Capital's* readers would be tempted to follow Gump's example.

## KENTUCKY

ADVERTISEMENT in the Franklin *Favorite:*

> AN EXPLANATION
> FOR WOMEN ONLY
>
> Some one said the last clause of my last ad. in the *Favorite* ("If you wish I will have a law enacted making it illegal for a man to say no if a lady proposed") was ridiculous, absurd, impossible.
>
> The Bible says, "all things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark IX, 23. I know it can be done, because the Bible says so.
>
> In the first place, all the women would vote for it, retaliating for the pent up standard men have fixed for her, if for nothing else.
>
> It would inspire new hope in the hearts of bachelors who have despaired of matrimony oh! so long.
>
> And the widowers, having had a married experience and knowing that no sort of a single life approached it, would be glad to vote with the women.

All the bashful young men whose hearts choke them so they can't pop the question, would be for it.

Anything that looked like more marriages would get all the preachers, doctors and lawyers.

Married men, knowing the pain and heartaches it took to win their wives, would be glad to do anything to make courtship easier for men of the rising generation.

This would be different from anything that has gone before. Candidates for Senate and Legislature running on this one plank platform would not tell every person they met they would have a law passed for their special benefit, and when elected do nothing to benefit anybody.

They'd know it would be political death. They would rather die naturally.

The more marriages the more homes, and the more homes the more plumbing and hot water heating; so Lo: I am with you always, even to the end.

Yours for a world record-breaker in happy marriages during 1927.

J. F. Arnold

## MARYLAND FREE STATE

Romish orgies among the high-toned Baltimore Methodists, as described by a gaping reporter of the eminent *Evening News:*

Watch night services will be held at the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, beginning at 11:55 o'clock tonight. At that time the church will be darkened, with the exception of a single lighted taper on the altar. At midnight twelve men of the congregation, representing the Twelve Apostles, will stand before the altar rail and receive light from the taper. They then will communicate the light to candles held by the worshipers.

## MASSACHUSETTS

Suggestion for a new nuisance by a reader of the distinguished Boston *Post:*

The Gideon Society places Bibles in almost all the rooms of hotels. Wouldn't it be a good idea to place Bibles on every table in every restaurant? They would be very handy for people to read while they eat. And would cheer them up.

Francis Modricker, Jr.
*49 Hutchin street*

## MICHIGAN

Auto-annunciation of a favorite American poet, as reported by his home paper, the distinguished Detroit *Free Press:*

The good Lord must have wanted an Eddie Guest on the earth, and so he put me here.

The divine afflatus stirs in a meat-chopper of Ann Arbor:

*"THE BEST MARKET"*

*B*ologna white, bologna right, bologna round and brown,
*U*nited here in high class cheer in *meats*, the best in town.
*T*here's tenderloin well worth your coin, porterhouse the same,
*C*hickens, lamb, pork chops and ham, and many kinds of game.
*H*ere is the place to feed your face, but you must cook it first.
*E*verything from Fall till Spring, from fish to "winny" wurst.
*R*ibs to spare—spare ribs for fair—liver, hearts and tongue.
*S*ausage, too, and bacon true—Trade here and don't be stung.

ESCHELBACH MARKET
*202 E. Huron st.* *Phone 4159*

## MINNESOTA

From the catalogue of studies of Bethel Institute, at St. Paul:

Lessons in piano tuning are offered by Prof. Oberg. This art is very valuable for ministers and evangelists. Ministers can in this way serve and gain access to the homes and the hearts of the people where they might otherwise fail. They can also make profitable use of leisure moments, and in case of emergency have an independent source of income. The singer will also find this training invaluable in taking proper care of the instruments.

## MISSOURI

Dispatch from Jefferson City, capital of this great State:

B. F. Wampler of Carthage, Mo., a well-to-do Jasper county farmer, has asked State Senator McCawley to introduce a bill prohibiting the sale of cigars, cigarettes or other tobacco products in stores where food products are sold. Wampler contends the tobacco odor taints the food.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

Significant note on how the free citizens of this rock-bound, blessed State drive away their boredom, from the letter-box department of the Milford *Cabinet:*

To the telephone subscribers on line 30, South Lyndeboro, who removed their receivers to listen in as soon as my call was rung last Saturday night: please refrain from doing so in the future. I shall be very thankful, for when I get a long distance call the listening in of the

curious interferes with my receiving, and it is almost impossible to understand enough to get the message that is intended for me, not for all the curious on the line. Saturday night I had to tell the party talking to me that they might as well stop, for so many receivers were down that I could not understand.

Now on these calls we have three minutes, and it costs fifty cents. If you are curious about my affairs, come and call upon me, and I will tell you all of my business that I wish you to know, and that is all that you will learn by listening in, for I have no secrets over the public telephone.

H. D. POLLARD

*South Lyndeboro*

## NEW JERSEY

DISPATCH to the New York *World* from Trenton:

"The Kaiser was drunk when he ordered the mobilization of the German Army in 1914 and therefore liquor was one of the main causes of the World War," declared Brig. Gen. L. S. Upton, U.S.A., before 500 delegates to the annual convention of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League.

## NEW MEXICO

OBITUARY notice in the Albuquerque *Journal:*

We invite all his parents and friends to come to the funeral of Juan Sandoval Thursday at 3 o'clock.

IRENEA M. DE SANDOVAL

## NEW YORK

FROM the Hon. Bernarr Macfadden's eminent *Daily Graphic:*

I am a college girl; and I want to make use of my college training. I don't want to teach school. What can I do? D.

Well, you can become an expert mender of bric-a-brac. That is a distinct profession. You must learn the composition of the various articles and how to mend them scientifically. I think a doctor of high class china and glass would do well.

ARTHUR JAMES in *Motion Pictures Today*, "The Newspaper of the Motion Picture Industry":

Pictures serve . . . as the measurement of the human brain. When we find an anti-picture person we know at once that he lacks vision, imagination and square thought.

SPECIMEN of mortuary verse from *This Week in Rochester:*

GONE AWAY

Our Mayor, Clarence D. VanZandt,
From the earth has gone away;
God wanted him in Heaven,
So He called to him one day.

Though his work here was unfinished,
When God called he had to go;
Some time God's ways we'll understand,
But here we do not know.

O friends, uncertain is this life;
When our Mayor went away
On a fishing trip to Canada
He was feeling well and gay.

But, suddenly he was stricken,
All at once he heard God call;
And so my friends on some day—
This will happen to us all.

Farewell, Farewell, C. D. VanZandt,
Ah, yes, farewell we say;
But well we know you are not dead,
You have simply gone away.

JOHN M. TWAMBLEY

SPIRITUAL recreations of a man of God who has graced Manhattan for many years, as reported by the illustrious *Herald-Tribune:*

The Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner was unable to preach yesterday in the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church. He was in the Lutheran Hospital recovering from injuries suffered while coasting down hill on a sled Saturday night in 245th street, near Waldo avenue, the Bronx.

## NORTH CAROLINA

THE REV. DR. JOHN R. JESTER, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem:

The war began fifty years ago when Germany decided she would no longer believe in the inspiration of the Bible, in the miracles or in the deity of Jesus Christ. The war began with a question mark hurled at God just as the fall in the Garden of Eden began with a questioning of God's truthfulness and God's laws. I am told that today thousands of German people are returning to the Bible and again believing it as the Word of God.

## OHIO

FROM the People's Column of the eminent Dayton *Daily News:*

CHURCH MEMBERS' CONFESSIONS

We belong to the Pilgrim Holiness Church of Pleasant Valley, Dayton, and Ora Huff is the pastor. We told a lie on a member of the church and the pastor believed us, and he had her taken

out of the church. We wanted to hold every office and run the church; that is the reason we did what we did. What does Dayton think of us, and what ought we to do?

MR. AND MRS. HENRY AYLESHIRE
BLANCHE TRUBEE
ELIZABETH BENNETT

EDUCATIONAL service of the celebrated Cleveland *Press:*

? ? $5 $5 ? ?

This week the *Press* would like to know who in Greater Cleveland—

1. Is the oldest Smith?
2. Has the shortest name?
3. Is the mother of the greatest number of living children?
4. Owns the oldest automobile and can prove it?
5. Walks farthest each day?

Each of these five persons will receive $5 from the *Press* on Wednesday.

Mail your entries now to the Knowledge Editor of the *Press.*

## OREGON

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from this great State, floating about the public journals of the Northwest:

An Oregon man, convicted of violating the Volstead Act, was sentenced to a fine of $100 and ninety days in jail. His wife appealed to the authorities for relief as an indigent person and was given $40 a month for three months. At the termination of her husband's sentence she appeared and paid the $100 fine out of the money received from the county.

## PENNSYLVANIA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice handed out to the citizens of New Kensington by an army of street urchins:

What? In a Church? Listen Girls!

*"A BEAUTY SECRET THAT NEVER FAILS"*
This is the Sermon Topic
SUNDAY 7:45 P.M., FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
KENNETH AVENUE
Sounds Interesting, doesn't it?
*"Luxurious Hair—How to have it!"*
*"Keep that School-Girl Complexion!"*
Well, here hangs a tale! Better hear it!

GOOD SONG SERVICE FULL ORCHESTRA

## RHODE ISLAND

HEROIC episode in the celebrated city of Providence:

Through choking smoke, while the fire was at its height early today, Patrolman Fred E. O'Connell, of Precinct 1, groped his way to the second floor of Hotel Hopkins in upper Westminster street to rescue the false teeth of the aged woman caretaker of the hotel. The woman could hardly have been more joyful after the rescue had the teeth been a close relative.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

THE REV. DR. THOMAS, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Spartansburg, as reported by the *Journal:*

The man who makes, sells or drinks whisky is in the same class as the man who spits on the flag and tramples it under foot.

## TENNESSEE

THE trials and tribulations of the ministers of the Gospel of Erwin, as reported by the United News correspondent in that charming town:

Coming home from a revival meeting at Flagpond, the Rev. George Bennett, a revivalist, met a highwayman who forced him at the point of a pistol to drink nearly a pint of corn whisky. Intoxicated but furious at the indignity and the loss also of $10, the Rev. Mr. Bennett staggered home.

HELPFUL suggestion by the Rev. Burke Culpepper, of Knoxville, as reported by the *News:*

If parents would meet the young men who come for their daughters to take them to dances, smell their breaths and talk with them, there would not be so many broken hearts and shattered homes.

How the cultural élite of Harrogate relax from their hardy intellectual labors:

Faculty members of Lincoln Memorial University turned back the hands of time and dressed and played as children Saturday night at the Conservatory of Music. Misses Shanley, Atkinson and Shifley were hostesses. Lollipops were served. Mrs. Baird won the prize for being the prettiest little girl. Earl Smith was the nicest little boy. Dean Lewis won a prize for catching fish. Dr. Lucia Danforth and LeRoy Johnson won prizes for making most realistic animals with chewing gum.

## TEXAS

THE HON. EDMUND VANCE COOKE, "poet and philosopher," speaking before the Dallas Open Forum:

God Himself is a Democrat.

THE disturbing effects of high-powered worship in Houston, as reported by the *Chronicle:*

Because he expectorated through a knot hole of the Apostolic Church at Pelly, striking one of the worshipers in the ear, a nineteen-year-old Pelly youth was in the Harris county jail Thursday charged with disturbing public worship.

"I didn't mean to break up the services," the boy told A. T. Hamilton, deputy sheriff at Goose Creek, when he was arrested and charged before R. R. Zierlein, justice of the peace at that place. "They were making so much noise in the church, shouting and dancing around, that I couldn't attract this boy's attention. So I spit through the hole and hit him square. The boy came out, and I asked him to ask his sister if I could have a date with her."

The boy worshiper apparently considered the request trivial, according to the defendant's story. He did not reply, but walked away and sought the law. In the meantime the church services stopped because of the surprised shout of the victim.

## UTAH

FROM the programme of a play presented at the Salt Lake Theatre:

*N.B.*—Although accuracy of characterization demands smoking, there is no tobacco used in this production.

## WASHINGTON

THE Hon. Chapin D. Foster, president of the Chehalis Rotary Club, speaking before the Tacoma Kiwanis Club:

Nehemiah was a Kiwanian.

THE Hon. and learned Charles S. Perrine, automobile editor of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer:*

Aristotle, Archimedes, or was it Newton gave to the world the truism that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

## WEST VIRGINIA

NEWS of an unusual biological event in the *Braxton Central,* published at Sutton:

Mr. P. J. Berry, prominent Sutton resident and business man, won twelfth prize last week in the West Virginia Egg Laying Contest being conducted at the Kanawha State Park near Charleston.

NEWS ITEM from the West Union *Record:*

We forgot to announce that our corporation election was held January 6, and the following ticket elected: Charles Longacre, mayor; C. M. Foutty, recorder; councilmen: Thurman Hoskinson, Charles Smith, J. C. Stitt, Al Osbourne, and J. D. Foley. Only one ticket was in the field. The election passed off very quietly with the exception of one colonel who got nettled when he went to vote and saw a certain man's name on the ticket. He erased the name in a great passion and used some very unbecoming language in the presence of the lady poll-clerks and commissioners.

## WISCONSIN

ÆSTHETIC marvel heralded through the streets and alleys of the great city of La Crosse:

At the beautiful corner window of Doerflinger's Department Store in the center of La Crosse crowds for the next two weeks will gather to see oil paintings rapidly grow from under the brushes of two artists extraordinary. They are Prof. Geo. H. Kay and Alfred Merrill Brown, artists whose supremacy in quick painting over others is soon determined by the public at sight, and not by lectures. These masters of this line will finish a canvas in a few minutes that others spend hours to make. Yet they are oil paintings that will last a lifetime, can be cleaned with soap and water and will be sold at prices all can afford to pay.

Prof. Kay is a student of the noted artist, Henry Viaden, director of a Milwaukee school. His schoolmates, whose names rank high in the art world, are Frank Enders, Carl Marr, Robert Koehler and Robert Schade. In 1895 Prof. Kay became an instructor at the Chicago Art Institute after studying four years at that institution. He has been painting forty-two years.

Alfred Merrill Brown graduated from his first art school in 1914 and later studied at a Minneapolis school under Prof. Ferguson, American artist of recognized merit.

Mr. Brown has the reputation of being the fastest artist in the United States working with oil. He has painted in vaudeville, and has made hundreds of paintings by using two brushes and both hands at the same time until advised by physicians to abandon this.

Your home deserves an oil painting and you can have one made from your favorite kodak print if necessary.

## IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the Paris edition of the eminent Chicago *Tribune:*

A great moral secret service within the ranks of the 30,000 American Legionnaires who will come to the Paris Convention next Summer is being arranged to preserve the conduct of the veterans at the highest level and avoid "incidents" during the visit of the "Second A. E. F. to France." Leaders in each post will constitute themselves this secret service, which will use every effort to keep their comrades from the land of Prohibition within bounds, when they come into contact with the personal liberty of France. This secret service also will arrange proper co-operation with the French authorities—and that includes the French police.

# VOX MAZUMA

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

On the desk of every high-pressure executive, hustling sales-manager and laborious private secretary in the land there will be found, it is safe to predict, a pad calendar with a separate leaf for each day of the year. Once these calendars were similarly popular at the domestic hearth. They appeared for sale in the stationery stores at Christmas time, and were known in the trade as Shakespeare, Bible, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Tennyson, Home Cooking, Wit and Humor and Famous Sayings Calendars. For each day of the year there was a line of immortal verse, a sanitary joke, an apothegm from Holy Writ, a recipe for some new and fancy form of hash, or a steal from Bartlett's Quotations. No reputable American home was complete without one.

The modern pad calendars for office use are dull in comparison. Only the date appears on each leaf; the rest is virgin white, so that the business man may use it to write notes in cipher to himself and jot down reminders of the day's endless conferences. Such is modern efficiency. But isn't it possible that the calendar manufacturers, otherwise such enterprising and brainy men, have been asleep on their job? Why have they never issued an Elbert H. Gary Calendar? The thought somehow charms. Doing so, they might retain the best features of the older form with all the high-powered utility of the new. For each working day of the year they could provide a short, pithy, incontrovertible quotation from a speech or a newspaper interview or magazine article by the learned, amiable and eloquent Chairman of the Board, Chairman of the Finance Committee and Chief Executive Officer in General Charge of Affairs of the United States Steel Corporation.

Surely a Gary Calendar would have an enormous sale. Every ambitious department head at the innumerable and far-flung offices and plants of the United States Steel Corporation would want one. So would every loyal subordinate, down to the very file-clerks and door-openers, in the countless other companies which Judge Gary's eminent board of directors controls. The quotations from his works would have an immense range and variety. There is almost nothing on earth that, at one time or another, he has not made a pronouncement about. He has discussed, and at length, Bolshevism, Prosperity, Capital, the Plain People, Labor, 100% Americanism, Success, the Kaiser, Optimism, Prohibition, Service, Mussolini, Babe Ruth, the World War, Monopoly, Washington Irving, Competition, Immigration, the Tariff, Christianity, Constructive Criticism, Mexico, Honesty, God, Health, the League of Nations, Hindenburg, the Cotton Situation, Spanking, Free Speech and Thrift. Such are only a few of the lofty subjects he has dealt with in his pungent, happy style. In 1917 he said, *re* the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday:

> Billy Sunday is sincere, talented, cultivated and scholarly. He is of and for the multitude, and possessed of a generous and sympathetic heart. Almost countless numbers of men and women become pious, church-going and moral agencies through his influence, and the effects generally have been lasting. The local officers of our companies where Dr. Sunday has given a course of lectures or sermons without exception speak of him in the highest terms, and emphasize the fact that his presence and efforts have been a large

factor in the improvement of the daily lives of our employés. His language is plain and forceful, but he is a gentleman, refined, simple and educated, and highly sensitive to the proprieties of a Christian man.

Following the presidential election of 1920 the Judge (his title remains from service in the dim past as Chief Justice of the Supreme Bench of Dupage, Ill.) was asked to comment on the inspiring victory of the Harding-Coolidge ticket. He did not grope for words:

"Yesterday," he said, "was a great day for Civilization."

But probably the high mark of his critical acumen was reached in an article "by Elbert H. Gary" in the December, 1922, issue of *Circulation*, a magazine published by the promotion department of the Hearst journalistic enterprises. It follows in part:

The American who fails to keep abreast of the comic cartoons is in danger of falling out of touch with much that is being done in the country, and that is a danger every thinking American should be at particular pains to avoid.

My choice is George McManus's masterpiece, "Bringing Up Father." That is a great piece of character drawing and a great piece of art. The man who put Jiggs and Maggie into American life knows the American people through and through.

Jiggs, to a certain extent, is every American husband, while Maggie, with her dominant management of Jiggs, which is prompted, as McManus makes perfectly clear, by her overwhelming affection for and devotion to him, expresses millions of typically American wives, and states the case, I might say, for the United States. So, as I say, "Bringing Up Father" is Great Art.

In this age of busy, fussy public relations counsel, Judge Gary is lamentably out of step with his illustrous colleagues. He is almost always willing to see reporters in person, and until recently he was gracious, even eager, when editors asked him to write signed articles on the state of the nation. Mr. Rockefeller has his Machiavellian Ivy Lee. So has Charlie Schwab. The House of Cartier speaks through the crafty Edward L. Bernays, and news of the great Judæo-Christian Cathedral of St. John the Divine is similarly prepared by another of the clan. But Judge Gary manufactures his own publicity. Within recent years, perhaps, he has grown more cautious than of yore. Now a stenographer is always present at his mass interviews, and the transcript of his discourse is carefully edited, and only that which remains after he has slashed away at his most incautious remarks can be published. But he is still easy to see, and very willing to talk.

II

On the whole, he is pretty skillful at it, and one result is that the New York newspaper men, if occasionally amused, on the whole respect him and are rather fond of him. He is probably the only industrial magnate in Wall Street who can handle a large group of reporters without getting sidetracked by silly questions. About ten years ago he was on board a ship coming into New York. The steel market was in a highly jumpy condition and most of the newspapers sent their best Wall Street men down the bay to meet the Judge. He received them cordially when they scrambled aboard at quarantine, and for the next half hour he talked to them with all his customary frankness and volubility. The financial experts made notes furiously. Suddenly from the outskirts of the group came a voice; it was that of a youthful reporter whose regular beat was routine ship news.

"And, Judge!" he piped, "What did you think of the Passion Play at Oberammergau?"

The Wall Street men almost fainted. The question had stopped a flow of words worth at least $4 each. But Judge Gary was affability itself.

"Unfortunately," he said, "I know little about the drama. As I was saying, gentlemen, the surplus for 1905 was . . ."

He is eighty years old, at which time many men become misanthropic, but he remains as cheerful as he was at fifty. Optimism is the outstanding mark of everything he has said or written. Even Bolshevism, which sent most of the Wall Street nobility running for their storm-cellars, could not disturb his calm. He did,

it is true, paint the orthodox fearsome picture of the habits and practices of the Reds and relayed all the standard hokum about their taking "private property to make it common, and also all men's wives and children," but he remained unruffled. In February of 1919, at the height of the Palmer uproar, he said:

> My principal cause of optimism is my faith in the good sense of the people of this country. The United States has ever been a nation of constructionists; destructionists never have found favor here for even a short time with any group of any importance. The United States is strictly sane. I know the workingmen of America. They are intelligent beyond any other in the world. The honest workingman will combat the Bolshevist. I have faith in what is called the American Proletariat.

And then:

> The might of right will ever be greater than the might of wrong in the United States. Indeed, I am enough of an optimist to be convinced that this is basically true throughout the world. It is my good fortune always to be an optimist as to the long future.

The public sessions (they are preceded by private conferences) of the American Iron and Steel Institute afford Judge Gary many agreeable opportunities for such optimistic expressions. The Institute, to which most of the higher iron and steel men in the United States belong, is the daddy of all the Rotary, Lion, Kiwanis and other Service clubs. Founded in 1908 by Judge Gary himself—he has always retained the presidency—it is declared by him to be "purely ethical in character," with "nothing to do with profit in any way." At the gaudy annual dinners all memories of the bitter, knock-down price-cutting days of Andrew Carnegie are forgotten in good victuals, dollar cigars, pre-war sarsaparilla, and high-voltage oratory. The chief address, which has become the annual papal bull of American industry, is made by Judge Gary, of course. Often he reaches lyrical heights in it, as, for instance, in 1924:

> Are any of you gentlemen pessimists? Are you discouraged or downhearted? Look ahead! Our lands, our climate, our wealth, our productive and transportation facilities, our increasing consuming desire and capacity, our educational advantages, our churches, our protective national Constitution, our floating Flag, our spirit of loyalty, all remain. Demagogues or anarchists or fakers cannot deprive us of these blessings! Where else on earth can be found another such nation? Let us be thankful, confident and determined.

Unhappily, there is some contradiction regarding the altruistic nature of the Institute and of the famous Gary dinners which the late Richard V. Lindabury, then the talented counsel for the Steel Corporation, once called "a laurel and a crown on the industry." There are dark hints of price-fixing at these levantine jollifications. In fact, when the government started suit for dissolution of the corporation in 1912, W. E. Corey, then its president, admitted as much under oath. A director of another steel company swore that "Judge Gary would exhort us like a Methodist preacher at a camp-meeting not to cut prices."

The Judge himself testified in the suit, and was shown contracts with steel companies which were seemingly at variance with his Christian policy of "fostering competition." One agreement specified that the Union Steel Company, acquired in 1902, agreed to remain out of the field for ten years. The Judge identified his signature and then blandly asserted his disapproval of such a contract.

"I do not think," he remarked with a trace of sorrow in his voice, "that I was as careful in those days as I am now."

## III

But I have been sidetracked from my efforts to show the incurably cheerful nature of the man. "Capital and power," he believes, "will always maintain toward the general public attitudes of justice and of reason." Capital must not give "offence to labor," he has warned, but on the other hand, "in the United States labor must not and will not destroy itself trying to wreck capital." In short:

> The majorities, the vast majorities on both sides are not only fair-minded but considerate; they love justice, liberty and peace. Above all, they love progress.

Success is a topic of which he never wearies. It fascinates him. He believes that all men are actually created equal, and that "any boy in the United States can hold any prominent position in the country." Having been raised himself on a farm, he prefers rural life for the young. His views in this department are best expressed, perhaps, in an article that appeared as one of a series "written especially for the Hearst newspapers by America's most successful men." Therein he wrote:

> If one is honest, sincere, faithful, courageous, studious and industrious, one may be confident of ability to succeed and of convincing others to the extent of obtaining their respect and approval. Young men and young women in the United States who may happen to read what I have said have no reason to despair or doubt. They may be hopeful and expectant, for all have been given natural talent and equal opportunity. These, by proper attention, will enable them to reach the heights of achievement.

For twenty-five years Judge Gary has been radiating just such sweetness and light. He gave his blessing to Mr. Taft in 1909 as a "wise, discreet and successful President," and when the august office was later filled by the former city solicitor of Northampton, Mass., he said that Mr. Coolidge was "a man in the White House as strong and solid and everlasting as the Rock of Gibraltar." Even the World War could not cloud the sunshine in his soul. He avowed his belief in its "high moral purpose," approved a plan to have riveting contests in the shipyards, and endorsed another to have American aviators drop copies of an address by Dr. Wilson behind the German lines, a scheme certain to demonstrate, to those Huns who could read a Christian tongue, the error of their ways. Of the days of peace to come he said:

> When the war is over it is probable there will follow an overwhelming moral and religious wave that will spread over the earth. And Billy Sunday, if his life is spared, will be found in the van of respected leaders.

One of the few times that the Judge has permitted himself to be debauched by pessimism was during the Summer of 1923, when loud demands were being made for the abolition of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry. On May 25 a committee of the American Iron and Steel Institute rendered a long and lugubrious report, signed by Judge Gary and other leaders of constructive thought, pointing out the inadvisability of shorter hours at that time. It set forth that the sentiment for the change was "not created or endorsed by the workmen themselves," that the twelve-hour slaves had an easier time of it than did the "large majority" of the eight-hour men, and that 60,000 additional workers would have to be hired if the change were made. This, it appeared, would add 15% to the cost of steel: every safety-pin and darning-needle would cost more. Claims made by social workers and other such scoundrels that men who toiled twelve hours a day in the steel mills had little time for their families were viewed with an aloof but tolerant skepticism. It was, the report said, "perhaps questionable" that these men would spend any more time in their homes if they worked but eight hours; the inference being that they would carouse in gin-mills. Therefore, in "the best interests of both employés and employers and of the general public," the twelve-hour day was to be continued for the present.

To just what extent Judge Gary was responsible for this report is not known to historians. But giving it out for publication was probably the worst error of his career. President Harding at once expressed keen disappointment in a letter to him, and there was an uproar in the press. The Judge, obviously a bit alarmed, then promised that the change would be made as soon as there was a surplus of labor. At this ticklish point the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America made public its famous study of the twelve-hour day, demonstrating beyond question the absurd and even vicious nature of the Institute's report. The inflamed churchmen showed with horrible scientific accuracy that the increased production cost would

probably not exceed 3%, even with a 25% hourly wage boost for the men. Even so much, many independent mills had already discovered, could be absorbed by greater efficiency. In some mills, where the eight-hour day had been established, the cost of production had actually dropped. As to sentiment among the men being in favor of twelve hours, this notion, too, was shot full of holes. Page after page of sworn testimony, taken at various government investigations, was quoted to show that the slaves vastly preferred an eight-hour day. The Youngstown, Ohio, plants had abandoned the twelve-hour day at the specific request of the men.

So in July, 1923, two months after the change had been declared impossible, Judge Gary announced that the twelve-hour day would be abolished. He pointed out, as the one gleam of hope in the situation, that there were indications that additional labor could be obtained from the South, from Mexico and from the Philippines. But he could find no real ground for happiness and his face was full of woe as he talked to the reporters.

"Our men," he mourned, "will be sadly disappointed at the change. They're an ambitious group. They make more money in the twelve-hour day than in eight hours, despite a raise (25%) we're giving them. We can only hope they will take it good-naturedly." The reporters murmured in sympathy, as the Judge pointed out that the men had planned their whole lives on the basis of twelve hours of work. "We can only hope against hope for them," he concluded.

As this is written, there have been, as yet, no riots against the eight-hour day. I am informed, indeed, by men who have lately visited the plants of the Steel Corporation that the men are reconciled to their woes and more contented than ever before. As to the estimated increase of 15% in the cost of producing steel, the corporation was recently able to hand out a $200,000,000 stock dividend, and on January 25 last it issued a report showing net earnings of $199,004,741 in 1926. So Judge Gary should have been an optimist even on the one occasion when he succumbed to pessimism.

Labor leaders and other Reds, whose plans have been repeatedly wrecked against the Judge's opposition to the organization of the toilers, become highly excited whenever they talk of him. They call him a benevolent despot with very little benevolence, a breeder of anarchy, an archaic mid-Victorian industrialist. But all the large employers of the land envy his successful defiance of labor and, if they dared, would emulate it. As he says, he "believes in collective bargaining"—just as long as the men do not organize.

## IV

Persons stumped by this seeming inconsistency sometimes denounce the Judge as the arch-hypocrite of all time. Those who thus characterize him point to his stand on the twelve-hour day and his attitude during the steel strike of 1919, when he refused to confer with representatives of the American Federation of Labor. Many felt that he might have been at least willing to sit across a table from the delegates of the workmen whom he had declared to be "intelligent beyond any others in the world." The Judge's critics also cite the difference between his views and those of Henry Ford on such matters as the five-day week, and some are unkind enough to conclude that he does not mean a word of all the mellifluous bilge that he emits about his faith in humanity, America and the Universe. But personally, I am convinced that he really means 99% of what he says—and I believe the old boy himself thinks he believes 100% of it. Meanwhile, he continues to believe with great piety in the vicious nature of unions and labor leaders. He demonstrated this clearly by his remarks during an interview at the time of the strike.

The strikers were losing, as they had been from the start, and the Judge was in

an expansive mood when the reporters filed into the board-room where he daily granted audiences. But he protested against a headline that had appeared that day in the New York *World*. It was grossly unfair, he said, to the corporation. John J. Leary, the *World's* reporter, agreed with him. He pointed out that the headline writer had missed the point of the yarn. Reporters, he added, were not responsible for headlines.

"Why, of course not," said Judge Gary. "I know that. It was the Union Censor who did it."

"The *what*?" asked the surprised Mr. Leary.

"Why, the Union Censor. The man organized labor keeps in every newspaper shop to change headlines whenever he can and make them unfair to employers. Do you mean to tell me you've been in the newspaper business all this time and have never heard of the Union Censor?"

The Judge refused to listen to a chorus of denials that there was any such person. After the reporters left, however, he telephoned to the late Frank A. Munsey and had luncheon with that gifted and lamented publisher. Only when Mr. Munsey also assured him that the Union Censor was a hallucination did he abandon his idea.

Ray Stannard Baker, discussing him in an article in 1920 in the New York *Evening Post*, said:

> He stands, so far as labor is concerned, just about where Carnegie and Frick stood in 1892. He judges the twelve-hour day in his mills by his own twelve-hour day sixty years ago on the farm. He has done much for the bodily comfort of his men; of the soul of the modern workman he seems never to have had a glimpse. Judge Gary is the last great bulwark against labor unionism and collective bargaining.

It is superfluous to trace the rise of Elbert Henry Gary, LL.B., LL.D., Sc.D., D.C.S., from his bucolic boyhood near Wheaton, Ill., to the longest of all the concise sketches in "Who's Who in America." There is nothing new in the story and the inspirational details are all set forth, rapturously and with official encouragement, by Miss Ida Tarbell, the converted muckraker, in her recently published biography. Hard work, swift punishment for transgression, religious training, reverence for law and order, education paid for by long hours: the factors that enter into his own story are the formulæ the Judge offers today for others to follow. Now that he has lived ten years more than the scriptural quota, his own success is proof enough to him that what he did was right in the sight of God and the archangels. Others who hope to become as great have only to do the same things. The Judge gloats from his present eminence over the distance he has climbed. His achievement is sweeter by contrast with his early privations. He brings back sweet memories of the hardships of his youth by working on his model dairy farm at Jericho, L. I. "I advise," he muses, "every young man to get his start in the country. It will make him healthy; physically, mentally and morally. All that I have ever achieved," he adds earnestly, "has come through hard work."

Ten years ago Judge Gary apparently became somewhat sensitive about his age. At all events, he struck out the date of his birth when revising his sketch in "Who's Who." It is not difficult to find out, however, that he was born on October 8, 1846. He was, so Miss Tarbell relates, an active little boy, and, on the whole, a model one, although frequently spanked in accordance with the tradition of the time. He liked to be dressed up on Sunday, to have his ears washed, and, later on, to sing in the choir. One of his youthful triumphs was the organization of the Gary Young Ladies' Bible Class.

Extremely young at the time of the Civil War, he ran away and enlisted, but was forced to return home when his older brother, Noah, was wounded. After the war came the new industrial era. In his boyhood and as a young man, he watched the men going West to build an empire surge through Wheaton. He first saw rails

of steel when the Illinois Central began to push its way toward the South. Not far from the Gary homestead chugged the cumbersome, ornate, crude locomotives of the day. The age called for action, and young Elbert answered by studying law, first with an uncle and then at the University of Chicago. After his graduation he practiced in Chicago for twenty-five undistinguished years, breaking off to become mayor of Wheaton and judge of the Dupage County Court. He withdrew from active practice in 1898 to organize the Federal Steel Company through the merger of the Illinois Steel Company and others. From then onward his rise was swift.

But it was the Hon. Charlie Schwab, not the Judge, who brought about the organization of the United States Steel Corporation. The Judge had long been thinking about a vast combination, but he had been unable to convince the hard-boiled J. P. Morgan, Sr., whose consent was vital. One night Dr. Schwab, not then hiring Ivy Lee to write his speeches, made a masterly oration at a dinner attended by Mr. Morgan. With a silver and red-hot tongue he painted a picture of the future of Steel. Mr. Morgan, suddenly heated up, gave his consent. All the Carnegie holdings, valued at half a billion dollars, came in. So did the Federal Steel Company, controlled by Judge Gary. Also the H. C. Frick Coke Company, and the National Tube Company. Newspaper readers gasped and the forerunners of the current Reds sputtered when a total capitalization of $1,100,000,000 was announced for the new trust. The eloquent Schwab was made president and Judge Gary chairman of the finance committee. In two years Charlie resigned to devote himself to the fine arts, and the Judge became chairman of the board at the behest of Morgan.

Today Elbert H. Gary looks back on life and finds it good. His seat is with the mighty. The New York Stock Exchange has fainting spells when he sneezes. The *Wall Street Journal* demonstrates the editorial power of a virtuous press when he is criticized. Nor have the worlds outside of business neglected him. McKendree College, Lafayette College, Trinity College, Syracuse University and Northwestern University have each awarded him an LL.D. He became an Sc.D. by action of the admiring and hopeful savants of the University of Pittsburgh in 1915. In 1925 the celebrated New York University made him a D.C.S. (Doctor of Commercial Science, not of chiropractic).

## V

His interest in the refinements of New York society was shown as far back as 1905, when he subscribed $500 for a volume to be called "America's Foremost Families" and $250 for one entitled "America's Smart Set." News of these donations to the uplift leaked out when another subscriber went to court and complained that Col. William D'Alton Mann's *Town Topics* had forced him to come across. Judge Gary is, of course, listed in the Social Register; he is also a member of the Society of Colonial Wars and of the Sons of the American Revolution. He belongs to several of the best clubs, including the Piping Rock and the Meadow Brook. Many foreign potentates, envious of his power and eager to get on his good side, have adorned his person with decorations. In full regalia he would make an impressive sight indeed. As a knight of the Crown of Italy he might wear a huge white cross, bearing the iron crown of Lombardy, a black eagle, and the cross of Savoy. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor, along with General Pershing and Otto H. Kahn, and of the Order of Leopold II, of Belgium, though his moral principles differ radically from those of the late Leopold. He is also a grand officer of the Ouissan Alaouire Cherifien order of Morocco, and holds the second class star of the Order of the Sacred Treasure of Japan.

As I write news comes that the Judge has resigned at last—thus bearing out rumors in currency for years. Those rumors

were especially rampant on October 8 of last year, when reporters besieged the offices of the United States Steel Corporation on the seventeenth floor of No. 71 Broadway, for interviews on the occasion of the old man's eightieth birthday. They were told to return at a specified hour in the afternoon, when the Judge would see them.

In due time they assembled in the big room where the august board of directors holds its plenary sessions. The place was banked with roses, and heavy with their scent. Through a window could be seen the Hudson alive with ships of steel. Nearby the steel skeleton of a new skyscraper was climbing. Inside the office, a swarm of secretaries, with all the efficient and yet hesitant look of their trade, stepped softly around and glared with resentment at the newspaper men who dared to disturb the quiet of the sanctuary. Then, from a door at the end of the room, a little old man came briskly in. Bald, with fringes of white hair at the back of his head, he beamed like a boy at his first party. His rather small eyes twinkled. He expressed gratification for "the many personal kindnesses shown to me by members of the press." In return, a very unusual thing, he would permit them to ask personal questions. He told them how he had arisen at 6 o'clock that morning, shaved himself, and eaten a hearty breakfast. Was he going to resign as chairman of the board? No, not yet. No suggestion to that effect had been made by anyone. When, in February of this year, the retirement rumors were again current he issued a vague statement in denial.

Most of the reporters at the birthday interview picked their questions carefully. But one of them, less a formalist than the others, started a cross-examination. The Judge said that he loved the opera and that "Aïda" was his favorite. He had no taste for Wagner. He was very fond of reading, particularly philosophy. No, he had not read Emerson.

"Not long ago," he said, "I read a beautiful book by Washington Irving. I forget the name. Something about sketches. That's it! 'The Sketch Book!' Excellent!"

The world, he said, was growing better. Prohibition was doing a great deal of good. Labor unions were becoming too arbitrary. He loved his farming and was very proud of his crops. He had not smoked since the day his mother kissed him when he was a boy and turned her head away. Was there anyone, he demanded, who did not admire Babe Ruth?

The reporter who had been hurling questions had still one more: Looking back from eighty years, had life been a success? But he did not get a chance to ask it, for an attendant announced that a quartette of Fisk Jubilee Singers had arrived to entertain the Judge on his birthday. The colored brethren sang four or five spirituals and other Southern melodies. For just an instant, the old man was touched and forgot to utter his usual bromides. Instead, he stood in the doorway, very nearly unnerved, and shook hands with the singers. Then he said:

> There are two sides to all of us. Looking back, I wish I had done better than I have. I regret all the unkind words I have ever said, all the seeming indifference I have showed to any one who has come to ask for my assistance. I believe that everyone of those colored people is a better Christian than I am, and I know they will get greater rewards in the Beyond than I will.

# Music

## THE HARPSICHORD

By Grace Overmyer

Less than a decade ago, even among the musically informed, the harpsichord, as a musical instrument, was considered obsolete. It was a museum piece, a quaint article of interior decoration to be found occasionally in homes of wealth. A few instruments of modern make were in existence, but they were rarely performed upon. To hear a harpsichord played by a professional was a rare opportunity, and harpsichord recitals were regarded, by all but a discriminating minority, as mere curiosities. They were historically important, to be sure, as illustrating the kind of musical inconveniences which even geniuses had to put up with in the days before modern improvements, but in the general estimation, they were scarcely the kind of performances which one attended for genuine musical pleasure.

But now time and ourselves, the inevitable workings of the law of change, or the patient efforts of a little handful of scholars and antiquarians, laboring quietly through the years, have brought the instrument back to a position of prestige. The past three or four years have witnessed a genuine harpsichord revival. Modern ears, perhaps unconsciously seeking relief from the post-war stress and dissonance, have come to hear unsuspected beauties in the tinkling tones of the old strings, and modern minds have come to understand a little better how some of the greatest music for keyed instruments could have been composed at a time when the pianoforte was scarcely known.

The harpsichord revival, however, has not yet attained proportions sufficient to relieve a widespread confusion in the lay mind as to just what the instrument is and how it differs from the piano and other instruments of keys and strings. There is probably in this country a large number of intelligent people, who, knowing vaguely that the harpsichord is a musical instrument, yet have no idea whatever of its peculiar nature; another large group who would define it as "a kind of old style piano"; and still another, who, though acquainted in general with its outward characteristics, would yet be unable accurately to discriminate between harpsichord, clavichord, and the related instruments, such as the virginal, or spinet. This is a confusion which can hardly be condemned as ignorance. It is perhaps entirely natural, considering the rarity of antique keyed instruments (there being probably only a scant dozen and a half usable harpsichords in this country), and the wide variety of types and models belonging in general to the harpsichord family, which may now be seen in museums. It is further traceable to the fact that musicians themselves, in writing about these instruments, have been careless of distinctions, sometimes even using the terms harpsichord and clavichord interchangeably. The harpsichord is the ancestor of the pianoforte. It is, indeed, sometimes called the grandfather of the piano, but both in tone and appearance, when examined closely, it suggests a somewhat more distant relationship—one in which there is a trace of cross breeding with the organ or harp. Outwardly, to be sure, there is a striking family resemblance between the harpsichord and grand piano, though in the earlier instrument the body encasing the strings is more elongated, narrower, and has sharper corners. The

Germans call it a *Flügel* from its resemblance to the wing of a bird. It is said that no two harpsichords were ever made exactly alike, individual instruments sometimes varying, according to the whim or preference of buyer or maker, even to the tonal compass. In general, however, the modern harpsichord is made after the pattern of the concert harpsichord of the Eighteenth Century. It has two keyboards, each something over five octaves in length, and six pedals. The order of white and black keys on the piano is directly reversed on most new, and many old, harpsichords. On modern models the pedals perform the functions assigned to stops on those of earlier make, and these, like the stops of the organ, vary the tone by simulating the quality of other instruments, such as the violin, oboe, flute and harp.

To understand the most important points of difference between harpsichord, clavichord, and related instruments, and the points which in turn distinguish them from the piano, one must observe the manner in which tone is produced by each of them. Whereas the tone of the piano, as is well known, is the result of the striking of padded hammers on strings, that of the harpsichord is produced by the plucking of the strings by plectra made of quills or leather. With the clavichord the strings are pressed by metal tangents, which produce tone and pitch at the same time. The clavichord is said to be capable of tonal modulations to a much greater extent than either the harpsichord or the piano. The oldest of the keyboard stringed instruments, it bears but slight outward resemblance to the harpsichord. It is usually rectangular in shape, and its plain case is nearly twice the length of its four or five octave keyboard. The plectrum principle of tone production is also applied in the spinet, or virginal. These names are used interchangeably by most writers to describe what is in effect a miniature harpsichord of simpler execution and much weaker tone, it having but one string to a key, while the harpsichord has two, three, and sometimes more. Virginals are made in a great variety of shapes and models, some oblong, some wing-shaped, others small and light enough to be carried about. Whether the virginal is so called because it was the favorite instrument of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, or because, in its prime, it was much played upon by maidens, has never been definitely determined.

The first harpsichords were probably built in Italy early in the Fifteenth Century. The *clavicembalum* mentioned in the "Rules of the Minnesingers" (1404) is thought to have been a harpsichord. Various authorities tell us that the name harpsichord is the English variant of the original Italian *arpichordo* (possibly signifying a couched—or lying down—harp), and that the introduction of the sibilant in the English rendering was merely a lingual addition. The harpsichord achieved great importance during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. "Where the grand piano would now go the harpsichord went," says A. J. Hipkins in "The History of the Pianoforte and of the Older Keyboard Stringed Instruments," "and while not so much a solo instrument, its importance in the orchestra of the time was very great."

When the first opera and oratorio were performed in Florence and Rome, about 1600, it had an important place in the orchestra. The conductor was usually also the harpsichord player. Domenico Scarlatti, born in 1683, two years earlier than Bach, is described as the harpsichord composer *par excellence*. Critics have declared that what Chopin did for the piano, Scarlatti accomplished for the harpsichord, developing and bringing out its peculiar qualities and powers in a manner unequalled even by Händel. Bach also composed for the harpsichord, but, as is well known, preferred the clavichord, owing to its voice-like vibrant quality of tone. Mozart, Haydn, Purcell, Couperin and Rameau were other harpsichord composers of distinction, and in the three or four hundred years of the instrument's supremacy there naturally were innumerable others of great

and little fame. One of the fruits of the general revival of interest in old music is the bringing to light of many of these lesser known classical composers.

In the heyday of the harpsichord the art of constructing the instrument assumed an importance comparable to that of violin making. It reached its greatest perfection with the Ruckers family of Antwerp, who were the greatest harpsichord makers from the last quarter of the Sixteenth Century to the middle of the one following. Hans Ruckers, eldest of the line, has been spoken of as the Stradivarius of the harpsichord. The Ruckers tradition was transferred to England, where its outstanding exponent was Burkhart Tschudi, who became a great master of the craft. Johannes Haas, of Hamburg, was another famous maker, and he it was who developed and perfected the double-banked harpsichord. The Eighteenth Century, when the harpsichord was most popular, also witnessed the beginnings of the piano, the first pianoforte having been built by the Italian, Bartolomeo Cristofori, in Florence, in 1708. A strong trace of the harpsichord influence is noticeable in the Cristofori piano, recently exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, as "the earliest specimen of a pianoforte in existence." Though equipped with piano action and but a single keyboard, this instrument really looks much more like a harpsichord, having a noticeably elongated body, black naturals, and white sharps. Cristofori, it is said, made repeated efforts to interest Bach in the pianoforte, but without success. Indeed, it was hardly before Beethoven's time that the piano achieved sufficient mechanical and tonal perfection fully to commend itself to artists and definitely to supersede the harpsichord.

In the mute and dilapidated specimens now found in museums, one sees evidence of another important characteristic of early keyboard instruments: the art expended in their outer decoration. The harpsichord of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, apparently, was intended to be seen as much as heard, and the very greatest artists of the time did not scorn to devote their best efforts to its outward beauty. Some of the finest Ruckers instruments were decorated by Rubens and other masters of the Flemish and Dutch schools. The custom of beautifying harpsichords with elaborate paintings, however, was less generally in vogue in the Eighteenth Century. The harpsichords of that period were often made of brilliantly lacquered wood, and the interior of the lid and sounding board were adorned with Latin mottoes in gold—a scheme of decoration copied in many of the modern instruments. Some of the latter—notably those by Pleyel, of Paris, which have been seen in America—are constructed of unstained wood without decorations of any kind.

I have spoken of the harpsichord revival as if it were a matter merely of the past few years; and, indeed, it was not until the coming to America of Mme. Wanda Landowska, the Polish harpsichordist, less than four years ago, that the local musical public began to evince more than a passing interest in the antique instrument. Before that time knowledge of the harpsichord was kept alive among us by a very few specialists, who played before small, select audiences. In New York, the chief exponents of the art were Miss Frances Pelton-Jones, Mr. Lewis Richards, Mr. Arthur Whiting and Miss Lotta Van Buren. Mr. Richards has appeared with symphony orchestras all over the United States, and has toured abroad with the Société des Instruments Anciens of Paris. Mr. Whiting has played in the leading cities and colleges of the East. Miss Van Buren and Miss Jones have made trans-continental tours carrying a knowledge of the harpsichord into corners of the land lacking even museum reminders of the musical art of the past. These four artists, with Mr. Mengelberg of the Philharmonic, and Mr. Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony, both occasionally playing the harpsichord with their orchestras, provided in recent years practically the only opportunities for Americans

to hear the quaint instrument until the coming of Mme. Landowska, who, by her exquisite playing, aroused a new interest in it. Her many appearances in New York and neighboring cities have served to establish the harpsichord in public esteem as a solo, accompanying, and ensemble instrument, capable of lending new beauty to the music of the past.

For the earlier revival of interest in the harpsichord in this country the American players are united in according great credit to Arnold Dolmetsch, noted musical antiquarian, now working in England. Dolmetsch came to America about twenty years ago, and was employed by the Chickering factory of Boston to construct a number of harpsichords after models approved for artistic design and tonal excellence. These instruments—thirteen of them —were made largely to order, and all were purchased in the United States. Antedating Dolmetsch as a harpsichord pioneer in this country was Morris Steinert, a German-American piano manufacturer, who made an extensive collection of antique models, which now forms a permanent exhibition at Yale. Steinert was an excellent harpsichord player himself, and in the 'nineties did much to spread an appreciation of the old music performed in the original manner. But even he had a noted European predecessor in the person of Edward Vander Straeten, who, some authorities declare, was the first person to engage extensively in the work of collecting and restoring old instruments. His pioneer work in reconstructing harpsichords was in progress so long ago as 1875.

The harpsichord revival, therefore, was slow in growth, and America, needless to say, is by no means the only country now enjoying its late blossoming. It is general throughout Europe, and probably has made a greater advance in England than in any other country. It has placed its mark on at least two modern European composers—Manuel de Falla and Fritz Delius—both of whom have made use of the harpsichord in some of their recent compositions. The renewal of interest in the harpsichord is, moreover, but part of a general movement for the re-valuation of the old music—a movement which has reached such proportions that it might almost be called a renaissance. To trace this movement to its beginnings one might go all the way back to Mendelssohn and his devoted work in restoring public interest in Bach. But no matter when it began, it unquestionably has received its greatest impetus within the past five years. American audiences of today, who cheer for Bach and who sit enchanted by the delicate simplicity of the English Singers, provide living evidence of the hold it has taken.

## Medicine

### NEW USES FOR SALT

By James Wynn

Before industrial methods were developed for refining it, sodium chloride, or common salt, was relatively scarce, and, as a result, was regarded by many ancient nations as sacred—"a substance dear to the gods," in the words of Plato. By the Jews it was accorded the dignity of a symbolic use in the ritual of covenant (Numbers, xviii, 19), and it is referred to significantly in one of Christ's most frequently quoted metaphors (Matthew, v, 13). The Mongol emperors, as Marco Polo's narrative relates, held it in high financial esteem, and the Romans evidently had a canny appreciation of its physiologic importance. At least, they considered it a necessary enough part of the soldier's dietary to require a special allowance, paid by the emperor—the *salarium* (from which comes the common English word salary).

Today one is prone to think of salt as a condiment rather than a chemical. But as investigations of the last few years

have shown, it has many important pharmacologic uses. For perhaps a decade the better-informed among medical men have been familiar with at least one indication for the intravenous injection of physiologic salt solution—so-called because the two and a half teaspoonfuls of salt used in every quart of water give a concentration known to produce only a slight deformity in the red blood cells thus held in suspension. Quite often patients who have been subjected to surgical operations are unable to retain even water in the stomach or rectum for several days thereafter. If this condition persists, serious complications of the kidneys almost invariably follow. In this eventuality the daily injection into one of the elbow veins of a quart or two of sterile physiologic salt solution is nothing less than life-saving: nausea and vomiting rapidly disappear, the kidney function becomes normal and the alimentary tract regains the ability to absorb liquid.

While this is primarily a water rather than a salt effect, two quite novel uses for saline injections have recently come to light, in which sodium chloride is unquestionably the active agent. The first of these bears an interesting relationship to brain surgery. In man and many of the higher vertebrates the brain and the spinal cord are loosely invested with a thin but tough membrane (the dura). Circulating between this and the underlying nervous tissue is a watery liquid (the cerebro-spinal fluid), probably elaborated from the blood by a venous plexus at the brain base. This fluid and the membrane enveloping it constitute an effective shock-absorbing mechanism for the central nervous system. That the intravenous injection of strong salt water profoundly affects all these structures—even the brain itself—was first demonstrated a few years ago by Weed and McKibben. They made the surprising discovery that following the introduction of saturated salt solution into the venous system of a cat, the cerebro-spinal fluid pressure rapidly becomes negative (as indicated by a manometer connected to a dura-perforating hollow needle) and the brain actually shrinks—enough to recede visibly from trephine openings in the skull wall. Furthermore, it was noted that as the salt effect wears off, the brain gradually returns to its normal size, the cat sustaining no obvious ill effects from the experience.

Naturally, this impressive demonstration of the brain-shrinking properties of common salt attracted some attention among physiologists and medical men. Thoughtful surgeons began to wonder if man would react in the same way the cat did. A few scientists began cautiously injecting strong salt water into human veins, although solutions of such concentration are known to damage red blood cells in test tube mixtures. Brain tumors and certain types of head injury often so greatly increase intracranial pressure that operative approach to the cerebrum or cerebellum is attended by serious danger of cortical injury from bulging. Consequently, as might have been expected, brain surgeons were among the first to experiment with saturated or hypertonic saline solutions in man. Cushing and Foley, within a year of Weed and McKibben's discovery, established the fact that man's reaction corresponds to the cat's—that the introduction of strong salt water intravenously, reducing as it does the intracranial pressure, is a distinctly helpful pre-operative measure in certain brain tumor cases. One of their reports is typical. In the search for a pituitary tumor in one of their patients the exposed brain was found to be too tense for manipulation, even after ventricular puncture. About thirty minutes following the injection of three ounces of a half-saturated salt solution there was sufficient decrease in tension to permit frontal lobe elevation and exploration of the pituitary region. Sachs and Belcher were similarly aided by salt in attacking a temporo-occipital tumor. They made the further observation that blood cell fragility is apparently not increased by the injections.

About the same time, Foley and Putnam

discovered that brain tumor patients who were able to take the salt through the mouth, in capsule form, reacted in precisely the same manner as those who took it intravenously. The effects in either case were often subjective as well as objective. One woman, who, because of a cerebellar glioma and hydrocephalus, had intractable headaches and marked dimness of vision, was given a tablespoonful of salt, in capsules, with half a glass of water. Within forty-five minutes she was free from headache, and remained so for several days. At the same time her vision improved so much that she was able to read her correspondence for the first time in weeks.

Since these earlier reports of sodium chloride effects on intracranial tension it has become the common experience of men working extensively with brain tumor or injury cases that salt administration either by vein or mouth will often relieve pressure headaches, render otherwise impossible brain cases operable, and tide patients over the critical period of brain swelling, which frequently follows skull injury. Thanks to salt, a few cats and some thoughtful investigators, a serious handicap in brain surgery has been removed—a fact, incidentally, which anti-vivisectionists might well ponder.

Recent investigations have also revealed another valuable therapeutic use for salt—in combating the toxemia resulting from bowel obstruction. Sudden and complete intestinal block, if unrelieved, leads rapidly to profound metabolic disturbances, and ultimately even to death. Leichtenstern has estimated the average duration of life in man after such an accident as six days, but the ante-mortem interval will vary considerably, depending on the site of the obstruction. Dogs usually die in from four days to a week when the duodenum is sectioned and the cut ends inverted. Fifteen years ago Hartwell and Hoguet observed that dogs were still in good condition as long as three weeks after this type of high intestinal obstruction if given daily subcutaneous injections of weak salt water, so they concluded that dehydration was the ultimate cause of death, and attributed the favorable effect of the saline injections to the water rather than to the salt. Haden and Orr, subjecting this assumption to further critical investigation, have reversed it, and clearly shown that salt, and not fluid, is responsible for such results. Two of their dogs were given a pint of weak salt water—an 0.85% solution—subcutaneously on the day their small intestines were sectioned, and daily thereafter. The animals survived the operation twenty-one and twenty-eight days, respectively. But in dogs, similarly obstructed, who were injected with the same amount of weak sugar or bicarbonate solutions, death occurred in from one to nine days. Further to eliminate the factor of fluid, the experimenters reduced the amount of water injected from a pint to less than four tablespoonfuls, giving the same quantity of salt—this time in 10% rather than 0.85% solutions. Their animals manifested the same favorable reaction as with larger quantities of weaker solution.

What happens to the salt injected into these animals, by what mechanism does it thus prolong life, and how may it advantageously be used in human intestinal obstruction? Haden and Orr have done much to clear up these important questions. One of their patients, a fifty-year-old man with complete intestinal block of five days' duration, was extremely toxic when first seen, the non-protein nitrogen in his blood having reached three times the normal concentration. Over a period of thirty-six hours he was injected subcutaneously with solutions containing a total of six tablespoonfuls of salt, in the hope of duplicating the favorable effects observed in experimental animals. The abnormally high blood non-protein nitrogen promptly showed a 40% drop toward normal, the blood chloride showed a 25% increase, and the man's general condition was distinctly improved. But, strangely enough, despite these convincing evidences of betterment in a disordered metabolism,

scarcely a teaspoonful of salt was excreted in the urine—less than 3% of the amount injected, to be exact. Thus a large part of the six tablespoonfuls remained in the blood and tissues, though my own investigations showed that in five men with normal kidneys and gastro-intestinal tracts the injection of even two tablespoonfuls of salt in solution was followed by excretions of at least half that amount within seventeen to twenty-two hours. Haden and Orr's conclusion, seemingly a logical one, is that much of the injected salt combines with, and thus renders harmless, some as yet undiscovered poison elaborated as a consequence of intestinal obstruction. They suggest that patients manifesting evidences of poisoning from this condition be given as soon as possible subcutaneous injections of salt solution containing one teaspoonful of salt for every ten pounds of body weight, and they recommend for subsequent injections whatever dose will maintain an adequate blood chloride content and urine output. Trusler, carefully confirming this work, has reached similar conclusions. He points out further that salt will not be effective if the blocked loop of the intestine has reached the stage of gangrene.

The surgical importance of these observations is obvious. While the relief of acute intestinal obstruction almost invariably demands bowel resection, the operative mortality with even the best of surgeons is often appalling in this type of case—largely because many patients reach the operating table only after dangerously long intervals, during which toxemia has become marked. That these unfortunates can now be converted into reasonably good surgical risks is a matter of no little significance.

It is likely that all of these recently discovered facts concerning the pharmacology of common salt will have other interesting consequences. Since their recognition, various reports have already further attested its value, not only in enteric obstruction, but also in several other alimentary conditions characterized by stasis, vomiting and chloride deficiency. It is entirely possible, too, that saline injections will be found to have a place in the treatment of central nervous conditions other than brain tumors or injuries. In my early investigations I observed four fulminant and fatal poliomyelitis cases, in which there was a rapidly advancing paralysis of feet first, then legs, thighs, trunk, and arms. Some time later I examined two clinically similar patients, who had in four hours lost the use of their ankles first, and then their knees, and gave them strong salt solutions intravenously. Both eventually recovered, with no further progression of the paralysis. The question naturally arises as to whether death in the first series was due primarily to infection and toxemia, or rather to an acute transient spinal cord swelling, which might have been relieved by salt administration. In such speculations one must, of course, cautiously avoid the pitfalls of enthusiasm. But what clinical evidence we have seems to point to the latter supposition.

# HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

BY G. D. EATON

PERHAPS it will be well to look first at her family; particularly at her father, Lyman Beecher, and less particularly at her brother, Henry Ward Beecher.

Lyman Beecher was born at the onset of the Revolution, in October, 1775, the son of David Beecher, who was the son of Nathaniel, who was the son of Joseph, who was the son of Isaac, who came to this country as an infant in arms, eighteen years after the *Mayflower*, with a large proportion of Roundhead blood in him, mixed with a taint of sporting Welsh. Lyman was one of twelve children and the last by his father's third wife. He was himself to marry three times and become the father of thirteen.

Orthodoxy fastened upon him early, and the gang of young agnostics he met at Yale, readers of Tom Paine and Voltaire, only served to keep him more firmly in the ancient camp. He spouted early and long against all forms of sin, and pursued resolutely in his manhood the course of a Calvinistic divine, although on being offered an advance in salary he jumped from the Congregationalist sect to the ranks of the Presbyterians.

He loved to arm himself with a shotgun and slaughter small animals, and a passing flock of wild pigeons could always call him from his study, but he was a total abstainer, proposed the boycott of merchants who let their employés drink, suggested powerful Prohibition legislation which came to pass a hundred years later, and refused all forms of tobacco. After his first wife had borne him nine children she turned a pair of long-suffering eyes to the wall and died. Lyman, undeterred, read to his horrified second wife "The Will" of Jonathan Edwards. Of alcohol he said:

> Loss of appetite, nausea at the stomach, dis ordered bile, obstruction of the liver, jaundice, dropsy, hoarseness of voice, coughs, consumption, rheumatic pains, epilepsy, gout, colic, palsy, apoplexy and insanity are the body-guards [*sic*] which attend intemperance in the form of tippling, and where the odious name of drunkenness may perhaps never be implied.

"Drunkenness," he concluded, "is a sin which excludes from Heaven." But there were worse sins:

> I do not object to mirth or gayety, but I do object to any man's making an animal of himself by living for the gratification of his own animal passions.

Animals were to be praised for not having the sins of men:

> We are accustomed to look upon the excesses of youth as something that belongs to that time. They say that of course the young, like colts unbridled, will disport themselves. There is no harm in colts disporting themselves, *but a colt never gets drunk.*

He once told his Sunday audience, "I have never sought to make you laugh for the sake of merriment," and he was dead against the reading of novels—until he came across those of Sir Walter Scott, which he forced his children to read. He burst into tears over Milton, but consigned Sterne and Swift to oblivion for their ribaldries. All the while his family multiplied to such an extent that its members were never all in the presence of one another until a family reunion in 1838, at which time Harriet was married and twenty-seven years old.

Lyman Beecher was not a very enthusiastic Abolitionist, but he looked with the

jaundiced and jealous eye of a Puritan upon the wealthy Southern planters and once complained to his congregation that "many people go to church as a rich man from the South goes to a hotel," *i.e.*, to seek comfort." He was an heroic battler against the Pope's scheme to seize the United States government. For that reason and because of a somewhat increased emolument, he left his church in Boston in 1832 to head Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. The battle for supremacy between Catholic and Protestant, he was sure, would be fought out to a finish in the West. His idea of a bad religion may be found in his summary of Catholicism:

> For the profound, it has metaphysics and philosophy—the fine arts for men of taste, and wealth, and fashion—signs and wonders for the superstitious—forebearance for the skeptic—toleration for the liberal, who eulogize and aid her cause—enthusiasm for the ardent—lenity for the voluptuous, and severity for the austere—fanaticism for the excited and mysticism for moody musing. For the formalist, rites and ceremonies—for the moral, the merit of good works, and for those who are destitute, the merits of saints at accommodating prices—for the poor, penance—extreme unction for the dying, and masses for the spirits in prison, who by donation or testament, or by friends, provide the requisite ransom.

A religion of such elastic scope was not one for Dr. Beecher's powerful nervous and physical energy. He wanted firmness, something hard to hit, something that gave out resonance and splinters with every blow. His ideal may be taken from his description of the early Puritan reign in New England:

> The law, with sleepless vigilance, watched over the family, the church and the state; and a vigorous united public opinion rendered its execution certain and effectual. Every family was required to possess a Bible; every district a school, and every town a pastor. The law protected the Sabbath and sustained the public worship of God, and punished immorality; and with mild but effectual energy, ruled over all. The great excellence of these institutions is, that they are practical and powerful. The people are not free in name and form merely, but in deed and truth.

But religion alone could not satisfy him. There was his gun, and in his back yard he had a woodpile, a single bar, a set of parallel bars and a ladder for skinning the cat—all to relieve his vast excess of energy. On rainy days he shovelled sand from one corner of the cellar to another, and wrote sermons between snatches of swinging Indian clubs. He played the violin and mastered "Auld Lang Syne" but, try as he would, he could not overcome the technical snares of "Money Musk."

Such a father had Harriet. It is hardly any wonder that his children at times were moody. Sister Catherine rebelled briefly, opposed the bloody theories of Jonathan Edwards and doubted the existence of a God who could not suffer as mortals do. But later she returned to the fold. One of the six sons who went into the ministry quit it in disgust. The others wavered, at times, but fell into line.

Three members of the family achieved distinction: Lyman the father, Harriet the daughter, and Henry Ward the son. Henry, too, was pursued by doubts in his day. He took to Darwin and was for giving up good works, but a comfortable pulpit allayed his misgivings, and he eventually came to the wealthiest church in the United States, the Plymouth Congregational of Brooklyn, and there he stayed to the end, even after he had spent $116,000 to defend himself against an adultery-alienation action. He comforted himself with the Scotch verdict of "not proven" when the jury split. Evidence was introduced at the trial—at which time he was sixty years old—that he had forty mistresses in his congregation. He is thus described by the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith in "Sunshine and Shadow in New York":

> In the heat of his discourse he appears like a man engaged in a great contest. He is on fire. His face glows, his cheeks burn, his eyes flash. He stands erect. His antagonist is before him. He measures him. He strikes squarely and boldly. The contest waxes hotter. The preacher and the audience are in sympathy. He thunders out his utterances, and they ring round the church, strike the audience on the sidewalk, and arrest the passers-by. The sweat stands on his forehead. He stamps with his foot. He thumps the hard desk with his knuckles. He walks rapidly to the front of the platform as if he would walk off. He chases his antagonist from one side of the platform to another. . . . He

> imitates the manner of a drunken man before a judge, a blacksmith at his forge, or an artisan clinching rivets inside a steam-boiler. He will imitate a backwoodsman whacking away at a big tree. He will show how an expert fisherman hauls in a huge salmon. . . . If he speaks of hypocrites he will draw his face down to such a length that it is irresistible.

## II

"The sense of having a mission in this world," the Rev. C. E. Stowe and L. B. Stowe (son and grandson) have written in their biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe, "was a ruling characteristic of the Beechers which Harriet shared to an unusual degree. It was only a sense of humor that saved them from fanaticism." But unless that last sentence be itself humor, I find little of the consciously risible in the whole tribe.

When Harriet was a little girl something ached inside her and it was, in the old-fashioned manner, put down as some sort of illness. But it was not illness. Her two biographers give us a clue when they say, "Her bad health was largely due to irregularity and unrestrained feelings. She lived overmuch in her emotions." The truth was that Harriet did not know precisely what it was that she wanted. But the spirit of conquest was in her. Like her father, she propagated heavily. She bore seven children and wrote twenty-six volumes—after the children were born.

As a child, it is said, she read everything she could lay her hands on, showing sometimes a rare discrimination; for out of old barrels in the garret, stuffed with theological tomes, she fished out" The Arabian Nights" and bestowed upon it at the precious age of six a favoritism curious for the daughter of an ecclesiastic. Six years later she was reading and weeping over Byron, who, in the opinion of her father would have "got out of his troubles" if he, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, could only have had a good heart-to-heart talk with him.

Her first available literary work I look upon with some doubt. It was produced while she was at Litchfield, Conn., her native city, in 1822, and read before an assemblage of Christian literati there. At the head of the essay was the title: "Can the Immortality of the Soul Be Proved by the Light of Nature?" It started off:

> It has justly been concluded by the philosophers of every age that "the proper study of mankind is man," and his nature and composition, both physical and mental, have been the subjects of the most critical examination.

At eleven, Harriet was unusually schooled, and the excellence of the English in this composition was never later surpassed by herself. She was likewise well up on governmental science·

> Who, upon reading the history of England, does not look upon the effects produced by the talents of Elizabeth? Who but admires that undaunted firmness . . . and that profound depth of policy which she displayed in the cabinet?

Her father was in the audience and his eye lighted up at certain otiose phrases:

> . . . in pursuing these inquiries . . . in order to establish the validity of this argument . . . the argument proceeds upon the supposition . . . concerning this, Addison remarks . . . no such obligation exists, and therefore the argument cannot be valid . . . the argument also directly impeaches the wisdom of the Creator. . . .

If the father's eye was bright and mine is fishy and skeptical, I pray you to bear with me, for the phrases were habitually his, and showed all the marks of his seasoned ecclesiastical logic. He duly asked with due excitement, "Who wrote that composition?" and duly proclaimed his joy when he was duly informed.

At fourteen, commonly considered an edgy age in girls, Harriet was converted by a sermon of her father—three years after she had proved the immortality of the soul! Drama would out. Nevertheless, at the same age she began to get gloomy streaks and constantly wrote in her letters that she was yielding to all manner of temptations, although she did not reveal the nature of them. She also expressed the current romantic wish to die young. For about a dozen years she was full of these doubts and glooms.

At thirteen she started a poem in blank verse called "Cleon," a story of a Greek lord at Nero's court who became converted to Christianity. It was never finished, for her sister Catherine, then rocked by such weighty problems as Free Will and Predestination, prevailed upon her to give her time to more worth-while matters. Such parts of the piece as remain bear strongly the impress of the melancholia of Byron. It is not at all bad. But poetry died within her with a hollow groan, and did not spring to life again until 1867, when her "Religious Poems" were published. Then she was fifty-six, and lamenting that her husband spent the rare June days studying Greek and Hebrew.

When she was eighteen, her doubts persisting, she wrote to her brother after a heavy moral struggle:

> Sometimes when I read the Bible, it seems to be wholly grounded on the idea that the sin of man is astonishing, inexcusable, and without palliation or cause, and the Atonement is spoken of as such a wonderful and undeserved mercy that I am filled with amazement. Yet if I give up the Bible I gain nothing. . . . So you see, I am . . . "on the waves," and all I can do is to take the word of God that He does do right, and there I rest.

But she did not rest. She elsewhere deposed:

> About half of my time I am scarcely alive, and a great part of the rest, the slave and sport of morbid feeling and unreasonable prejudice. I have everything but good health.

In brief, something was wrong with Harriet—just as something is wrong with every young girl whose feelings run high but whose conscience has been well corseted—and who is watched. To these years of attack and counter-attack of theories and morals, I make so bold as to attribute every bit of sense to be found in her later works. I am borne out in this belief by the following, written three years before her marriage, to a girl friend:

> Recently I have been reading the life of Madame de Staël and "Corinne." I have felt an intense sympathy with many parts of that book, with many parts of her character. But in America feelings vehement and absorbing like hers become still more deep, morbid, and impassioned by the constant habits of self-government which the rigid forms of our society demand. They are repressed and they turn inward till they burn the very soul, leaving only dust and ashes.

If this language is not familiar to the reader of psychoanalytical texts, then none is. It was written from Cincinnati, where she was then teaching in her father's seminary, and at the age of twenty-two. It was there that a beloved friend, the wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe, died in 1834, and that she took to consoling the bereaved one. She did this duty so effectively that she was married to him less than two years later, on January 6, 1836, at which time she was nearly twenty-five, then an advanced age. Six months after the marriage she wrote to the same friend:

> My dear, it is a wonder to myself. I am tranquil and happy. . . . "Take no thought for the morrow" is my motto.

Two years previously she had won a prize offered by the *Western Monthly* for a story. It was called "Uncle Lot," and the prize was fifty dollars. She became a regular contributor to the *Western Monthly* after that. But the only book she wrote before her marriage was an elementary geography, published in 1833 and praised by a visiting Bishop for the unprejudiced way in which she had handled the Catholic question. Ten years afterward, a collection of her sketches was bound into a volume, "The Mayflower." These were her only books to appear before "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She contributed at rather spacy intervals to slightly known magazines and religious papers.

In 1850 her seventh and last child was born, when she was thirty-nine. Her husband being pretty much an absentee member of the family for the next year or so, she thereupon sat her down and wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This was during the year 1851. After that she published nearly a book a year as long as her vitality lasted, which was until 1881. She died in 1896.

For thirteen years she was a child under Lyman Beecher's eye; for twelve years she

was a maiden who had vague longings; for fourteen years she was a mother, after which she stopped producing children and produced books for thirty years more; then for fifteen years she was a pathetic old woman, looking back on past triumphs—undoubtedly the greatest, considered in their bulk, achieved by any woman, in America or elsewhere, during her lifetime.

## III

If it is suggested by Harriet Beecher's childhood and maidenhood that she didn't know just what she wanted, it is also suggested by the same period and all the rest of her life that she acquired her indignations vicariously. Herewith is something which illustrates both that vaguity and that vicarious indignation. Recalling an emotional reading by a fervid orator of the Declaration of Independence, which she had heard, during her tender years, she once said:

> I had never heard it before and even now [*i.e.*, then] had but a vague idea of what was meant by some parts of it. Still, I gathered enough from the recital of the abuses and injuries that had driven my nation to this course to feel myself swelling with indignation. . . . The heroic element was strong in me, having come by ordinary generation from a long line of Puritan ancestry, and just now [then] it made me want to do something, I do not know what: to fight for my country, or to make some declaration on my own account.

Such, also, was the genesis of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." During the eighteen years she was in Cincinnati the question of slavery stirred her but little, although the city was a point of refuge for escaping blacks. True, on the occasion that a mob wrecked Birney's *Philanthropist* she wrote an editorial in the Cincinnati *Journal*, then under the editorship of Henry Ward Beecher, but it was a feeble affair, serving chiefly to call attention to her brother's stronger pronouncements. True it is, too, that Professor Stowe aided an escaping slave or two, but this was risky, for the trustees of Lane Seminary forbade anti-slavery activities, and Lyman Beecher, as its head, knew the value of discretion.

For one thing, Mrs. Stowe was too busy devoting her energy to raising her children. If she wrote occasional anti-slavery articles for religious papers it was only to make a little money. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" itself, indeed, was written in a year when funds were particularly low. When she wrote it she was in Brunswick, Maine. She had never been in the South and had never visited even Kentucky but once, and then only for a week or so, during her first year in Cincinnati. On this visit, her son writes, she showed no interest at all in slavery.

She wrote from Brunswick to her husband, back in Cincinnati: "There is no doubt that our expense this year will come two hundred, if not three, beyond our salary." Two months later the "vision" of "Uncle Tom" came to her. The immediate occasion was a letter from a relative asking her to strike at the Dred Scott Decision, at the same time praising her writing ability. She rose to the occasion in her vicarious fashion, saying, "I *will* write something. I will if I live."

So, from money pressure and indignation came "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its material lifted from the gaudy anti-slavery publications of the time and the undocumented statements of dubious "eye-witnesses." The story was first published in the *National Era* of Washington (which also published the first works of Mrs. Southworth, and the early efforts of Alice and Phœbe Cary, and which had Whittier for a contributing editor), running serially from June, 1851, to April, 1852. From the editor Mrs. Stowe received $300. In the meantime, J. P. Jewett of Boston asked her for the book rights, suggesting that she bear half the expense and receive half the profits, if any. This offer was declined, and he put the book out on a 10% royalty basis, with an advance sale of 3,000 copies.

The first month it sold 10,000 copies and before the year was out, 300,000. Great Britain took it up and the Empire in six

months bought a million and a half copies. It ran to forty editions in London—most of them pirated—and within a short time the author was to see her work translated into twenty-one languages, including the Welsh, Armenian, Arabic, Chinese, Illyrian and Siamese. In Germany there were seventy-five editions and forty-one versions. There were eleven versions in French; twelve in Italian; six in Swedish; three in Dutch, and so on.

She had never made any effort to protect the dramatic rights, and so she got not a penny from the thousands of stage productions. The book's record has probably never been beaten save by the Bible. Her subsequent works also sold very well up until the Civil War, "Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," and like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a story of the horrors of slavery, sold 100,000 copies during its first four weeks in England. Today in the New York Public Library, in the complete edition of her works, the pages of "Dred" are uncut after a quarter of a century on the shelves. When Abraham Lincoln met her he is reported to have said, "So this is the little lady that made the Great War?" She immediately had at him to emancipate the slaves.

The first year of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" netted her $30,000, with which she took her husband and one of her brothers to England, where she was given honors never before or since accorded to an American writer by the British. She had tea with no less than two thousand persons of eminence, and on either this trip or one or other of the two subsequent ones she met the Queen, Prince Albert, Dickens, George Eliot, Kingsley, Ruskin, Macaulay, Hallam, Gladstone and Archbishop Whately. Most important, considered in the light of later events, was her meeting on the first trip with Lady Byron. She was given a national penny offering at Edinburgh, amounting to 1,000 gold sovereigns, and her brother spent six hours a day answering letters of her English admirers, thus earning his passage back. One of the effects of British adulation was to turn her to the Episcopalian faith.

It was in the year of the first trip to England, 1853, that her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared, a not especially well-documented defense of its forerunner. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had naturally met with both praise and blame in the North, with blame only in the South, and with almost unmitigated praise in England—until it was given a well-placed and vigorous kick by some astute writer on the London *Times*. This reviewer knew good literature from bad, and sense from nonsense, thereby earning for himself the judgment of being pro-slavery, although slavery had long since ceased to be a living question with the British. After that many other papers, both in England and here, followed the lead of the *Times*, as is their craven custom.

Mrs. Stowe rushed to her own defense. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she had had mothers and suckling babes being torn from each other in the slave marts, whereupon it was shown her that Louisiana, as an instance, provided that mothers should not be separated from children under ten, and that the penalty attached to the crime was six months' imprisonment, and $1,000 fine and forfeiture of the slaves. She answered in the "Key" with an absurd and complex case of litigation over an unborn baby. She had had slaves killed by overpunishment and in cold blood, and it was shown her that every State in the South had strict laws against cruelty, and that in nearly every State the laws against the killing of slaves were the same as against killing white men. She answered with gabble about certain scoundrelly judges, such as old Ruffin. She had stated that slaves were not allowed to marry. She was hauled up. Hardly a shred of her book remained intact.

Her defense in the "Key" went to the extent of defending the objectivity of visions. When she could not materialize Eliza crossing the ice of the Ohio river, for she had read of the event in the *National*

*Era*, which furnished no clues to identities, her conclusive answer was:

> Last Spring, while the author was in New York, a Presbyterian clergyman of Ohio came to her and said, "I understand they dispute that fact about the woman's crossing the river. Now I know all about that for I got the story from the very man that helped her up the bank. I know it is true, *for she is now living in Canada.*"

A curious sequence of logic. She herself elsewhere said, " 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is not a novel, it is a record of facts. I myself have *listened* to the same stories." The italics, of course, are mine. But it was the most influential novel the world has ever known.

## IV

Odd flashes of shrewd sense occasionally showed themselves in Mrs. Stowe. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" you will find them emanating from St. Clair. No other character in the book shows even a grain of intelligence and the contrast is startling. St. Clair's philosophy, I believe, is too precise and incisive to have been accidental. There is a strange, convincing logic in his reasons for his godlessness. No hundred-per-cent immortalist would or could write such stuff. It was the Harriet Beecher of the Madame de Staël days writing.

But bit by bit, these flashes of sense fell away from Mrs. Stowe, and with the writing of the "Key" they practically disappeared. Lionizing did the rest. She was called upon over and over again to tell how she wrote "Uncle Tom" and she told the story again and again, and always differently. Morality was in her strongly, but truth was surely not. Here is a conversation with Mrs. John T. Howard of Brooklyn:

> I did not write that book.
>
> What! You did not write "Uncle Tom"?
>
> No, I only put down what I saw.
>
> But you have never been in the South, have you?
>
> No, but it all came to me in visions, one after another and I put them into words.
>
> Still you must have arranged events.
>
> No, your Annie reproached me for letting little Eva die. Why! I could not help it. I felt as badly as any one could! It was like a death in my own family, and it affected me so deeply that I could not write a word for two weeks after her death.
>
> And did you know Uncle Tom would die?
>
> Oh, yes, I knew that he must die from the first, but I did not know *how*.

But in direct denial of that last sentence, Mrs. Stowe elsewhere recorded that the first thing in the whole book that "came to her" was the scene of Uncle Tom's death and the events leading up to it. In her introduction to the edition of 1878 she wrote:

> The first part of the book ever committed to writing was the death of Uncle Tom. This scene presented itself almost as a tangible vision to her mind while sitting [*sic*] at the communion table in the little church in Brunswick. She was perfectly overcome by it, and could scarcely restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbing that shook her frame. She hastened home and wrote it, and, her husband being away, read it to her two sons of ten and twelve. . . .The little fellows broke into convulsions of weeping.

This was in Brunswick. But she told the credulous Mrs. Howard that the writing of this scene took place in Andover, Mass.:

> After dinner we went home to our room for rest. Mr. Stowe threw himself on the bed. I was to use the lounge; but suddenly arose before me the death scene of Uncle Tom with what led up to it. . . . I sat down at the table and wrote nine pages of foolscap paper without pausing, except long enough to dip my pen into the inkstand. Just as I had finished, Mr. Stowe awoke. . . . I read to him with the tears flowing fast. He wept, too, and before I finished, his sobs shook the bed upon which he was lying.

The fact is that Dr. Stowe was not with his wife when she wrote the book, and that by the time they were established at Andover "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been published. Lapse of memory, you say? Perhaps, but the business of Prof. Stowe shaking the bed with his sobs is a rather positive bit of memory, if not of imagination.

When John Dix visited America, gathering material which was later to appear in "Transatlantic Tracings," he asked Mrs. Stowe if she had drawn the character of Little Eva from life. She answered, "No. It came to me." Many things thus "came" to Mrs. Stowe. Very often she ascribed

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" to God. On one occasion she said that He had dictated it to her, that she was only His humble instrument, and that to Him belonged all the praise. Still again she said, "God wrote it. I merely did his dictation." And again. And again. Doubtless she meant well by Jehovah. Later, through the same agency, He was to break to a horrified world the story of Byron's supposed incest with Augusta Leigh. During the latter half of her life Mrs. Stowe leant much to spiritualism, and her drowned son, Henry, on one occasion pursued her to Florence and plunked a guitar. When the *Independent* asked her to write a short serial she could not promise to do it because a story, once begun, was taken possession of by "certain spirits."

She was always voluminous. When Lord Carlisle answered a letter from her of unknown length with 150 words, she replied with 1,400. Similarly, the Earl of Shaftesbury exchanged 120 words for 1,500. She sent her books, with long letters accompanying them, to many persons of eminence, and received promises in return that they would be read. She cherished polite perfunctories from such persons as Prince Albert and praises from such more weighty individuals as Prescott. She kept up a running fire of correspondence with Sumner and other anti-slavery statesmen, and quarreled at length with Garrison over his milky agnosticism. After "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had put her in the public eye, she solicited funds to buy dissatisfied slaves, and one time collected a hundred dollars from Jenny Lind for such an enterprise. Appeals came thick and fast to her from Negroes, both slave and free, and she gave much of her own money to put down *Schrecklichkeit* in Dixie.

She invested in many foolish enterprises, some of which she never heard from again, and the late sixties found her still writing hard for a living. In 1865 she put $10,000 into a noble project: that of taking over an old plantation in Florida and growing cotton with free Negro labor. But little cotton was grown and none was sold. Her son, the Rev. C. E. Stowe, writes, "Naturally enough, the whole thing was a failure, and practically amounted to maintaining a free boarding-house for a year or more for a gang of lazy Negroes." There was no Legree to watch them. When Mrs. Stowe made her first trip South and had the plantation under her own eye, we find her free Negroes arising at dawn and working three hours in the field before breakfast, because, she says, they were used to it. She paid them from eight to twelve dollars a month, and did not feel badly about the failure of the plantation because so many of the Negroes got religion. She did not seem to remember that in defending "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she had written that slavery prohibited Negro marriage, for she records in the sketches of her Southern life that the freed Negroes continued to look on marriage as unnecessary and a restriction of liberty. In the wide range of her works, sex immorality does not exist except among Southern men and protesting, potentially virtuous mulatto girls.

The long-suffering Southern people were polite to her, and found it difficult to reconcile this gentle woman—she was never a virago in any sense of the word—with the writer of such a monstrous volume of lying propaganda as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

## V

The Civil War took Harriet Beecher Stowe from the first pages of the newspapers and its end found her without a mission, and with the sale of her books so slowed down that there was hardly a living in their royalties. Her surplus capital had gone into bad investments, not the least of which was the founding of the *Christian Union*, with her brother, Henry Ward Beecher—a publication which was to suspend after some struggles, although it promised very well at first. The investment in the Florida property almost left her flat. No money, no publicity. The change was too much for her.

We find her at the end of the decade writing to her brother, telling him that she has invested $34,000 in such a fashion that it will bring no immediate returns and asking him for a regular stipend for her literary contributions to the *Christian Union*. She also wrote about this time:

> I have a desire, a longing to express myself once more on a certain subject, but a story ought to grow out of one's head like a flower [!] and not be measured off by the yard. . . . There is a misery —a desolation—an anguish deeper than that of the slave; there is a cause where every soul ought to be roused, but how to do it? Temperance stories have been thick as pigweed in rich land. I think I see how a better one could be written. . . .

God knows, she tried, but it proved to be a bad time for temperance writing. For a quarter of a century after 1855 no State in the Union passed any kind of Prohibition law. It was the Wet Age. But the yearning in Mrs. Stowe's letter to her brother gives us, perhaps, the reason why she came out with the horrible story of Byron's supposed incest.

Mrs. Stowe had met Lady Byron on her first trip abroad in 1853. According to her startling and memorable article, which appeared simultaneously in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Macmillan's*, in September, 1869, Lady Byron sent for her on the occasion of her second trip in 1856 and related the whole story to her, shocking her greatly. According, however, to her follow-up and defensive book, "Lady Byron Vindicated," she was first told the tale by a visiting friend of Lady Byron, between the first and second trips abroad, and was thus able to soothe Lady Byron when she herself told the story, and to make the telling of it easy for the poet's widow.

The contents of her article, in which Lady Byron's maiden name was misspelled throughout, in which she stated that Lord and Lady Byron lived together for two years (really one year and five days), and in which she failed to mention that Augusta Leigh was a half rather than a full sister—the contents of her article were neatly summed up by the London *Standard*, thus:

> 1. That Lord Byron conceived an incestuous passion for his sister.
> 2. That he declared it to her.
> 3. That she conceived a similar passion for him.
> 4. That they indulged it.
> 5. That Lord Byron married a third person to whom he was profoundly indifferent, in order to cloak a crime which, *ex confesso*, was known only to the two guilty parties.
> 6. That he gratuitously informed his wife of it.
> 7. That he tried to persuade her there was no harm in it.
> 8. That she did not quit him in consequence of the confession and this strange pleading.
> 9. That he quitted her or drove her from him because she tried to oppose his sin, though he had married her in order more conveniently to commit it.
> 10. That having driven her . . . from him out of infatuation for his sister, he permitted himself to be separated from the latter for the remainder of his life.

Other little curiosities in Mrs. Stowe's article were that Byron hated his wife while she always continued to love him, and that he fled from England for fear of detection. She neglected to mention that Byron's sister was married, as this would have put difficulties in the way of asserting that there was an illegitimate child from the incestuous union.

There is no evidence but Mrs. Stowe's statement that "all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer, . . . leaving [*sic*] to her judgment the use which she should make of them." Quite possibly Lady Byron did tell the story to Mrs. Stowe, for the charge was whispered by Lady Byron to many acquaintances, but that she gave Mrs. Stowe permission to use the material is very much to be doubted. The biographers of Mrs. Stowe cite a letter (Is the original in any way accessible, or is it another one of Mrs. Stowe's pieces of imagination?) from her to Lady Byron, supposedly sent in December, 1856, containing advice to the latter to let "the sacred veil of silence" rest on the matter. Dr. Lushington, Lady Byron's chief counseller, said that a great deal of Mrs. Stowe's article was untrue and "could not have been stated by Lady Noel Byron," and that the story "was not expressly or impliedly sanctioned by Lady

Noel Byron." Lord Byron's grandson, Ralph Milbanke, Earl of Lovelace, in his bitter book, "Astarte," in which he upholds Mrs. Stowe's main charge, calls her revelation one of "undeniable treachery."

The occasion for Mrs. Stowe's article, she stated, was Countess Guiccioli's memoirs and an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, 1869, both of which vigorously attacked Lady Byron for prudery and malice. The real occasion, more probably, was an article in the *Temple Bar* magazine for June of the same year, telling very veiledly, but in such fashion that those who had heard the story would know beyond question what was meant, just what Mrs. Stowe was to tell openly and publicly for the first time. Lady Byron was dead nine years and quite likely Mrs. Stowe saw that the time was ripe, and moreover that she must hurry or someone else would beat her to it. That she read *Temple Bar* magazine is quite obvious from the fact that she quoted its onslaughts on Byron's more public immoralities in her "Lady Byron Vindicated."

Mrs. Stowe might have done better than to take seriously the tales of a sixty-year-old woman who had begun to re-smart under charges of prudery that had first been lodged forty years before. She was most severely censured by nine-tenths of the British periodicals, even those which accepted her tale and took sides with Lady Byron against the poet. The whole business made a dreadful sensation, and Mrs. Stowe was set down as a monger of scandal. It was this hostility which caused her to write "Lady Byron Vindicated," which was, of course, chiefly a vindication of her own part in the uproar.

The initial article was reluctantly accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, because of its scandalous nature, by an assistant, the editor being away and the former fearing to lose other contributions from Mrs. Stowe by refusing it. Its effect on this side of the water was a mild furor, but in England it raised hell. It proved to be the beginning of a long series of bitter fights among Byron's relatives and concurring and dissenting biographers. It turned friends into enemies and dragged a hundred skeletons out of family closets. The above mentioned Earl of Lovelace in "Astarte"—the most complete but still not a conclusive book on the subject—attacks his grandfather with this venom: "The sombre outlaw Manfred is a fairer and nobler portrait than Lord Byron, emptied of his character and history, converted into an advertising nuisance, and completed in a copious soporific for respectable citizens willing to take a dose of edification." The fight is still going on.

In "Lady Byron Vindicated," Mrs. Stowe, who as a girl had read and wept over Byron, spoke of his writing as "filthy and ghastly," pictured him as a drunken, ditch-rolling hog, and said, "he was foul to the bone." She asked weakly in her own defense, "How was I to know that any of them [Lady Byron's friends, and the trustees and family] were still living?" and said to Lowell of the reception of her disclosure, "The world generally has more sympathy with impulsive incorrectness than with strict justice." The same thing might have been said by the South—and the mothers, North and South, of a half million slaughtered men—of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

There is nothing more to say of this episode than that, outside of the Shakespeare-Bacon fracas, Mrs. Stowe's "defense" of Lady Byron set off the greatest feud in English letters, and by far the most bitter.

## VI

To hear one side of a question was ever enough for Harriet Beecher Stowe. Emotion was the only ammunition she needed, and once she had aligned herself she stayed put. She was as sure that her brother was innocent of adultery as she was that Byron was guilty of incest, in both cases on mere personal assurances. She did not tell George Eliot the exact truth when she wrote to her, "The foreman of the jury was offered

a bribe of ten thousand dollars to decide against my brother. But with all their plotting the jury decided against them and the case was lost." The jury, as a matter of fact, did not decide "against them," but split nine to three in Beecher's favor. He was not acquitted, but there was no retrial. Truth, as I have noted, was not in her. She laid the charges against Henry Ward Beecher to the fact that he was a strong Union man, though the Civil War was ten years in the past.

One more flash of public favor was to be hers when, in 1872, she made her first bow from the lecture platform. It was easy money and the thousands who had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to see her in person and tell her that they had named their daughters Harriet and Eva. But from the end of her lecture days her life was increasingly sad. In 1881 her last book appeared, "A Dog's Mission," and then came the time of memories. Her husband died in 1886 after a lifetime of devotion to the humanities, and of obscurity in his wife's brighter light. Of her four sons but one was alive. One died in infancy, one was drowned after her second trip to Europe, and one, after being injured in the Civil War, mysteriously disappeared in San Francisco. Her father was dead and all of her friends gone. The devil attacked her with doubts for the first time in years when her son Henry was drowned, but after that she was once more immune to reproaches against the Creator. Vitality had fled and the dear, glory-laden days were irrecoverably behind her. She had written the most influential novel ever published; she had, in the words of Lincoln, *made* the Civil War; she had precipitated the fiercest literary feud in English literature—enough for one woman.

There were other thoughts. The day that she had married, the day her first children—twin girls—were born, the first little Charley who died so quickly. Ah, dear, dear God, it didn't seem possible! There was only her garden. She died at eighty-five.

# DWELLERS IN NEUROTICA

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

IT OFTEN happens that the citizens of adjacent countries, despite their constant association with each other, preserve national characteristics which are entirely distinct. Witness the Turk and the Armenian; the French and the German on either side the Rhine. So with the dwellers in Moronia and Neurotica. These countries adjoin each other to the extent that their citizens must constantly meet in court, the workhouse and the jail. But they understand each other as little as either of them are understood by the inhabitants of Normalcy, which their own lands touch and across whose border the slow migrations move.

The origin of the Morons is hidden in obscurity. No one knows exactly where they come from, nor why they exist at all. But recent researches among the Neurotics would indicate with some certainty that their ethnic origins are among the Normals, and if trained among them from early youth they prefer that land to Neurotica. Not so the Morons. They are a contented people. They love Moronia. Being born there, they refuse to live elsewhere. In contrast to them, the Neurotics are a restless tribe, continually on the move. Sometimes they spend months in Normalcy, only in later life to penetrate so deep into the jungles of Neurotica that they cannot find their way back. But wherever they are, they are distressed. To be as contented as a Moron might be a proverb; to be as discontented as a Neurotic is equally so.

Another difference: When the Neurotic nomad travels for one reason or another outside the confines of his own country, he is usually recognized by the Normals, whereas the easy-going Moron has a protective coloring which makes it possible for him to masquerade as almost anything but what he is. It is strange that the clever Neurotic has so little skill at disguising himself and the slow-witted Moron so much. But if the Neurotic so much as enters a business office, a school, or a hotel, the chances are that even the boots and the chambermaid, if they have a chance to observe him, will soon be whispering behind his back: "That fellow is nuts. He's dippy. There's something bughouse about him." All of which are synonyms in the vernacular for the Neurotic. The Moron may drive them all to frenzy by his behavior, but it will be blamed to everything but the one fact—that he is a Moron.

Perhaps one reason for this odd circumstance is that the Neurotic, unless too far from Normalcy, generally knows his citizenship. He admits, under pressure, that he is "nervous." But the Moron is as ignorant of his race as are his accusers, and so he cannot help them out when they ask him where he came from. With no effort, he deceives them all (if he is good-looking) and himself as well. As a final difference, I might add that as a race the Morons are a more likeable people. They tend to be kindly, affectionate, and easily led. But the Neurotics, while some are extraordinarily lovable, can be crafty and morose, resentful of kindness, ungrateful for favors, and persistent in blocking any efforts to help them out. Two characteristics they share: an imperative need for patient friends, and another for a good bank account.

These being our neighbors across the

border, listen to a story of Neurotics whose affairs were brought to a climax by Mattie the Moron. Helva, the display girl for kitchen-ranges, was the first one who brought Mattie to our attention. "I just don't see how I can feed anyone else, now my health is so poor," she explained. "It seems I've got to fainting. And a demonstrator just can't fall on a stove, in a window and all, and keep her job," she went on with a curious passivity.

"Faint! Why do you faint?" was the natural question.

"I don't know. The doctors say there's nothing the matter with me. But a girl don't faint for fun." "But you are married. What's the matter with your husband?" was the next natural inquiry, to which she returned the unexpected answer: "Chaliapin says he can't practice his art until he has four more years training. But now that Mattie sits in the house all day, I have to feed them both, and I can't afford it. They have to have the best."

An investigation of Mattie suggested that she was a dubious daily companion for an idle artist in the absence of his wife. And since Mattie was only a neighbor, it was hard to see why the fainting Helva was responsible for feeding her with high-priced dainties. Rex, the husband, demanded them as a matter of course, but why should Mattie? So we sent for Rex, and somewhat to our surprise he came with apparent eagerness. Furthermore, he dazzled us completely, as he had evidently dazzled Helva when she married him. He was a handsome, courtly young man, with a slight accent, and the manners of a tolerant and kindly genius thrust suddenly among the Philistines.

"An artist can express himself only through his art," he explained gently. "I have no commercial ambitions. My art is my all. But four more years is necessary to complete my training, as M. Chaliapin wrote when he heard me," and he placed before us the letter in which that great artist stated suavely that with at least four years' practice, his visitor's voice would doubtless show some improvement. As Rex pointed out, this was equivalent to the statement that all was over (so to speak) except the shouting! Nothing further was required but the mere trifle of Helva's paying the household bills until he, in his stellar rôles, should repay her sacrifice a thousandfold. As for Mattie—a wave of the hand. "The artist's heart is always touched by the unfortunate," he explained with a smile.

Now, nothing is more exciting than the discovery of a genius, and nothing is easier to recognize than a voice. One merely needs to listen to it. A singer, only four years from stardom, is surely a musical find, especially when he carries piano technique as a kind of sideline, which both Helva and Rex assured us that he did. Would he sing for us? He would and did, in a weak baritone appropriate to some understudy of a village choir, presiding at a funeral in the absence of the tenor. His mild melody he accompanied with three shaky chords, in which he was occasionally able to employ his left hand profitably, but more often not. A change of bass note was too great a strain on his virtuosity. But his poise throughout this entertainment was magnificent. For some moments we doubted which of us had lost our minds. We pictured the bewildered Chaliapin in his forced interview, gazing at the singer with a dazed stare, while he penned his testimonial to get rid of him.

Such was Rex. Punctilious in manner, elegant in speech, armed with all the lingo of the artist, more than ready to exhibit a voice which he did not possess, accompanied by quavering notes which he called piano-playing, Helva gazed at him like an adoring but tone-deaf dog. His performance was meaningless to her, but so was all music. His must be better than the rest because he said so. She pretended to no expertness beyond her stove, but with a dry smile made the comment: "Rex knows my business better than I know his. If the coffee is less than seventy-five cents a pound he knows it and throws it out."

## II

Needless to say, if a lady enjoys the luxury of an ornamental husband well enough to feed him like a king at her expense she has a right to do so without interference. And all might still have been as happy as in the Wild Duck's attic before reform set in if Helva could have kept in Normalcy herself, while Rex enjoyed his delusions across the border.

But unfortunately she had her own reasons for hovering near Neurotica's sultry clime. Helva had suffered in her childhood from the periodic rages of a drinking father, who had often attacked her mother in her presence. His violence had been accompanied by loud and profane boasts of his infidelities, and had so frightened the child that she had become dizzy from terror, and fainted. She recalled that before she lost consciousness the first time she had noticed a spool on the table slowly revolving, and that was how she knew she was fainting. All this was years ago. But now that Mattie like a snake had entered her Eden, the fainting was renewed. Helva had accepted Rex's artistic refusal to work, either at his art or at anything else, with philosophic composure. His support was a small price to pay for such an elegant companion. But when she demurred at feeding two idle persons he became extremely irritable, even vindictive, in temper, and teased her with faultfindings, and jokes about Mattie's charms.

He finally took to calling her not Helva, but by the first syllable alone. "Hell, Hell," he would shout at her maliciously when she made protests, and would insist that he had only called her by her name. Suddenly a spool on the table began to whirl and Helva fainted. From then on she fainted frequently, and since ladies demonstrating in shop windows must not fall into their puddings, it looked as if she were going to lose her job. We promised to relieve her of the expense of Mattie's upkeep. Then, with some hesitation at venturing to criticise such perfection, we turned to tell Rex a few things that he needed to know. However, when he found that he had been summoned for a scolding rather than for a musical engagement, as he had fondly supposed, his interest and his fine manners died out together. As he truly remarked, we had nothing "on him," and he left abruptly, with Helva swaying slightly in his wake.

What next? Obviously a job for Mattie was essential, and one not taxing to a mind that functioned neither wisely nor well. Curiously enough, two lines of work dear to the mentally infirm are those involving the safety or destruction of hundreds of human lives, namely, running an elevator and driving a truck. Since Mattie could not aspire, on account of her sex, to the greater glory of slaughtering pedestrians, she yearned for the minor hazards of the elevator shaft. So she applied for an elevator job in a certain office-building in which we had come to have an interest because of our dealings with Maida, one of the clerks.

But on application to Maida we found that she had just left her job under a cloud. To be exact, she had forged a check for $93.86 on her employer, and had disappeared disguised as a man. The news did not come wholly as a surprise, for persistent purchases beyond one's means are certain to lead to trouble sooner or later. And Maida, despite excellent wages and a head adequate to disburse them, had been involved in a "crush" with Rose, a stack girl in the library, which involved an almost complete buying out of the florist after every squabble.

The mystic slogan to "Say it with flowers," had certainly been worked overtime with Maida. She walked home with the telephone-girl one day instead of waiting for Rose—and an apology had to be said with two dozen carnations. She was reproached by Rose for a hurried good morning, minus the usual kiss; it had to be explained by a corsage of violets. A Christmas show—orchids. A ball-game—chrysanthemums. A birthday—lilies of the

valley and one symbolic rosebud. Their telephone conversations sounded harmless enough, yet both girls were ravaged by them. "You weren't there. Oh, you were? Oh, you know what I mean. You will? You will for sure? I got a headache. You would? You would for always? I'm lonesome. I know you aren't. Yes you are. I know what daisies say. Don't go. I was only fooling. Say you wouldn't."

At her last telephone call, when Maida announced her departure, and the connection was suddenly broken, Rose, blinded with tears, had fairly staggered through the door into the arms of Hank, who was lingering outside the library wherein she worked, merely because he had no other place to go. Hank piloted her home rather awkwardly, for he did not know who she was, and he was not accustomed to girls. But it was through Hank, now lurking outside the office building as he had lurked outside the library, that we learned where Rose was. Mattie had to be left to hunt her own job, for according to Hank and her employers, Rose's case was now more urgent. She had not left her room since the night Maida absconded, and she said flatly that she did not intend to.

As was to be expected, we viewed the unknown Hank with the cold eye which every male person must brace himself to meet, when, before righteous matrons, he exhibits an interest in a sobbing girl. "Young man, what is the meaning of this?" is all he gets for his pains. But Hank turned out to be discreet and above reproach. In fact, we got so that we found him excellent company—out of doors. For his self-possession left him when he ventured inside. Hence his tendency to lurk in entries. Which in turn was explained by the fact that, once under a roof, he had to perform the dreaded act of taking off his hat, thus revealing the soul-racking tragedy that, although only twenty-four, he was partially bald. Slight though this fact may seem in significance, it had not only driven him to the edge of Neurotica, but he had fairly crossed the border. In short, he had the thing called an inferiority complex.

He was by no means a fool. He had finished high-school, and even yearned toward journalism, for which he had a considerable knack. But any craft of a literary nature apparently demanded that he should from time to time take off his hat—and no sooner had he done so than he felt the morbid world concentrating on his baldness. He had tried all the outdoor trades of manly men, such as ice and coal, trucking, and automobile mechanics. But he had no physique or gift for any of them, and failed in all, which did not help the complex. He tried to be a postman—in vain, there were no vacancies. Policeman or fireman—he was too thin. So by persistently trying to do the things in which he must inevitably fail, guided always by the desire to seem a burly man or to keep his head covered—he had got failure so engraven on his heart that it seemed but a matter of time till the workhouse would have another occupant. To Hank in such a state of mind, lingering near the library in the dusk, longing for a book which he dared not doff his hat to get—to Hank, it can be readily seen, no more manly and inspiriting adventure could have taken place than for a weeping girl to fall into his arms. With her imagination intent upon the departed Maida, Rose accepted the support of Hank's arms as she would have leaned against a lamp-post. Hank, on the contrary, thrilled to his first masculine adventure. In the dark she could not see him. His derby was firmly on his head, and he dared be bold. As we strolled around the block, discussing Rose tactfully, with covered heads, Hank's ideas were excellent and well expressed. If he and Rose could only have emerged from Neurotica long enough to become seriously interested in each other, all might have been well. Both were lonely and both had bookish tastes. They might as well have led each other into Normalcy, as to have left the business for someone else. But Hank was not bold enough to woo without considerable as-

sistance from the lady herself, and the lady unfortunately wanted her room rent paid, and then to be left alone, far more than she wanted his company. So Hank, after a flash in the pan of feeling like a real Romeo, enlisted in the army, where hats are kept on heads, and that hoped-for romance was blasted in the bud.

What, then, was to become of Rose, when her rent was up? She was anæmic and had a list of minor ailments that would have depleted the energy of even a well-balanced girl who had eaten three square meals, which Rose had not done for a week. Moreover, when we urged her to eat, the question still obtruded itself: who was to pay for the delicacies we so enticingly described? Perhaps Mrs. Pinkard the landlady, would help us out. She answered our knock with reluctance.

## III

A substantial looking middle-aged woman, she glanced around with caution, and urged us in a whisper to close the door. She showed no disposition to advise us about Rose, for it appeared that the girl was but the climax of all that she had been obliged to suffer recently from an unknown enemy, and she expected to have to move. So great was her concern that we joined her in a tour of her well-kept house, and viewed with her the depredations of her malignant visitors. Two spots on the window frame were solemnly pointed out. There was a loose spindle in the stair railing, and the hasp on the screen-door was bent.

But in the bathroom was the culmination of their vandalism. She led us to the tub, and to the porcelain faucet marked Hot. Bending over it, we viewed a speck, so minute that only by careful search could it be found. This, it seems, was their most recent attack. They had climbed through the cellar window after smudging the plaster by the coal-bin. They had crept to the bathroom and with a needle had attempted to pierce the hot water faucet—for reasons as obscure as they were doubtless deadly.

"You can see," said Mrs. Pinkard with quiet triumph, "that Rose is crying because she knows about the plot. If you think it safe for her to stay here [she shrugged her shoulders], all I ask is police protection."

We agreed with her that it was hardly safe, and tiptoed out through what had come to seem a host of unseen enemies, pecking at plaster, and pricking faucets for their dreadful ends.

At this juncture appeared Jane, our last Neurotic, who, to preserve the dramatic unities, linked our two plots together. It turned out that Rose had been a previous admirer of Jane's, and although the latter had since married Ike, she maintained a careless interest in her old inamorata. Jane's conduct in the office was odd. She sat still for a moment, then paced the floor, laughed suddenly, looked out of the window at a blank brick wall, and then reseated herself, only to pace again. She acted as if under the influence of a powerful stimulant, although she was apparently neither drugged nor drunk. With a singular absence of any personal emotion save her peculiar restlessness, she remarked that she would like to take Rose in for old time's sake, except that she had been similarly kind to Mattie, and during one of her temporary absences from home Ike "had got Mattie into trouble," a catastrophe of which we now heard for the first time. Ike, it appeared, was still living with Jane, his wife, but now Mattie had sent word that she wanted to come back. "Shall I take in Rose and Mattie both?" asked Jane, staring fixedly at us for a moment, and then resuming her agitated inspection of the room.

Was her absence from home, by any chance, in a hospital for nervous patients, we inquired. It was. She confessed that she usually had to go once a year, and that it was now about her time. When she came out she earned a good living as a canvasser —a trade that seemed well fitted to her

restless habits. Ike, as soon as he heard of our interest, left town. We never met him, and almost with a sigh of relief we returned to cheerful Mattie, whose crisis was even more acute than we had supposed, and who all unconsciously had dragged this drama to a stage. Unmarried, pregnant, simple, and satisfied with her lot! After so many obscure neuroses, how much less complicated was a mere Moron! No rancor toward anyone. No anxiety. No plan. She adjusted her little hat, enjoyed the spotlight, smiled at us all, and agreed to everything.

Seven Neurotics and a Moron accurately diagnosed by the bailiff in a swift aside as "a bunch o' nuts."

## IV

If the plot seems heavily freighted with Neurotic characters, we are but in line with all the popular dramas of antiquity or today. Without delusions of grandeur, where are King Lear, Beau Brummell, or Merton of the Movies? Without "overvaluation of the sexual object," where are Titania and her Donkey, Beauty and the Beast, or the hero of "Seventeen"? Without "mother fixation," "inferiority complex," or "day dreams of the repressed," where are Hamlet, "The Hairy Ape," or the fascinations of "The Sheik"? It is my conviction that the dramatists no less than the police court depend upon citizens of Neurotica to keep them in material (always excepting the plays produced strictly for the Moron trade). For with characters dominated by common sense alone, surely the dramatic coil would insist upon unraveling in the first act. It takes Neurotics to keep it going till the third.

The dramatist can, however, leave his characters, or kill them off when he is finished. But what are the judge, the teacher, and the average parent to do? The only conclusion is apparently that at which the Chinese have arrived, on the question of binding feet. To best avoid the tortures of unbinding—do not allow them to be bound.

When nervous young vagrants show signs of hankering to escape from the bracing air of Reality into the enervating climate of Delusion, let the guardians at the frontier turn them back before their souls are so relaxed in that morbid heat that they do not want to come. The hysterics, the perverted, the repressed, the over-fixated, the melancholics and the introverts are always beckoning a welcome to a land in which one need no longer face the facts, but can play forever with fairy tales. If the pickets at the border call too late, their voices find no listeners. The Neurotic hears them as we hear in dreams, and finally he hears them not at all. The Pied Piper of Delusion plays a song which grows more seductive as he turns his back upon the boundary-line, and makes for the deep thickets of Insanity, from which no traveler returns.

In conclusion, let me repeat: Neurotica has room for the rich in many a quiet sanitarium, luxurious ranch, or palace on the Riviera. But as for the Neurotic who is poor, may Heaven have mercy on his soul —for Earth assuredly has none!

# THE EDUCATION OF A JOURNALIST

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

SCUMALONG, N. J.
Sept. 4th, 1926

*Mr. Fred Mallory,*
*City Editor,*
*The New York Morning Star.*

DEAR BOSS: When you hired me to protect your star reporter Mr. Marshall Davis from the photo boys and reporters of the tab papers I welcome the opertunity. You also held out a future to me as a star reporter becaus I did not want my mother and sister Jessie to be ashamed on account I was a prizefiter and bootleger. You told me to rite you every nite what I done through the day becaus it would be a education in the work of star reporter.

I am glad you let Mr. Marshall Davis no I was only going with him as his legman, which you said was prelimary to riting big stuff like him. You said it would hurt his feelings if he new I was also there to protect him from the ruff stuff of the tab men so I respect your confidants. He will never lern the truth from me.

When we got to the victims home from where the tragedy started we find more than twenty tab reporters and photo boys ahead of us. They had surroundered the house of the dead girls folks and two of them was fistfiting in front of a old man. They would fite and cuss and then they would stop and one would drag the old man one way and then the other would hit the fellow who was dragging the old man and they would start to fite again. The old man was crying and the photo boys was all making pickures of him. When he would stop one of the photo boys would yell out cry a bit more mister and he would start again. Thats the dead girls poppa Mr. Davis told me.

Then the possey come along to look for the grave where this bird that beat it buryd the girl after he knocked her off. Nobody come out of the house which was all closed up tite but the old man come along with the tab photo boys. Every minit one would stop and make a pickure of the old geezer crying all over. He was shure obliging.

I notice all the tabs have photos of the old man crying. He lost his temper once and the daily sketch had a beat on that. Its that one where the heading says Vengance Is Mine and shows the old bird shaking his fist and crying. Thats where one of the reporters booted him to make him cry up for the photo boys and the old bird got mad.

Mr Davis says he sent you 2000 words tonite but where he got them you can search me. He didnt ask no questions and made no motions to get no pickures. He just nosyd round and what he got must have been hop. He neednt be scared of those tab babys now hes got me along but you wont let me tell him that. I asked him if he didnt want some swell pickures like the tab boys and he said hed be damd if he did. I dont think hes as good as you think. All he said was for me to catch onto a little pickure of the girl before she got bumped off that was all he wanted.

I dont want to drop none of my custemers while Im working up to star reporter so if you want any of the Scotch I been getting from my buddys over at Montauk just call my sister Jessie at the old number and shell bring it in in the coopy. Try to make the order two bottles becaus I got to

tip her two bucks and it aint worth it for less than a brace. One of them bums on your copy desk aught to be good for a quart of that swell liker. Jessie ties a bottle under each arm and then puts on her big fur coat. Safe as Mrs Mcferson.

I will close now thanking you for the opertunity. I am glad for mother and Jessies sake you are giving me a opertunity to get away from prizefiting and bootleging.

*Your friend and puppil*
JOSEPH (CANNONBALL) MCCLUSKEY

II

SCUMALONG, N. J.
*Sept. 5th.*

*Mr. Fred Mallory,*
*City Editor,*
*The New York Morning Star.*

DEAR BOSS: Well, as you will have noised in the evening tab papers we found the girl today. If this bimbo Davis that you sent down with me had not been ded from the neck up and had had a photografer with him we would have cleaned up. He just dont seem to give a dam about his work. I was in luck from the start but he was running on one sillinder. We was spred all over the country the possey and we reporters when a bird to the left of me fell over the girls feet sticking up out of the ground. He lets out a yell and evrybody come arunning but none of the pickure paper photografers was in the first pach but there come six tab reporters.

Some bimbo had a shovel and started to ease the girl up a bit. She was only buryd in about a foot of ground and come up nice and easy. Still there was no photo boys, but the six reporters was all surcling round the body and looking dirty. I saw Mr. Davis come along and I figgered how I would get him a good start on something if he was man enuff to finish it. So I says to the tab reporters you bozos get away from here and I jumps in and stands over the body like a refuree giving a fowl when the mans out.

One of these bozos says who the hell are you you big ruffneck. I just socked him quick to the chin. You seen that walup of mine at the Harlem club. He goes down cold over the girls feet and the others back off a bit. Mr. Davis comes running and I says now if you get a photografer you can clean up for I will see that no other baby gets a pickure of this dead jane. Get away from here you fool he says and being as you told me to mind him I backs off.

Then the photo boys come running and they and the reporters for the pickure papers put on as prety a battle royall as you ever glimed at the old Saint Nikolas before the cops made them quit. They gathered up four blue eyes among them and two busted cameras but they got the girl photografd as you will note from the tab papers.

This bozo Davis doesnt no it all.

*Your friend and puppil,*
JOSEPH (CANNONBALL) MCCLUSKEY.

P.S. I hope you will notise that you got bimbo Davis story ahead of the World. The credit comes to me. Mr. Davis told me to fone the telegraf office before we started in, that he would put on his story at seven pm but when we get in we find this bird Hammond of the world using the wire.

I says to the operator we called you up and said we wanted the wire. The guy says he nows about that but this Hammond told him he was the guy foned. He said we was out of luck becaus he had only one wire. While Mr. Davis argus with this Hammond who is giving him a horse laff I got the thinkbox thinking. I walk round the corner to where I seen a guy bedding down a couple horses. I seen the stable had a good lock.

For five dollars the guy said it was jake. I asked him about the hollerin and he said the holy rolers was praying just a block away and any shouting would be considered as coming from them. So I run in the telegraf office and yells they got the bird that killed the girl.

Hammond and Mr. Davis jump up fast and come running and I shout follow me. I run in the stable and Hammond rite behind me. When I got well inside I turns

and hands him a kick that lands him among the horses. I pushes Mr. Davis out the door and locks the door. Then I says to Mr. Davis whos just a bimbo get your story on the wire and when your threw Ill let him out. You could hear Hammond holler in Hoboken. My God says Mr. Davis there is a brain in your head at that. A dirty crack but you told me not to cross him being temprumentel. I let Hammond out after an hour and he tried to take a poke at me but I just openhanded him.

*Yours,*
MAC.

III

SCUMALONG, N. J.
Sept. 6th.

*Mr. Fred Mallory,*
*City Editor,*
*The New York Morning Star.*

DEAR BOSS: First off that copyreader that took the quart off Jessie along with you didnt pay her. He said for her to get it payday. See he kicks across. I got to give the Montauk boys cash on the barel head.

Well the pickure paper boys shure handed it to me today when they herd about me locking up Hammond while Mr. Davis got the story into you. One of the photografers a swell guy by the name of Mike Finch comes up to me and says Your wasting your time working on a paper that dont be all pickures a tuff baby like you.

Then he says you been looking for a sweet pickure of this little jane before she got the aks aint you and I says yes. Well he pulls out a little pickure of her with all her curls and high school graduater dress on her. There he says is the kind of a pickure the Star wants but it aint a bit of good to us no acshun. Ill give it you if youll work out a little deal with me. The bozo with me is a louse. I like to work with a guy has guts like you.

I took the pickure over to bimbo Davis and he said fine he could use it. So we rushed it to you and I guess youll use it. Alrite I says to Finch lead me to it. And he tells me what he wants done. You no the old lady and the two kid sisters of the dead girl hadnt left the house not since the killing and nobody had got in. Mike was going to get after them folks.

Well boss he found a way alrite. He takes me to the barn and we sits in the hay. Prety soon the old man him that did all the crying comes out and starts to town and all the reporters and pickure men trales after him. I notise one of the shades in the windows wagling and Mike makes sines. After a while the kitchin door opens up and the two kid sisters of the dead girl comes sneeking out. They look all round and then make a run for the barn. They are shure pretty babys.

They was kind of shy at first but after a bit they warmed up speshally after Mike said big boy pull out that gin. How did you no I had any gin I says. Because you forgot to bring clofs he says dont be a hog.

Well boss we past round the bottle a couple times and the two kids started gigling. Mike he took a shot of them with their arms round each other looking as near sad as they could with the gin. Then he took some shots of them sitting cross leged showing their pantys.

After the youngest one Minerva had another swig of the gin she told Mike she had a batheing suit and Mike says for her to go get it and he would make some pickures. Shure enuff she slips out and comes back stagering a bit and dressed up in a red one peace. Thats the one you saw in Mikes tab that says On The Beech. Snaped Just One Week Before The Brutel Deed. It pertends that the pickure is of the girl that was bumpd off. It isnt its her sister Minerva. I can prove it by that pimpul youll notise on her left hip.

I wanted to ask the kids about how the sister got in her jam but Mike says dont be a fool and spoil a good thing. Mike told the oldest jane to meet him at nine tonite for a little peting. Id have took the other but she got kind of silly with the gin.

Your foolish boss not to go in more for pickures. Thats the stuff gets the publick.

JOSEPH (CANNONBALL) MCCLUSKEY.

IV

Scumalong, N. J.
Sept. 7th, 1926

*Mr. Fred Mallory,*
*City Editor,*
*The New York Morning Star.*

Dear Boss: Well boss your getting licked all over the place but you cant say its my fault. Those pickures of Mikes were shure darbs. I offered to do anything Mr. Davis wanted me today but he said I should get as far away from him as I could. Thats grattittude after me locking up Hammond.

This Mike cals me to one side and says am I game for another helpout. He says there was a tenspot in it for me so you see Im telling you. If Davis turns down my time I guess I can use it other ways.

Mike had perswaded the little girl hed been peting last nite to leave the seller door open. So we sneaks in with all Mikes camerer stuff. Mike node something I didnt for when wed nosyd into the parlor there was the dead girl in her coffin. Theyd slipped her in after all us boys had gone to the hay last nite.

The old mother was neeling besides the coffin and we was so quiet she couldnt hear a sound. All of a sudden off goes Mikes flash and we got that peech of a pickure you saw in the late paper tonite. Well the old lady skweels blue murder and starts to run. Mike hollers to me to hold her till he gets his flash off again. So I trips her and down she goes yelling blue murder. Before you could snap your finger Mike lets off a couple flashes while the old lady lays on the floor yelling and ringing her hands and me rastling her legs. Those are the shots you saw in Mikes paper where it says My Poor Little You Lam and I Can Never Forgave John Barrett. Barretts the guy is supposed to have bumped off the kid.

Youll notise they blocked me out of the pickure and made a good job of it. I guess it wouldnt have looked so good for me to be rastling with the old lady in Mikes paper when I was working for you. Mike and me beat it like hell after that. Mike said if the old man found us there it would mean another murder.

God boss what your paper is missing by sticking to stuff like bimbos like Davis turns out.

*Your friend,*
Joseph (Cannonball) McCluskey.

V

Editorial Department,
The Daily Sketch
Sept. 8th, 1926

*Mr. Fred Mallory,*
*City Editor,*
*The New York Morning Star.*

Sir: You didnt fire me I quit. While your sarcastickal letter was on the way to New Jersey I was here in New York talking busness to Mr. Hurt, Mikes boss. He shakes my hand and says hello burglar.

Inside of five minutes I was hired at twice the gelt you been paying me to learn things which Mr. Hurt says is of no use in journalism as it is practized today. Thats what he says and said I hadnt another thing to learn as far as he was conserned. I dont have to rite any stories nor even to learn how to rite stories. When Im on big stuff like murders I get a by line on the stories I fone in just like I had rote them myself. Ill be a specialty corespondense.

I dont want to be ruff about anything but Ill have to cut you off the list for that scotch Jessie has been bringing in. These boys on the Sketch can use all I can get, and it is to my intrest to be sitting prety down here. With the money I am getting now I can cut out all bootleging and prize-fiting for my mother and my sister sake. Jessie can deliver to the sketch boys now and keep the profits for herself and make a nice living better than that filling job at the corthouse she has now.

*Yours truly no animosity,*
Joseph C. McCluskey
*Specialty corespondense The New York Daily Sketch.*

P.S. Thats the way my name will show on the big stories I rite from now on.

# A SHORT VIEW OF ST. LOUIS

BY ARTHUR STRAWN

Fifty years ago, when steamboating was in its prime and St. Louis was Queen of the River, there arose in the city's midst one Logan Uriah Reavis, a gentleman whom fate had endowed with prophetic vision and a soul which expressed itself in lofty utterance. Convinced that the St. Louis in which he dwelt was the Chosen City of the Earth, Reavis appointed himself prophet of its coming glory and fervently voiced his faith in a series of pamphlets which made him famous.

His volumes were slender. But they contained between their covers a statistical alchemy which makes the legerdemain of the present Chamber of Commerce magicians seem clumsy. With rather dazzling calculations and demonstrations Reavis established the inevitability of the city's supremacy. It was to be not only the metropolis of the United States, but, as the title of one of his volumes had it, "The Future Great City of the World." Reavis exhorted the nation at large to share in its approaching magnificence by making it the National Capital forthwith, vice Washington, abandoned.

Alas, for the vanity of human hopes! A half-century has passed, and still the prophecy remains unfulfilled. It is true that the city has grown and grown until today, with its suburbs, it houses approximately a million human souls. Nor with its increase in such live stock has it failed to grow also in wealth, as witness its 3500 belching factories devoted to 211 separate and distinct varieties of production, which means diversification of industry, stability in times of panic, and no labor unrest; in short, a sweet absence of all those things for which insurance companies are maintained. And even the most skeptical can hardly fail to observe the implications of culture to be found in the city's zoölogical garden, which boasts bear-pits costing a quarter of a million dollars and a magnificent monkey-house. All these things St. Louis has. Yet all of them somehow fall short of making it the *Kaiserstadt* of Reavis's prophecy.

But let us do justice to the memory of that enraptured man. If we look back on the St. Louis upon which he based his vision, we make a surprising discovery: it was really something to boast about. We all assume today that only the up-to-date is of any excellence. To yearn for the good old days is to admit one's senescence, to stand self-accused of being the deluded victim simultaneously of hardening of the arteries and softening of the brain. Yet at the risk of these indictments, yea, with the certain knowledge that the salaried defenders of St. Louis's virtues will accuse me of being bought up by Cleveland or even Kansas City, I confess that I find myself suffering from a mild nostalgia for the St. Louis of fifty years ago. Not that I love the St. Louis of today less. But I simply think the city of 1875 was a better town to live in, a town, for all its devotion to commerce, able to make the desirable distinction between living and merely making a living.

It is the custom of St. Louisans today to attribute all the local ills to the presence of a large population of German origin. If this is true, the city merely accuses itself of having dulled these people by subjecting them to the enervating processes of Ameri-

canization. For the most brilliant period in the city's history coincided exactly with the time when the German influence in St. Louis was at its height. The Teutonic migrations which followed the Revolution of '48 had, by 1875, made St. Louis the most Germanic city in the United States. The earlier French culture had all but exhausted itself when these new settlers came, infusing into the city a virility it had not known before. They came in large numbers, and they brought with them industriousness, an inclination to think seriously about serious things, a fondness for music, and a joy in good eating and deep drinking. The late holy war made it fashionable to deride these German characteristics; but one has only to glance at the contemporary American scene to realize how much the Republic might be improved by them. They were prominent in the St. Louis of fifty years ago. And they combined to distinguish the city, and to make it irresistible to more than one promising young man casting about for a place in which to flourish his talents.

So widespread was the city's fame in that era that Joseph Pulitzer, destined to be one of America's great editors, stoked coal in the bunkers of a steamship in order to realize his ambition to make St. Louis his home. Out of his labors fifty years ago have come two of the best newspapers in the country, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the New York *World*. When Pulitzer arrived James B. Eads, one of the foremost engineers of his time, had just completed the first bridge to span the Mississippi, and the arches of that structure leap the river today with a grace unimpaired by years. Nothing could more eloquently intone the dirge for a lamented past than Eads's symphony in stone and steel, beside which the more recent structures are weak and childish cacophonies. At this time St. Louis was represented in national politics by Carl Schurz, who was completing a brilliant and useful career in the Senate, opposing the militarism of the administration and fighting for an enlightened attitude toward the South during the Reconstruction period. St. Louis has since sent no man of Schurz's stature to the Senate, and with Benton and Reed he takes place among the three really great Senators that Missouri has produced.

In the meantime, William T. Harris had established in St. Louis the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, the first publication of its kind in the English language, thereby accomplishing the remarkable feat of making the inland city a focal point for students of philosophy here and abroad. As superintendent of education he gave St. Louis a system of public schools which became the model for the country and eventually led to his appointment as director of the National Bureau of Education at Washington. In the congenial atmosphere of that old St. Louis, Denton Snider wrote his "System of the Shakespearean Drama"; Susan Blow began her valuable work as the American pioneer in kindergarten education; Henry Shaw cultivated a garden which was to become the second best in the world; and the fiery, dynamic Henry Brockmeyer translated Hegel, by which he gave impetus to a study of philosophy which achieved the dignity of becoming known in this country and abroad as the St. Louis Movement.

One could name more men and more achievements. But perhaps it is sufficient to indicate that a city friendly to the labors of a great Senator, a great editor, a great educator and a great engineer was a city not yet reduced to the level of the commonplace. And when one learns that most of these men were not St. Louis born, but had been attracted to the place by the favorable atmosphere it offered, one begins to hesitate before condemning the shade of Logan Uriah Reavis to eternal ridicule. If he had confined himself to rhapsody, no such ridicule would attach to his name today. But he went in for prophecy also, and the city of his adoration is now a monument to his folly.

Not that St. Louis is less desirable to live in than a half dozen other cities one

could name. It has what the average American city has, and in about the same proportions. But whereas in towns like Detroit and Cleveland the present level of civilization is the highest ever achieved, St. Louis's equality with such cities represents on her part a decided decline. And if one must damn her with the faint praise of comparing her with Boston, it must be observed that the quality which they most conspicuously share is their striking surrender, within the last fifty years, of an intellectual leadership. Each has declined from a cultural preëminence to the uninspiring level of the purely commercial cities that they are now forced to rival.

St. Louis enjoyed a flourishing trade fifty years ago; but unlike the city of today it had a life apart from its ledgers and accounts. It was the home of nationally important men, and of writers and thinkers who gave it the cultural and intellectual balance essential to a civilized community. Where it once had leadership, it now has a Chamber of Commerce. Instead of learning, it now has Education. And where it once had atmosphere, it now has smoke.

## II

To approach St. Louis today except from the West is to confront a gloomy and depressing spectacle of ugliness. Gray, sullen and smoke-begrimed, the approach from the East over the Mississippi serves as a violent reminder of the general horror that borders American manufacturing towns. And even the pleasant entrance from the West is something of a blight on the city, since the trains pass through the heart of an otherwise pleasant residential district and cut through beautiful Forest Park like a scar across a woman's face.

One soon discovers that the grimy, gray color which first greets the eye is no mere optical illusion. St. Louis's proximity to the Illinois soft coal beds makes it economically imperative for the town industries to burn soft coal. Nothing of any importance has been done to abate the consequent smoke nuisance, with the result that the city always wears a fantastic headdress of black smoke, obscuring the sun and making a venture into traffic a perilous undertaking. This constant contact with soot has provoked an abundance of sound and fury, but nothing is ever done about it. Indeed, I suspect that St. Louis nurses a secret liking for her sombre wreath. It is a symbol of the full dinner-pail, a constant reminder that her wheels of industry are whirling. Looking at that dark cloud, St. Louis can reassure herself that she, too, is a rich city, a great city. It is her black badge of progress.

Familiarity with the early colorful history of the town serves only to heighten the visitor's disappointment. The old Courthouse and the old Cathedral, obscurely nestling among the warehouses near the river, are lovely patches of beauty in the drab area known as downtown. A statue or two, the city's name, and the names of such streets as Gravois, Labadie and Bellefontaine are all that remain of the French days. Even De Baliviere, in answer to the needs of an efficient generation, is undergoing a reincarnation into Bolivar.

No eulogy of St. Louis fails to mention it as a city of beautiful homes. Yet except for a few spots the residential sections are not in the least exceptional, and all the distinctive homes are out in the adjacent county. In recent years there has been a rush into these suburbs. There is better reason for pride in the system of public parks. Shaw's Garden (now the Missouri Botanical Garden) has a collection of plants and flowers second only to that of Kew Gardens in London, while Forest, O'Fallon and Carondelet Parks are as fair as any American city can show.

The largest is Forest Park, and it serves a multitude of purposes. For one thing, it is the home of the City Art Museum, said by professors of such matters to be one of the best public museums in the United States. It contains many beautiful things. In it, however, we find a reflection of the

city's preference for craftsmanship over art, for it has a superb collection of ceramics, pottery and silver, but is very weak in significant paintings. When Gauguin, Matisse and Rousseau become respectable and priceless, the museum will probably buy some of their pictures.

To most St. Louisans, however, the museum merely serves as a background for the more useful purposes to which Art Hill is dedicated. For on Art Hill there is the only municipally maintained necking-ground that I know of. On either arm of the semi-circular crest of the promontory is a parking space maintained for the convenience of the amorous. It is lighted just enough, and is occasionally patrolled by a park guard whose function is not to interfere with the agitated couples but rather to provide protection against wowsers and hold-up men. It is an altogether excellent institution, and its charm is enhanced by the fact that the hill commands a lovely prospect of the city, so that one can sufficiently account for one's presence there by saying that one went for the view.

But I fear that this happy irregularity may be outlawed any day. Public officials of St. Louis are beginning to show symptoms of an alarming delicacy. Only a year ago the Director of Public Welfare refused to accept a statue for the city on the ground that its central figure was devoid of underwear. The good lady who offered the gift, infuriated at this rebuke, presented the statue to her son, who erected it on his front lawn. Since the son lives directly across from Forest Park, the statue is now practically in the park, while at the same time not in the city's possession.

Forest Park also contains the celebrated Municipal Open-Air Theatre, a vast amphitheatre seating ten thousand comfortably. For ten weeks each Summer a programme of very light opera is presented. One week last season was ostentatiously dedicated to the higher forms of musical composition. "Il Trovatore" was the daring innovation, and everyone was satisfied that the city had done right by art. The theatre has been functioning for about ten years and is self-supporting. Rumors have it that in recent years its return of a small profit has been due to the sale of hot dogs and soda pop, but no official statement to that effect has been issued.

Structurally more lovely is the intimate Garden Theatre on the outskirts of the city. It is the private venture of one Flint Garrison, who made money in Florida real estate and decided to try his luck again. The theatre has had well-nigh perfect performances of "Electra" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The good townsfolk, however, are not appreciably taxing its seating capacity of 2500, and the theatre's future is far from assured. It has been able to hold out for two seasons only because of the revenues derived from the Annual Style Show, to which merchants from the oil-fields and alfalfa lands flock to learn what milady of Jackson Corners should wear at her daughter's graduation. Like the Symphony Orchestra, it is one of the things that St. Louisans list among their assets, but for one reason or another find themselves unable to patronize.

These two theatres offer some relief from the boredom of living in St. Louis during the Summer. The Winter hardly offers as much. The Symphony Orchestra, poorly supported by the wealthier Babbitts, plays before a constantly diminishing audience. In one respect this is due to the management's error in making an appeal to St. Louis' business instincts by broadcasting the concerts by radio. When the weather is bad—and it usually is in St. Louis—music lovers pocket the price of tickets, sit down to a snappy bridge game, and turn on the loud speaker to hear the music. Thus pleasure is seasoned with instruction, while the orchestra's management begs for money so as not to suffer the embarrassment of going out of business in mid-season. Apparently having an orchestra and wanting one are not quite the same.

When the Olympic Theatre was functioning St. Louis was regarded as one of the best show towns in the country. Today

it is one of the worst. The city has one mediocre stock company and two legitimate theatres, both of which were dark many weeks the past Winter. According to the resident manager of one of these fading institutions, there are hardly more than 1500 persons in the city who might be called theatre-goers.

"When a good play comes to town," he complains, "the people don't wake up to the fact until Friday night. Then we have two good nights."

One now begins to understand why St. Louisans take so much pride in their homes. Except for the movies, they are attracted by nothing anywhere else. No one attends the theatre or concerts. The Open Forum, organized for the discussion of public problems, was kept going only until the two or three men who sponsored it got tired of talking to one another in a large hall for which they had to pay the rent. Aside from the department-stores the town supports only two adequate book shops. Art Hill isn't crowded in Winter; and the city, for all its French and German ancestry, is practically destitute of good eating places. In fact, its only activities after six o'clock are listening to the radio, playing bridge and going to the movies. Bigger and better moving-picture parlors go up every year. Four gaudy and expensive establishments of the super type have been erected and dedicated to the art in as many years. It is to these gilt and vermilion edifices that the population repairs *en masse* for its uplift and entertainment. There it learns of world events from the Pathé News, absorbs music by watching a gentleman with a stick do contortions over "The Poet and Peasant" overture, and acquires the delicatessen of social behavior by watching Laura La Plante in "Butterflies in the Rain." After the movies the elders go home, listen to the radio, and then go to bed. Flaming youth has its terpsichorean fling at one of the hotels. Thus pass, approximately, 351 nights of every year. The other two weeks are spent, by those who can afford it, at Atlantic City.

III

Since the death of William Marion Reedy and the passing of his *Mirror*, St. Louis has had no publication interested in the arts. The need for some journal to remind the city that there are other things in life worth having beside a million population and more factories is so apparent that even a Chicago man who moved to the city a few years ago noticed the defect and felt compelled to correct it. He was able to get out just one issue of his magazine. Then he committed suicide. Some citizens attempt to explain away the affair by saying that he was a madman.

The memory of Reedy is forever sanctified, for he first published Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology" in his *Mirror*. But he has to his credit an even more wonderful accomplishment: he was the only famous man St. Louis has ever produced or sheltered who didn't abandon the city. The list of those who have lived in St. Louis but cleared out includes Mark Twain, Eugene Field, Theodore Dreiser, Zoë Akins, Sara Teasdale, Orrick Johns and Richard Stokes. Even Paul Y. Anderson, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* brilliant reporter, apparently works for the paper on condition that he be allowed to live in Washington. In such departures it has usually been a case of leaving without anything like loving.

The ambition of almost all St. Louis newspaper men, if one may impute such a characteristic to the guild, is to work on the *Post-Dispatch*. This eminent journal pays well, is considerate of its men, and is distinctly one of the best newspapers in the country. It is given to such public service as the recent exposure of Assistant Secretary of State Olds's attempt to spread bogus propaganda against Mexico, and it brought about a congressional investigation which resulted in the resignation of the notorious Judge English from the Federal bench. It is easily the strongest force in St. Louis fighting for enlightenment and personal liberty, while opposing official

lawlessness. It is the city's one live contact with the outside world, without which St. Louis would be like a submarine without a periscope.

But for all its excellent news service and intelligent editorial page, the *Post-Dispatch* reflects the indifference of St. Louis to matters of art and literature. The book reviews, in the able hands of the poet John Neihardt, are limited to a single column a day, with no weekly section. It publishes no art criticism or reviews, and since Stokes gave up St. Louis it has had no discussion of music worthy of the name. The city makes no demand for such things, and the *Post* seems disinclined to take the initiative.

The other St. Louis papers are irretrievably dull and ineffectual. The *Globe-Democrat*, the only morning paper, in an attempt to build up a strong circulation in the surrounding country, plays up church news and every trifling event of interest to the natives of Elsberry, Mo., or Collinsville, Ill. It is not so much a paper of and for St. Louisans as it is a paper published in St. Louis for the surrounding yokeldom. It is apt to give as much space to the capture of a fox on a farm near St. Charles as to the landing of marines in Nicaragua.

The chief activity of the *Times* seems to be choosing the young lady who will be Miss St. Louis at the annual Atlantic City riot. It was formerly the voice of the Republican machine in St. Louis and still finds much of its patronage among the German element which dominated that machine before it changed leaders. That, however, is only one of the reasons why local newspaper men refer to it as the "broken English edition of the *Westliche Post*."

The *Star's* greatest distinction is that it has the unenviable task of justifying the acts of the present city administration. It comes by this arduous job naturally, for more than any other paper it was responsible for the election of the Hon. Victor J. Miller, LL.B., as mayor. The Hon. Mr. Miller is a lawyer whose personal charm, tact and sagacity reflect with perfect fidelity the American capacity for self-government. So illustrative of these characteristics was his conduct as police commissioner that public clamor, headed by the *Post-Dispatch*, forced the Governor of Missouri to remove him from office. But he knew his city. Unabashed, he ran for the mayoralty. In the primary he was pitted against a Jew and in the final election his Democratic opponent was a Catholic. These two factors, plus his assiduous cultivation of the Protestant vote and the *Star's* ballyhooing, have given St. Louis as mayor a man whom it refused to keep as a police commissioner. Since his encumbency a petition has been circulated to recall him, but it has apparently gone the way of most St. Louis flesh and is somewhere gathering dust. This fact led the mayor to remark in a recent public speech, "Well, God still reigns and Victor Miller is mayor!"

If the purpose of an education is to do anything more than acquaint students with the rudiments of a trade or profession, then St. Louis's institutions of learning are only an ambiguous success. The public school system still borrows from the glory shed by the old Harris régime. The buildings are large, handsome and expensive, but inside there is the usual emphasis on commercial subjects at the cost of education. The Board of Education is theoretically independent of politics. Its members are not appointed, but are elected at large, and the school funds over which they have supervision are derived from a special tax. But no group of any kind attempts to select them, nor are their qualifications examined. In consequence the politicians pick their favorites while the city quietly acquiesces. The present board includes a clothing salesman, a notions jobber and an undertaker. These are all necessary and honorable occupations, to be sure, but whether or not they qualify a man for the difficult task of determining the educational needs of a modern community is perhaps another matter.

This is a practical age, and nowhere is this better understood than at Washington University, whose halls of learning are the

very *sanctum sanctorum* of the arts and sciences in St. Louis. No time is wasted there on a literary publication, nor are any of the absurdities which are so frequently perpetrated in the name of literature or art tolerated. When a student, a few years ago, published a review of Cabell's "The High Place" in the campus newspaper, his depravity was censured by no less august a body than the deans of the university, presided over by the chancellor himself. But it must not be assumed that Washington is indifferent to genuine letters. For whenever the poet Edgar A. Guest visits the city, classes are dismissed in order to allow the students to listen to his inspiring iambics.

Washington University might well serve as a model for other universities in its reverence for tradition. Recently, when a student wrote a letter suggesting the abolition of freshman discipline, he was removed from the debating team and formally condemned to ostracism; and at a football game last Fall, when two instructors, in order to keep a dinner engagement, had the effrontery to leave the stands without singing the "Alma Mater," members of the student cheering organization did not fail to forcibly restrain them. In fact, the two unfortunate instructors were cursed and beaten.

For its beautiful campus and splendid buildings, Robert Brookings deserves most of the credit; but I can think of no one with hardihood enough to accept full responsibility for the kind of learning the university retails. Here, however, an emphatic exception must be made of the excellent medical school, deservedly recognized as one of the best in the country. There is considerable justice in the assumption that the medical school's excellence runs in direct proportion to its distance from the main body of Washington University.

Over the clock which faces the university quadrangle is a motto which only too faithfully describes the life on the campus: Time passes, but the work remains.

## IV

St. Louis is the market of the great Southwest. The characteristics of the trading-post, stamped on the city by the Frenchmen who first established it as a depôt for the fur trade, still dominate it. Just as the old *voyageurs* used to make their appearance once a year to exchange their peltries for a Winter's supply of groceries and whiskey, and to revel in the dissipations of civilization, so the hairy-chested men of the open spaces make their periodical pilgrimages to St. Louis today. They come from Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas to purchase goods in the local marts, to study the latest St. Louis refinements in high-powered salesmanship, and to be entertained by whatever amusements the city can provide. To the citizens of the East, St. Louis is perhaps only a remote place where good beer was once manufactured. But to the schoolm'ms of Okmulgee, the librarians of Fort Smith and the members of the Browning Club of Joplin, it is Paris, Athens and Rome all in one. A week in St. Louis is a holiday for the élite of Little Rock, while whole families from the open and oily spaces surrounding Tulsa and from the dreadful steppes of Kansas, whenever a new gusher is struck or the price of corn goes up, trek in to spend the proceeds. They buy clothes. They look at the Library building. They attend the Municipal Opera. They visit the bear-pits and the monkey-house. And since the Zoo is next to the Art Museum, they probably stop there just long enough to say that maybe they don't know anything about art, but they know what they like.

To this geographical position and cultural eminence St. Louis owes much of her wealth; and perhaps most of her ills. It is for the good people of this vast Southwestern hinterland, burdened with wealth, but only rarely guilty of good taste, that she shapes all her cultural activities. Instead of looking to New York or Chicago (where she might learn, at least, to improve her water front), or to her own

brilliant past, the city, like a good merchant, merely seeks to satisfy the wants of her customers. This concession is evident in every local cultural institution: in the music of the Symphony Orchestra, in the performances of the Municipal Opera, in the indifference to art and letters shown by the newspapers, in the marked conservatism of the Art Museum, in the absence of book-shops and distinctive eating places, and in the devitalized atmosphere of Washington University.

The one thing which might have prevented this steady labefaction has been wanting in St. Louis. There is no person or group of persons in the city—and there hasn't been for years—with the ability or inclination to assume any kind of cultural leadership. It might be reasonable to suppose that here, as in some other cities, the people with wealth and leisure would make some contribution to civilized life; but St. Louis society has not been able to produce any group interested in anything but its own parties. The few old Creole families who survive are still the acknowledged aristocrats. They belong to all the exclusive organizations, but most of them are flat broke and are consequently unable to cut a figure. They are impotent observers of the festivities planned and paid for by the other Country Club members, who have very little blue blood, but whose chief activity seems to be merely spending the money their fathers made manufacturing shoes or stoves or drilling oil-wells.

Four years ago it seemed that St. Louis had at last awakened to its civic responsibilities, when it voted an $87,000,000 bond issue for civic improvements. But to hold that this momentous event was a deliberate expression of the city's conscious effort toward self-realization is to betray a slight confusion as to the manner in which the bond issue was passed. On the eve of the election the little group who sponsored the attempt invited politicians and ward leaders of both parties to a conference at the St. Louis Club. The boys came, tracked up the expensive carpets with mud, and departed with $14,000 in cash, given them "to defray expenses in getting out the vote." The morning after the election St. Louis woke up to discover that it had passed the bond issue. The river wards and boss-controlled sections had delivered one hundred per cent for a new city beautiful. The bond issue had become a wild fancy realized.

St. Louis promptly made the discovery that it had civic pride. The air was charged with enthusiasm. Editorial writers went on an orgy of superlatives. The burghers went about saying, "Well, we're a great town after all!" The Chamber of Commerce is still celebrating the event and interpreting it to the nation at large as the dawning of a New St. Louis. It may be so—who knows? The bond issue will provide many desirable improvements, a downtown plaza and a number of public buildings of which the city may be proud. As a lover of the old town I rejoice with all my heart at this wholesome promise. And for the worthy gentlemen who shelled out the fourteen thousand bucks I have nothing but the highest commendation and praise.

But when my fellow citizens, intoxicated with joy, begin to sing hosannas to the future greatness of St. Louis and to paint it as the earthly paradise to come, then I find myself in some doubt. Their prophecies have an almost irresistible appeal, but I will have none of them. For before me there rises, begrimed with smoke from the city of his dreams, the gloomy ghost of Logan Uriah Reavis.

# FUNERAL ORGIES

BY DUFF GILFOND

One cannot vouch for a Congressman's destination after he leaves this earth, but the send-off that his colleagues give him is very elaborate, and even voluptuous. Death, said the poet Shirley, is the great leveller, joining sceptre and crown to scythe and spade. But Shirley, who was an ignorant English clergyman, never knew an American Congressman. For when one of our Honorables dies the whole legislative machine is suddenly paralyzed, resolutions of sorrow are solemnly drawn up, a committee of ten or twenty fellows of the deceased is excused from work to escort his mortal fragments home, a day is set aside to eulogize him in the *Congressional Record*, and a bill ranging from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars is rolled up for the rest of us to pay.

But the mortality among Congressmen is high—about eighteen members of the House and perhaps six Senators depart for realms of bliss each term—and so it is necessary to mitigate these official funeral orgies by the devices of the new science of efficiency. Thus it has come to be the custom to introduce the resolution of sorrow with which the news of a Congressman's death is always heard, and that of adjournment out of respect to his memory, at about 4:53 P.M., when every last detail of the day's legislative business has been finished. In the case of a very prominent man, say a leading Senator, the legislators may actually adjourn directly after convening, but that is not ordinarily done.

The funeral committee always brings up a problem. It is sometimes as difficult to pick as a jury. The Speaker and Vice-President consult with the respective sergeants-at-arms to find out which surviving colleagues knew the deceased best and hated him least. They usually select men from his State delegation or members of the same committee. Very well. But suppose these gentlemen are too busy to go out to Utah or Kansas? Perhaps they get train-sick on long railroad trips. Perhaps they have other excuses. Thus the job often devolves upon gentlemen who were perfect strangers to the late lamented—but are eager to see the world, or live in the vicinity of the burial and are grateful for the opportunity to visit their families.

The late Senator McKinley, of Illinois, died very inconveniently, as the saying goes. The session had just begun and although all his fellow Senators had liked him, nobody wanted to go to his funeral. Everybody was busy and had just been home. After much plying, a committee of four Senators and eight or ten Representatives was drummed up, one of whom left the party at Chicago, without going to the funeral at all.

Congressman Fuller died at a much more happy time. It was in June, at the end of the session, and the funeral trip enabled one of his colleagues who lived nearby to go right home after the ceremony. As each Congressman is allowed mileage for only one return trip a session, this gave the fortunate mourner an additional trip home at the public expense. Thus a wise Congressman, like the college youth who rounds out his vacation by using his cuts wisely, may increase his mileage allotment by a practical choice in funeral expeditions. As one Western Congressman told me: "If I were asked to attend a

funeral in New Hampshire, I'd say 'No, thanks.' But if it were in my own State, I'd be delighted to go."

I don't mean to say that nobody cares when a Congressman passes to Valhalla. The decease of certain outstanding men is felt, not only by their colleagues, but even by the general public. But the performance of the same gaudy ceremonies whenever *any* Congressman dies, no matter how obscure he may have been, has made them perfunctory and ridiculous. It is, indeed, quite impossible psychologically for fifteen men, many of whom are on the funeral train simply to see the West or the wife, to weep all the way from Washington to California, the most popular State with Congressional mourners. In the past, true enough, gentlemen were occasionally so overcome that they were unable to leave their sleepers at the scene of the last rites. The Volstead Act, though it is admittedly imperfect, did much to regulate this excess of woe. One Representative on a funeral but not funereal committee, after reaching the home of the deceased, and in his turn stepping up to take a last, lingering look at his now silent colleague, slowly turned away and in solemn tones asked a comrade: "Incidentally, who is our departed friend?"

Occasionally a Congressman, falling into the go-getting habit of his office, asks too much compensation for attending a funeral. During the recess between the first and second sessions of the Sixty-Eighth Congress one Representative, the chairman of an important committee too, was asked by telegraph by the sergeant-at-arms to attend the funeral of a neighboring senator. He went, and upon his return to the capital demanded his fare, not only for the distance between his home and the senator's, but also for the journey back to Washington. He reasoned that if the Senator had died in Washington his expenses from the scene of the funeral back to the capital would have been paid; therefore, why should the government save anything because the Senator died at home? Unluckily for him, his reasoning was not very convincing and his claim was disallowed. The death of a Congressman immediately takes $10,000 out of the public till, for his widow is always given a year's salary. Each of his clerks likewise gets a month's salary—a fact every Congressman should remember when scolding them. To eulogize him adequately, and embalm the eulogies in print, costs $4000. In addition, all his burial expenses and every "incidental" expense of the funeral committee are paid. It all comes out of the Contingent Fund. In the House, at least, the actual burial expenses are limited. For example, a $400 casket is held to be good enough to hold any dead member. When Congressman Riordan died $800 was the price of the casket on the bill submitted, and the undertaker for Congressman Flaherty, who died last June, presented a bill for $2000. In both instances no more than $400 was paid.

II

In the Senate, however (though Representatives and Senators are worth the same amount alive), the additional watts in the halo surrounding that body would make a limitation of burial expenses disrespectful. Thus any mortician who has been allowed to put a finger on a deceased Senator may thrust his hand as deeply as he pleases into the pocket of Uncle Sam. As much as $2500 has been charged for a senatorial casket—and paid. Senator Knute Nelson, who died in 1923, was given a solid bronze box costing $1,150, and a steel container which cost $150. As an illustration of how the money flows, let us examine the items of expense for the late Senator Spencer's burial. They appear among the miscellaneous items of the Contingent Fund in the 1926 report of the secretary of the Senate. Thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Floral design . . . . . | $ 50.00 |
| Mahogany state casket with bronze engraved name-plate . . . . . | 800.00 |
| Solid mahogany outside case . . . . | 200.00 |
| Removing remains to parlors . . . . | 10.00 |
| Embalming, shaving and dressing remains . . . . . | 50.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Removing remains to Union Station | $ 10.00 |
| Services of undertakers and assistants | 50.00 |
| Eight pairs gloves for active pallbearers | 8.00 |
| Retouching and rearranging remains | 10.00 |
| Hearse, station to chapel | 10.00 |
| Hearse, chapel to church | 10.00 |
| Hearse, church to cemetery | 15.00 |
| Twelve limousines | 144.00 |
| Sending flowers from chapel to church, two cars | 12.00 |
| Sending flowers from church to cemetery, five cars | 30.00 |
| Sending outside case, station to cemetery | 6.00 |
| Cemetery charges | 22.00 |
| Permit and station expenses | 7.00 |
| Attendance and service | 50.00 |
| Total | $1494.00 |

To this add $2301.46, the cost of transporting the funeral committee to Missouri and back, the gratuities to the widow and the clerks, and the cost of printing the eulogies, and it becomes evident how expensive a dead Senator is to the Treasury. In the Senate report for 1926 the burial and committee expenses for four fallen Senators came to $11,317.03.

The funeral expenses of Representatives are generally less, but certain funerals are still very costly. When Mr. Raker died in January, 1926, at least nine Congressmen were necessary to take his body home to California. The railroad bill amounted to $4592.25. Thus what Mr. Raker saved the Treasury in being a member of the lower body he made up by choosing so distant a home.

The food that mourning Congressmen consume piles up the cost of planting the heroic dead. The committee never allows its lugubrious mission to interfere with its appetite. When Senator Harry Lane of Oregon died fourteen colleagues accompanied him to Portland. The railroad bill amounted to $4,935.35. Here was the bill for meals:

| | |
|---|---|
| May 25 and 26—meals from Washington to Chicago | $ 65.65 |
| May 26 to 28—meals from Chicago to Spokane (the Western air!) | 187.35 |
| May 29—meals from Spokane to Portland | 22.45 |
| May 30 and 31—meals from Portland to San Francisco | 70.25 |
| June 2 to 5—meals furnished by Harvey's restaurants from San Francisco to Chicago | 158.45 |
| June 5—meals at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago | 14.20 |
| June 5 and 6—meals from Chicago to Washington | 37.20 |
| Total | $555.55 |

There was undoubtedly more eaten. June 1 could not have been a fast day. The balance of the food bill probably appeared on individual vouchers and under "incidentals," an item present in every bill.

Even more expensive was the funeral of Congressman Elston, with a congressional cortège of fourteen. Really, these California Congressmen should receive special attention in Washington. They should be accorded the sunniest offices, they should not be riled on the floor of the House, and they should be kept away from the Potomac. Mr. Elston succumbed in 1921, necessitating an expedition to California which depleted the Contingent Fund by $5,337.36 for railroad fares alone. Seventeen persons (the names of the additional three do not appear) left Washington for Berkeley with the body.

One would expect Congress to make up for its costly Western funerals by economizing on the nearer ones. But this is not always done. Sometimes the legislators will take advantage of the proximity of a dead colleague's home and send his whole State delegation to his funeral. When Senator Martin of Virginia died in 1919, the Senate really adjourned to attend the funeral, and over thirty Senators went.

The funeral committee always travels in a private car, which naturally augments the bill. The expenses incurred by Congressman Dupré's death show a charge of $2,537.70 for twenty-five fares to and from Opelousas, La., "a minimum covering chartered car." There was also a bill for a special Pullman car, amounting to $243. A dead statesman's remains are usually conveyed in a baggage-car, but to the secretary of Senator Watson of Georgia, who died in 1922, this custom was shocking. She insisted on a private car for the body, and, not succeeding in her demand,

paid for it herself. She was later reimbursed by the Senate. Years ago Congress kept a collection of mourning gloves, of all sizes, for its funeral committees. Nowadays new ones are always bought for each funeral. Cigars, tips, taxis, newspaper notices of the death, Apollinaris water for the committee and the services of organists—all are charged up to poor, dear old Uncle Sam.

## III

The day set aside to eulogize a Congressman is always a Sunday. Liberal with their funds, legislators tighten up on their time. On Sunday eulogies interfere with no one. Usually nobody attends but the speakers. Even for so eminent a member as the late Bourke Cockran there was but a handful of listeners. The poor Congressmen can scarcely be blamed. They hear speeches from Monday to Saturday. It would be cruel not to allow them some relief on their holiday.

As for the actual eulogists, they don't mind. They are accustomed to talking to empty benches. Their real audience is always unseen. When the little black books containing their rhetoric are sent back home, what reader by the farm-house stove does not visualize a crowded chamber, overflowing with tears? It is hard on the family, though. Experienced families who have lived in Washington for a long time never attend memorial services. They know what they are. But occasionally an innocent family travels all the way to Washington to be present at what they suppose to be elaborate exercises for their illustrious departed one. Imagine their chagrin when they find so small a crowd —and the lamentations divided between several dead *eminentissimos!* For the memorial orgies are usually saved up until three or four Congressmen can be eulogized at once.

Each of the deceased is accorded from ten to twenty tributes. The dean of his delegation usually acts as Speaker *pro tem* and the colleagues who knew him best are supposed to deliver the eulogies. But as with the funeral committees, it often happens that some of the eulogizers didn't know him at all. There are people who love to go on funerals and people who love to pronounce eulogies—and they can be found in Congress as well as elsewhere. The names of certain gentlemen are found repeatedly among the bound tributes. It is customary to wear the long-tailed coats for the services and the camphor aroma is intense. Each speaker usually leaves after delivering his own tribute, like the chickadees who sat in a row in the nursery ditty, with the result that the last man often talks to himself.

Since the memorial day is saved until several corpses may be eulogized at one time, it often falls a long time after the demise of the statesman longest dead. Senator LaFollette was memorialized by the Senate during the first session of the Sixty-ninth Congress, but the House did not get to him until February 20 of the second session, nearly two years after his death. The House always memorializes a Senator, no matter how tardily. The Senate used to return the compliment by eulogizing Representatives, but their deaths became too numerous, and so the custom was abandoned.

The tributes for every man are assembled in a little book, of which 8,000 copies are printed. A Congressman can hardly remain obscure after his death. Fifty morocco-bound gilt-edged copies go to the family, 1,950 cloth-bound copies to the Senators and Representatives of the deceased's State; and the remaining 6000 to the Congressmen of other States. They are later collected by the statesmen whose addresses appear within—usually from the same State as the deceased—and sent to their constituents back home.

It is remarkable how popular these little books are. Speaker Reed used to tell a story of one constituent who wrote in, asking for something to read. A dearth of literary material prompted Mr. Reed to send a batch of these eulogies. Soon after

came a request from the constituent for more eulogies. "There is nothing I enjoy reading so much," he wrote, "as the obit of a Congressman." Following Mr. Reed's example, Congressmen frequently send the black books when they are applied to for a course in reading. Ministers in the Alfalfa Belt use them as models for their own eulogies.

On Main Street the death of a Congressman is a momentous occasion. The whole town gathers at his home, including all his prospective successors, who thus combine business with mourning. Everyone gapes at the high-hatted gentlemen who have travelled all the way from Washington to be with their beloved colleague to the last. Every organization with which the deceased was connected sends representatives. Some years ago a Southern Senator died who had belonged to three fraternities, the Masons, the Knights of Pythias and the Woodmen. Each order insisted on going through its entire funeral ceremony. Even the dirges were sung thrice and so the Senator was buried three times. The day was painfully hot and the members of the funeral committee, in their stuffy mortuary coats, nearly joined their former colleague before the exercises terminated.

A number of Congressmen have refused congressional funerals. Senator Brandegee, of Connecticut, did so. So did Congressmen Helm of Kentucky and Watson of Virginia. Senators Penrose and Fernald even refused in advance the burial expenses. In the *Record* of June 1, 1906, Speaker Cannon inserted the following letter from Congressman Robert Adams, Jr., of Pennsylvania, who had committed suicide:

> Dear Mr. Speaker: The fact that my personal obligations exceed my resources is my only excuse for abandoning the responsible position I occupy in the House. I am willing to be buried at its expense, but I ask that no committee be appointed or memorial services be held, as I have never been in sympathy with the latter custom.
>
> With assurance of my high regard,
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> Robert Adams

## IV

Many Congressmen to-day do not anticipate a congressional funeral with any pleasure. They advocate a consolidation of the memorial days into one, held at the end of the session, with one eulogy for each dead man, and a funeral committee consisting only of the sergeant-at-arms and a member of his staff. But it is evidently a painful subject, for gentlemen are wary of discussing it on the floor. They had more courage years ago. On June 11, 1886, a brave Representative from Mississippi, the Hon. John Mills Allen, during a debate on appropriations for the Contingent Fund, said:

> I know, sir, of no abuse that has grown up in this House (and I grant there are many) that is more undemocratic and reprehensible than the custom of expending from three to ten thousand dollars of the people's money to bury Senators and Representatives, many of whom leave behind estates amply sufficient to meet all the proper expenses of their funeral or burial; and it tends to build up in this country an office-holding aristocracy which is, in my opinion, one of the most dangerous tendencies of the times.
>
> What warrant have we in the Constitution to tax the people for any such purposes? I was elected to my seat here on the promise that so far as was in my power, I would see that the people were only taxed to raise revenue to support and carry on the government economically administered. Sir, others may do as they will, but so far as I am concerned I intend to carry out this pledge. Under it where do we find our authority for the expenditure of $10,000 for a funeral and burial? Sir, a dead Congressman has become a very expensive luxury to the American people. If we die paupers, we ought not to do so.
>
> I know I am rather fresh here yet; but when I get old enough in the harness to come, as some of you seem to do, to think such things right and to fail to protest against them, I trust my people will retire me, and I will be well satisfied if they do not do so before.

Later, harping on the funeral committee, the Hon. Mr. Allen said:

> These sad and solemn duties are so trying on the solemn sympathies of the members that I fear that some who go on these excursions with fine cigars, lunches, dinners, kid gloves, hats, carriages, telegrams, crape, and other luxuries, having a good time generally, will never recover their wonted spirits. I see some of them about me now who I fear have had their spirits subjected to such a severe test that they will never smile again. You often hear the question asked here of a member

if he is acquainted with another member and he will say, "Oh yes, I went with him on a funeral excursion and found him a real jolly fellow."

After suggesting that the friends of the deceased go to his funeral at their own expense, as other people go to funerals, he concluded:

> Mr. Chairman, I trust I may live out my official career, but, Sir, if He who rules our destinies and does all things well should order otherwise, I only want such funeral or burial as my limited means will allow. I do not want the people taxed for a funeral pageant for me.

Needless to say Mr. Allen's amendment was voted down with horror and scorn. Undaunted, he added this warning P.S.:

> Mr. Chairman, the result of the vote just had on my amendment intended to suppress extravagant congressional funerals shows to my mind that most of the members present expect to die in the public service and to have a gorgeous and enthusiastic burial at government expense. But I want to assure them that if such be their hope they had best die very soon or change their course on questions like this, for in my judgment this policy, if persisted in, will relegate many of them to private life before they get their funeral expenses paid.

Although Mr. Allen did not tickle his listeners, he did his readers. They sent him back to the Fiftieth Congress without any opposition. One old friend, according to his subsequent story, shook his hand, saying:

> John, old fellow, we read your speech about the congressional funerals, and the people all indorse what you said. You are exactly right; and you tell them fellows up there in Congress that if you die while you are there, you do not ask them to bury you. You have plenty of friends down here who will take pleasure in doing that for you.

On February 2, 1887, Representative Oates, of Alabama, introduced a bill to abolish congressional funeral committees. The Hon. Mr. Hammond, of Georgia, on this occasion, upheld state funerals. He said:

> Many men in Congress are poor. Their families are dependent upon them. If in this inclement climate disease overtakes them and they die, what could we do but send a committee home with the remains and deliver the dead body at the burial place to the wife and children? And shall we, with a corpse lying before us, go around begging volunteers to put their hands in their pockets and carry dead men home, paying them the decent regard that ought to be paid? It seems to me that would be highly improper.
>
> I know there is a good deal of newspaper talk about improper conduct on funeral occasions and by funeral committees. I have never been with one, and therefore cannot speak with knowledge, but I know the men who do go with them; I know they are gentlemen of high tone. I know they are gentlemen who would not misbehave themselves on any occasion, and I think most of the stuff which is published on such subjects consists simply of lies.

But in fairness to the stuff published, the Hon. Mr. Oates, who had attended several congressional funerals, should be quoted:

> But for my respect for the Congress of the United States, I could mention cases which would certainly shock the country, of misconduct upon the part of grave Senators as well as members of this House who have accompanied the remains of deceased members, either going or returning, but I will not mention them.

The opposition to the Oates bill was so great that it was laid on the table.

The question was revived in 1895, in the Senate, when the celebrated Senator Peffer, of Kansas, introduced a similar bill. He had put spies to work to gather statistics on congressional funerals from the beginning of the government. Finally, on December 12 he appeared in the chamber with a tremendous list of figures and no listeners. He showed that between 1885 and 1895 a Senator's death had cost an average of $4,542 for the committee's junket and the burial expenses, and that Senator Hearst's funeral, a lalapalooza, had cost $21,322.55. The country was shocked and Senator Peffer was comforted with 500 newspaper clippings. But the Senate postponed action on his bill nine times and then referred it to a committee, in whose archives it died.

## V

What to do with dead Congressmen has always been a problem for Uncle Sam. Early in his career the vestrymen of Christ's Church, in Southeastern Washington, came to his aid by handing over a number of plots in their cemetery for the

interment of deceased legislators. They probably thought that the bones of Congressmen would hallow the ground and that the government, in appreciation, would make donations to their church.

In those days transportation facilities were so poor that a Congressman could not be shipped home when he died. Until 1835 every Congressman who died in Washington was buried in this cemetery, wherefore it acquired the name of the Congressional Cemetery. Although visitors of a century ago flocked to see it as they now go to the Washington Monument and the zoo, its significance has long been forgotten, and it stands, contiguous to the District jail, in a forsaken part of the town, visited only by relatives of the private persons buried therein.

The congressional tombstones occupy a corner of the cemetery. They are of dull sandstone, all of the same pyramidal proportions, and they appear to be the monuments of a burned orphanage. It is a surprise to an unsuspecting visitor who takes the trouble to tiptoe among these doleful memorials and decipher the bleared inscriptions, to read: "The Honorable Henry Clay, a Senator in the Congress of the United States, from the State of Kentucky, Died June 20, 1852." Seventy-two Congressmen, once renowned, puissant and full of words, lie here forgotten. Thirteen monuments commemorate legislators who have been disinterred and reburied elsewhere. By 1855 practically all dead Congressmen were sent home for burial; but the government, proud of the fact that they had died in Washington, continued to erect tombstones to them anyhow. There is no difference between these cenotaphs and the other monuments and it is only by consulting the register that one can tell who lies in the cemetery and who doesn't.

A Congressman's death in those remote days was no small event. Its announcement was made at the earliest opportunity, and after eulogies were delivered a two-day adjournment ensued. Each colleague wore a crape band on his arm for a month, and the public buildings were draped in mourning. It cost between $1,000 and $1,200 to drape the Capitol, and the legislators who accompanied the hearse to the Congressional Cemetery did not go hungry, either. The items in Senator Malbone's funeral bill, back in 1809, include sixteen pounds of crackers and eleven and a quarter pounds of cheese. Boys will be boys, ever!

The funeral was a lively affair. A procession of Congressmen marched down Pennsylvania avenue to the flourish of trumpets and the beat of drums. Conspicuous in the procession were the physicians of the deceased, decorated by long white linen scarfs—in appreciation, shall we say, of their making possible the event? In the rear was a faithful little colored group, paying homage to the deceased public man. A lame, grizzled darky brought the procession to an end. Wholly careless of whose death he was bemoaning (a forerunner of the Congressman cited above), he never failed to leave his job to pay his respects to a departed legislator.

History repeats itself. These early congressional funerals had their critics, too. Representative David Walker, of Kentucky, renounced one, saying he had seen the Congressmen's carriages move with solemnity to the cemetery and return without it. When he died, in 1820, there was no crape, adjournment, or parade. At first a Congressman was buried out of his own traveling allowance. But the costliness of the early funerals, though they took place in Washington, soon exceeded that amount and they became a government charge. John Randolph of Roanoke denounced the custom. He said:

> A funeral at the public expense ought to be considered as the highest public honor which the nation could bestow. Ought it, then, to be considered a matter of course, that, whenever a member of either House of Congress shall leave this bustling, sorry world, we shall follow him (perhaps nothing loath) to the grave, and the sumptuous funeral be defrayed at the public charge?

Six years later, feeling the approach of death, he gave a friend a draft for $1,000 to convey him home and bury him.

The custom of paying for funerals outside of Washington was established in 1848. Representative Hornbeck, of Pennsylvania, had fallen ill during the session, gone home and died. A colleague suggested that his widow be reimbursed for burying him. That started it. Heated words darted across the chamber, but supporters of the proposal found a precedent. The Senate had paid for Senator Fairfield's funeral in Maine the year before. Nobody would combat a precedent, and so a resolution to pay for congressional funerals, no matter where they were held, was adopted.

Thrifty Congressmen were thus relieved from the worry of a possible death at home. But æsthetic Congressmen recoiled at the thought of dying anywhere if they had to be memorialized by one of the government's cenotaphs. Sometimes a cenotaph was not erected until several years after a man's death. Deficiencies in appropriations retarded their erection; but like the present day eulogies, they finally made a wholesale appearance.

In 1876 they receive unhonorable mention in the *Record*. "It is certainly adding new terrors to death," said the waspish Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, "to propose that in any contingency, whatever may be the poverty or degradation of any member of Congress, his body should be put under a structure similar to the cenotaphs now there. I cannot conceive of an uglier shape to be made out of granite or marble than those cenotaphs. To propose gravely to require by law that for all time structures of that fashion shall be placed over deceased Congressmen seems to me a little too bad."

So the cenotaphs were abolished. And with the growth of the country and the increasing mortality in Congress, the other early funeral customs also provoked criticism. The public buildings were always in black, Congress forgot for whom it was wearing crape, and adjournment was occasionally prevented by legislative duties. Mourning had become too inclusive; it would have to be made representative. Thus draping and craping were eliminated, adjournment became a fiction, eulogies were postponed to Sunday, and funeral committees were delegated to mourn for all. Now the complaint is they don't really mourn.

# PORTRAIT OF A ROLLING-MILL

BY MALCOLM B. SUSSER

The greater and greater New York is to have, contributing and answering to its greatness, a greater and greater New York University.—*Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown.*

When, almost a century ago, ten "prominent and public-spirited" members of the Manhattan *noblesse* launched the idea of establishing New York University, they were, no doubt, moved by well-meaning and generous intentions. Not only did they dream of an institution which was "to assist in giving honorable direction to the destinies of the city," but they actually hoped, so they said, "to assimilate the university to the most celebrated establishments which are designated abroad by that name." In other words, they had visions of a Heidelberg, a Padua, or even an Oxford, transplanted in all its glory to the soil of an up-and-coming commercial community in the New World. Untouched, moreover, by any urge for Greater and Greater Greatness, they were willing to launch their venture in a modest way by renting space in an unimportant house in Nassau street. There, in 1831, the university began its business of instruction—and there also lies forever entombed the ideal of its founders.

For during the next nine decades New York University, forgetting the lofty reasons which prompted its birth, dedicated itself almost solely to the task of becoming Big and Organized. In this respect, it must be confessed, it has been a roaring success, for today it is the third largest institution of its kind in the Republic, with a student body of 25,667 eager souls, a faculty payroll of 1251 head, and a Board of Trustees of thirty-two eminent men. From its puny rented existence it has developed into an academic behemoth having lairs in several far-flung sections of Greater New York, with active sub-lairs in Bridgeport, Conn., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Albany, N. Y., and some two dozen towns in New Jersey, including Newark, Paterson, Jersey City, Asbury Park, and Ocean Grove. Through its Students' Foreign Tours it is heaving its spell even "into the remote regions of other lands." Every year it grinds out more than a thousand graduates.

Aside from these manifestations of power and obesity, however, its history is scarcely a brilliant one. Culturally, athletically, and financially, it is today in a low state. Despite the flowery hopes of its fathers it has produced durings its ninety-odd years of toilsome existence only three professors of anything more than transient glory. These were Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph; John Draper, first photographer of the human face by the light of the sun; and William Park, discoverer of antitoxin as a preventive of diphtheria. True, the Chancellor points with unction to his Board of Trustees, whose president is the *Greisenvater*, the Rev. Dr. George Alexander (Union '66), assisted among others by the Hon. F. A. Vanderlip, A.M., LL.D., the Hon. T. Coleman Du Pont, D.C.S., LL.D., and the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., Litt.D., LL.D. But these gentlemen, alas, are not scholars. In an honorary way the university has impressed its academic stamp upon the Right Rev. Charles H. Brent, D.D., Bishop of Western New York; the radio prestidigitator, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parkes Cadman; the more mundane Doc-

tors John Pierpont Morgan and Frank Andrew Munsey, and a whole boatload of Coolidge reverers—notably Doctors Andy Mellon and Nick Longworth. But among its bona fide alumni one finds chiefly such dignitaries as Reinald Werrenrath, the baritone; John Golden, the producer of pure plays; Philips Carlin, the radio announcer; and the Hon. George McLaughlin, police commissioner of New York. For a time the university threw its kisses at Gene Tunney, but one day Gene spitefully punched a hole into the hallucination of his self-appointed alma mater by publicly announcing that he "never went to N. Y. U." None the less, it is through the activities of such shining lights that New York University is today confidently commending itself to the denizens of New York as "A *Citizens'* University" and "A House of Learning for *All* the People."

## II

The N. Y. U. of today is divided into four spheres of activity: University Heights, the Medical Center, Washington Square, and the Financial Center. Of these the Heights represent the *haut monde* of the institution. On their forty acre estate one finds the College of Arts and Pure Science, the College of Engineering, Graduate Hall, and the new-born School of Æronautics. One discovers also a library and a dormitory—both donated by the Goulds—and a wooden antediluvian shack, known to the imaginative faculty as a gymnasium, but designated by the more realistic student-body as the Barn. There is also present the nationally advertised Hall of Fame. Rumor has it, moreover, that some day St. Gaudens' galloping Diana, recently toppled from the tower of the old Madison Square Garden, will be seen shooting her projectiles about the campus. She is to be put on the very peak of the Heights—in full view of the New York Central dashing by below, and the more placidly moving Harlem, with its majestic gas-works and dallying garbage scows. With greater truth than ever before the poetic Chancellor Brown may then rave about the Heights as "a thing of beauty and noble associations."

But culturally, no one has ever heard of the Heights. Financially, too, they have for a long time been tottering on their last legs. Unlike their less decorous sister schools downtown, they have never dared to splurge their offerings in the advertising columns of the *Times*. Thus, they have never announced—like the School of Commerce—that "teaching is a very human affair at N. Y. U., and very sound. Courses are given by men who can put in your hands the tools of modern business." Perhaps the Heights are frightened by the bugaboo of misrepresentation. Or perhaps they merely fear for their dignity. At any rate, their most heroic attempt to ward off bankruptcy has been merely the inauguration of courses in business training and psychology. But even this panacea now seems to be a dismal failure, and so the Chancellor is still constrained to wring the tears out of his handkerchief because "the most beautiful of our university centers is the main source of our annual deficits." These financial shortcomings sometimes rise to $350,000, and would certainly soar much higher, did not—as the Chancellor explains—"the more prosperous schools downtown bear a portion of the burden—as is right—since the campus is for the pride and prestige . . . of all the schools."

But despite Dr. Brown's distress, the Heights are in several respects unique. They house, for one thing, the only noncoeducational school in the entire N. Y. U. chain. They alone, moreover, are vigorous and undefiled worshipers at the shrine of military preparedness and, in the words of Dr. Brown, "those elemental interests of human life represented by religion and the institutions of religion." The fear of God and the love of country in the form of military training and chapel attendance are coercive at the Heights. Concocted by its righteous prescribers "with a breadth

of sympathy and rare reasonableness," this compulsory chapel mixture must be engorged at least twice a week by every Heights *studiosus*. "Come, young men," shouts the good Chancellor, "and take your part; enter upon a new course of study—the life-long study of righteousness; which as it is a study laid out for us by God when He laid the courses of all human affairs, shall through its various leadings lead us back to God." If the student be such a heretic as to seek flight from these spiritual obligations, he is quickly lassoed by a watchful dean who reminds him that to atone for his sins he:

> shall be required to submit an original essay of not less than 1800 words upon a subject assigned by the dean of the University College, touching upon ethics or religion. These essays are graded on the same basis as work covered by a classroom attendance of one hour daily for one term. . . . Failure to meet this requirement will result in debarment. . . . A fee of $2.50 will be charged to defray the expenses of clerical work.

In military matters the university doffs its hat to no one—not even West Point. Thrice a week some six hundred Heights freshmen and sophomores are drilled by regular army officers, who—guided by headquarters at Washington—solemnly teach them that "the wars of the United States have always made for the progress of the world and the betterment of humanity." Altruism appears to be the university's goal—that kind of altruism which fights wars to end wars and seeks to make the world safe for democracy. There are frequent reviews and inspections. Sometimes the Chancellor dons the robe of critical reviewer. Sometimes it is Senator Copeland or the volatile Mayor Walker or a reverend man of God such as Dr. Alexander (Union '66). These pageants, moreover, are seldom without exhilarating effect:

> While visiting the campus recently, I was astounded, fascinated and overjoyed at the beautiful ensemble picture of *pure Americanism* I saw there portrayed. It meant more to me than just lines of khaki-clad boys, commanded by their lance-like officers. It brought home to me the fact that there is still such a thing today as pure Americanism. In these days of potential unrest of certain peoples that have not and never will be amalgamated into our so-called Melting Pot, it is good to feel that some old institutions still strive to inculcate pure patriotism and love of country into the growing generation, and there is no better way than through the uniform.

The author of these patriotic rejoicings is the Hon. Irving E. Mansback, a 1907 edition from the Heights.

## III

Two schools compose N. Y. U.'s Medical Center—one dental and one medical. Up to a few years ago there was also a Veterinary College, but this has now at last been embalmed. Located on the East Side, downtown, the Medical School—unlike its Heights sister—has never aspired to æsthetic grandeur. Its cult is not Beauty but Service. Speaking of his medicos the Chancellor recently tossed off this:

> Their acts of charity are rarely known to the public, not only because they are modest men who shrink from publicity, but also because they regard their unpaid practice as essential to the full discharge of their duty. I am very proud of New York University medical graduates.

And so, according to the headlines of the weekly *Alumnus*, the Medical School is billed as seeking to disseminate "Xmas Cheer And Service," while Dentistry merely "Stresses Service." Still, in contrast to the Heights desert the Medical Center is a flourishing oasis. Enrollments have reached the standing-room-only stage, and the scholarship on tap is at least up to the average.

By far the largest as well as the most prosperous part of the N. Y. U. workshop is situated at Washington Square. Here are the Schools of Commerce, Education, Law, Retailing, the Washington Square College, the Institute of Education, the Extension Division, the Graduate School, and the Summer School. Lying in the heart of the hat, paper-box, and cloak and suit industries, the Square schools have become convinced that the most effective sort of instruction is "not in the seclusion of cloistered halls, but in the throbbing heart of a great city." The vast majority of Square students are

Jewish, yet one searches in vain for Jewish names on the faculty roster. With the exception of the anæmic Graduate School, all the Square schools are up-and-doing, high-powered go-getters. Five buildings —two of which are ten-story affairs— occupying three city blocks, represent the Square temples of learning. Soon one of these blocks will be called upon to support a brand new twenty-story sky scraper— the home of a *modern* School of Education. Doors at the Square open at 8 A.M., and classes are kept going at full steam all day long until 10 P.M. Students arrive in three shifts—morning and early afternoon and night. When the evening shift comes for work, the services of six express elevators, two ten-story stairways, and a half dozen uniformed guards are required to handle the traffic. The waiting lines often stretch half way down the street on both sides of the building. Here, in this crowd, the fearless Chancellor once took his life into his hands:

> I am not ashamed to admit that I uncovered my head in the presence of this procession. Here was indomitable courage possessed by members of New York's younger generation who refuse to be turned aside from their pursuit of an education. *Their courage gave me new courage.* I am going to do my best to help them.

Though it receives fees from some 4,000 students, Washington Square is in an intellectual sense far below even the culturally asthenic Heights. Outside of New York the college is almost unknown, and were it not for its paid space in the columns of the *Times*, it would be a nonentity. After thirteen years of strenuous effort it has finally succeeded in adorning itself with Phi Beta Kappa. But its success, alas, is due less to its scholarship than to the lobbying of its key-dangling pedagogues. Connected with the Square is a Pre-Collegiate Division. Doing the work of an ordinary high-school, this division offers its academic pabulum to "students who do not meet the regular entrance requirements but who *want the advantage of college instruction.*" The idea, apparently, is to let no one escape. It is especially proud of its "humanized education." Here are some of its advertised samples: Public Speaking, Elementary Speech-making, Parliamentary Procedure, Home Making and Home Economics, Foods and Cookery, Home Management, Laundering, Clothing, Radio, A Study of the Characteristics of Vacuum Tubes.

Occupying one of the upper floors in the Washington Square College Building is the Law School. With its two thousand students it is a lustrous example of the magic of modern mass education. Its aim—in the words of its dean—is to let the "law of supply and demand apply to students of law." The Law School has a few notable alumni—for example, Dr. Elihu Root, the Hon. Charles S. Whitman, and General John F. O'Ryan. Here again, the Chancellor is proud of his children, for, as he says, the Law School "has kept the faith and is known by its works." But for some reason or other the less visionary State of New York has steadfastly declined the so much desired Grade A State academic rating. But Dr. Sommer, the law dean, shows no rancor:

> I can only say that one of the reasons why I remain with the university, earning yearly what I could earn monthly on the outside, is because I see in the Law Schools the great power for the making of better and greater Americans.

## IV

Organized in 1900, the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance is today the largest school in the whole university. More, it is "the largest school of commerce in the country." Recently it moved its stock of 7000 embryo bankers into a ten-story building of its own. As such schools go, Commerce is reputed to be one of the best. On the same "educational" page of the *Sunday Times* that carries the civilizing announcements of the Dalton Swimming School, of the Lusk Shorthand Educational Studios, and of one De Revuelt, who "positively teaches the Charleston—2 trial lessons $5," the School of Commerce displays its motto:

"Business *IS* a pleasure at *N. Y. U.*" To this are joined the tidings:

> You'll enjoy your work at N. Y. U. It's work with a *college stamp*—work with a *definite purpose*. Whether you take the four-year degree course or come here for only one or two subjects, you'll find it's time well spent.

Courses at Commerce "will give you *sound university training* in almost any business field." Modestly enough, they "don't pretend to be the Key to Success." Yet, why not "write for a bulletin—it contains much information invaluable to you?"

> Here are some of the fields to be covered in both day and evening hours: Accounting, Advertising and Marketing, Banking and Finance, Business English, Commercial Languages, Economics, Government, Journalism, Life Insurance, Management, Retailing, Trade and Industry. You'll get most thorough instruction . . . and something else few business schools can offer. *University viewpoint—college background.*

To announce that a great part of this "thorough instruction" is given in classes averaging between fifty and a hundred would obviously not be sane advertising. The School of Commerce is eager for the good will of its customers, and so, in exchange for their tuition, it generously throws in a series of free special lectures. From more than a hundred titles I select the following:

> The Credit Profession
> The Magazine of Social Service
> The Methods of Fiction Technique
> Writing as an Art
> Filing
> The Future of Canned Goods
> Insurance
> Equipping the Kitchen
> Scientific Management of Laundries
> Scientific Purchasing and Handling of Meat
> Scientific Purchasing of Food
> Scientific Management
> Controlling Costs in the Lumber Industry
> Food Cost Accounting

Of the 1200 N. Y. U. pedagogues the Commerce faculty is the least burdened by what is known to the credulous *Homo americanus* as the Higher Learning. The highfalutin Ph.D. is conspicuously scarce. Even the A.M.'s and the A.B.'s have made a dash for the tall timbers. In their place they have left a flock of B.C.S.'s and C.P.A.'s. In a bread-and-butter environment these are obviously more desirable. Yet, whatever deficiencies the pedagogues of commerce may suffer in an academic way, they more than offset this lack by their "personality and practical business contacts." Few of these men are mere theorists. No. Most of them are active—and well advertised—accountants, insurers, journalists, advertisers, realtors, and even publishers. Some of them have deliberated on Harding tariff commissions. Others are forever being chased after as expert counselors of Industry and Big Business. Some have risen to the heights of Kiwanis and Rotary. Financially, most of them have been able to hand a deadening jolt to the popular idea of a ragged, starving professor. But most important of all—they are specialists in Creative Thought. Consider, for example, these questions plucked at random from several thousand annually heaved at their students:

> What are the earmarks of a fraudulent prospectus?
>
> In type composition what is the best method for emphasis?
>
> Outline the different yard-sticks used to measure the news value of a story.
>
> Outline the steps to be followed in preparing a stop-loss chart, which shows the approximate selling price to be set in order that a manager may at least cover his costs.
>
> Assume you are given the responsibility for outlining an ideal currency system for France. State and defend the essential features of the plan you would propose.

"These few questions," apologizes Chancellor Brown, "can give only an inkling of the extent and depth of the information on which these students are tested." It is such medicine men that the university has in mind when it speaks of preparing its students for Service. Nor are the students entirely without appreciation:

> Thomas P. McLaughlin, professor of Commercial Law in the School of Commerce, was chosen as the "Winter Frolics' Most Popular Professor." . . . A loving cup, symbolic of his popularity among the commerce students, was the award selected by the dance committee. The professor has always been interested in the activities of the school, attending all their rallies. . . . The vote was merely an appreciation of his efforts in behalf of a bigger and better School of Commerce.

There is here a close and confidential relationship between student and teacher that ought to be encouraged. Here is another proof of the same thing:

> The sixty students comprising the registration in the life insurance training courses at N. Y. U. have in the past six weeks sold $3,455,500 worth of insurance. . . . This is a very unusual record and is easily the best work at the university in a similar period of time.

Here is a letter from a thankful soul who, in the lingo of the Chancellor, "represents the large number of men who come to New York University." It was recently used as an advertisement in the *Times*.

> When I was twenty-five years old, I enrolled in the School of Commerce on Washington Square as a special student of accounting and kindred subjects. Up to that time it was rather difficult for me to make any headway. I was handicapped by my lack of education. From the first evening I attended a class I was changed. . . . When my opportunity came . . . the knowledge I had acquired enabled me to grasp it. How well I have succeeded is clearly exemplified in an article which appeared in *Forbes' Magazine*. . . .

Is it any wonder that the School of Commerce is a Success? Is it a miracle that there is a mad scramble among America's "foremost business men" for the invaluable services of the young Commerce genius? For him his proud alma mater maintains a special Bureau of Employment, and—if what we read is not fiction—it is literally swamped with offers. Here are a few specimens culled from the *Alumnus:*

> WANTED
>
> Trust officer for bank. A man who has held a position of this kind and who is well versed theoretically and practically with the problems and duties of the head of a trust department. Salary $8,000 to $10,000.
>
> TRAVELLING AUDITORS: One or two men are desired by a financial corporation in South America and Europe. Men who have had financial and industrial accounting experience as well as a command of some language such as French, German, or Spanish. Salary $5,000, plus traveling expenses.
>
> ADVERTISING: Specialist in copywriting as assistant to advertising manager of a large educational institution. A man who has real writing ability is required. . . . Salary $4,000 at start.

The School of Commerce, I fear, was joking when it suggested that it offered no Key to Success.

V

In lower Manhattan, in the shadows of ancient Trinity, are the Wall Street Division and the Graduate School of Business Administration—the so-called Financial Center of N. Y. U. Actually, however, they are merely the School of Commerce in miniature, a sort of manufacturer's outlet, organized for the convenience of those busy students to whom Time is Money and who consequently look askance at the waste of a precious fifteen minutes needed to travel between their habitat of business and the Square. The same courses are offered as at Commerce. The same type of student takes them. And the same odes are sung to Success and Service—in fact, by the very same profs who do the chanting at the Square. But a novel feature is added in the form of a Bureau of Business Research whose object it is "to increase the scientific foundation of business." There is also an Advisory Board composed of Wall Street *eminentissimos*—and a museum for "raw materials representative of all tropical countries."

"And now—A School of Retailing!" Thus hallelujahed Chancellor Elmer Brown when in 1922 he clashed the cymbals to celebrate "the addition to our family of still another school . . ." But again the family addition is merely a child of Commerce weaned by some 800 students and nursed by a faculty of thirty. It, too, hankers for Service and Success. But its special mission seems to be to help the destitute New York merchants to greater peace of mind by supplying them with efficient embryo executives who have had "intensive training in the fundamentals underlying retailing methods." Nor has the New York City Board of Education been left to shiver in the cold, for it is to receive "teachers for its high-school courses in salesmanship." The Retailing School has an Advisory Council composed of the high priests of New York's department-stores, with subscribing members even in the wastes of Texas and Georgia. It has a

Board of Trustees that lists the names of Franklin Simon and Hiram Bloomingdale. Finally, it has a snappy, eight-cylinder, go-getting dean—a magician who contributes with equal versatility to the *Good Furniture Magazine*, the *American Seedsman*, the *American Stationer and Office Outfitter*, the *International Confectioner*, the *O. K. Bulletin of Associated Credit Men*, the *Retail Ledger*, the *Furniture Record*, *Women's Wear*, the *Evening World*, the *Sun*, and the *Post*. He has created such prints as "How's Business Tomorrow?," "Safety Valve For Buying," "Retailing, a Field of Many Opportunities," "Personality as an Asset in Business," and "Are You a Slave to Detail?" He has been instrumental, moreover, in the emission of a "beautifully illustrated catalogue," wherein we see the retail student actually at work. In this tabloid there are pictures of the future executives and high school teachers of salesmanship functioning in the Receiving Department, the Bedding Department, the Adjustment Bureau, and the Sporting Goods Department. There is even a rare *cliché* of a future executive snapped in the act of driving a truck out of Macy's Delivery Department. Incidentally the school possesses a faculty almost as versatile as its chief. Here are a few of its specialties:

The Principles of Dress
Interior Decoration
Woolens and Worsteds
The Psychology of Retail Salesmanship
Hosiery and Underwear
The Psychology of Executive Leadership
Window Display
Business Standards
Merchandising Statistics
Methods for Teachers and Educational Directors

Thoroughly inoculated with this kind of sorcery, the young executive becomes a Bachelor of Science in Retailing.

The School of Commerce may beat its tom-toms of Success, but compared with the School of Education, I fear, it is only an ignorant scoundrel. Six years ago, Education was down and out with a wasting disease, a mere skeleton of a student-body and a bare shell of a faculty. Today it is the marvel of its kind—"one of the greatest schools of education in America." Its transformation is all due to that modern man of learning, Dean John W. Withers, Ph.D., LL.D., who, lured from St. Louis, has since surrounded himself with a faculty that represents all the *intelligentsia* south of the Potomac and west of the Ohio. With them these men of vision have brought all the up-to-date implements of the New Pedagogy—maps, charts, graphs, slide rules, and adding machines. More, from their desert tracts they also hauled a slogan: "Research, Service, Leadership!" With this as their guide, they have made things hum, and today, whenever N. Y. U. is pressed for publicity, they drag out their never-failing artillery:

*EDUCATION* Leads *RESEARCH*
*Dean Withers Reports More Than Half of All Work in Sociology Being Done in United States is Carried on Through Our School. One Hundred Thirty-three Courses Added to Curriculum Last Year.*

This is banged off at schoolma'ms *via* the university prints, the public press, and the radio. But what is all this research? Here are some of its more lustrous gems:

Education in Health
Community Organization
Education in Accident Prevention
Child Accounting
Creative Reading
Advanced Educational Statistics
Correction of Provincial Dialect
Course for Advisers of Men and Women
Teaching Self-Testing Activities or Stunts
Physical Efficiency and Achievement Tests
Conducting
Special Methods in Swimming
Trombone

"For credit toward degrees in the School of Education," students are also permitted to sip the Bryan brand of wisdom at Chautauqua. All this, of course, for the "edification of the teaching profession," and Service. Here the School of Education speaks with all the authority of a voice from a burning bush:

The need for service—efficient, well-directed, and altruistic service—is the justification of *all* our great professions and the prompter of all worthy professional endeavor.

This concoction was brewed by Professor Ambrose L. Suhrie, Ph.B., LL.D. (John B. Stetson University, De Land, Fla.). But Dr. Suhrie's knockout wallop is this: "It should be easy for a teacher to become a billionaire in less than thirty years." All that is necessary is "to coöperate with God in the perfecting of man," since "ideals are more real than bare facts," and "no human life out of conscious relationship to the universe is quite complete." To these scientific dicta the tidings are then tossed that the protagonists of Research, Service, Leadership, moved, no doubt, by whole-hearted and devoted altruism, have organized the School of Education Realty Corporation of New York University for the purpose of extracting some $500,000 from its customers in order to insure the speedy erection of a twenty-story education skyscraper—"a bigger and better home for a bigger and better School of Education."

## VI

Athletically, N. Y. U. exhibits only spasmodic symptoms of life. It has, it is true, at last succeeded in putting together a winning football aggregation—a team which astounded not only the boys but the experts as well. Sensing the advertising value of his eleven money-getters the Chancellor was present at all the big games. For the moment he almost forgot his "new course of study—the life-long study of righteousness":

> New York University has *not* arrived at its present position in the athletic world by accident. This year's winning team is the result of seven years of preparation. The last seven years have been spent in developing a system of control and management, coaching and training personnel, the physical equipment necessary for the present success, and in bringing to the support of athletics the students of the entire university. . . . Coach Meehan is an educator, who has made a deep impression . . . of *hard hitting* and fair hitting and numerous other virtues. Yes, he has proved himself an educator. I believe in his practical pedagogy.

But aside from this *tour de force*, the record of N. Y. U.'s athletic achievements is sadly unadorned. For another taste of victory one is compelled to trek back through eight weary years, to 1919, when the university produced a championship basketball team. Beyond that—darkness.

In the matter of student activities the tale is even sadder. Even the microscopic Methodist and Baptist colleges in the mountain fastnesses of the South sometimes surpass the N. Y. U. brands of music, oratory and journalism. In music the greatest attraction is a ninety-piece band used to stir up the football team to hard hitting. There is also a glee club which occasionally sends its weird notes over the radio. Oratory is largely of the type employed by the late Fundamentalist fly-catcher, W. J. B. Journalism is a sad mélange of the *Times* and the tabloids. The humorous *Medley* is now sold at the subway newsstands. The more serious *Daily News* prints pictures of the Baptist Pope Straton and eulogizes the late Dr. Wilson. Its editorials are largely on football, co-eds, and the greater N. Y. U. One brilliant exception in this journalistic Sahara is the monthly *Arch*, published by the more earnest *literati* of Washington Square College, but, as might be expected, its appeal is largely wasted. Occasionally the University Press will undertake the publication of student compositions, but being, as it says, "scholarly," it prefers to pluck its prints from the brains of the faculty. On its list of books it presents Nason's "Efficient Composition," Shaw's "Ground and Goal of Human Life," somebody else's "Coffee," and "Bookkeeping Theory and Practice (With Blanks)."

Clubs and societies with more than a social purpose are pathetically scarce. The Menorah, appealing to the Jewish *intelligentsia*, flourishes. There are also the Catholic Newman Club, the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Onimod—all organized primarily for a good time. But even here one finds a happy exception—the Washington Square College Players. Entirely unappreciated and mainly despised by both faculty and students, the Players have refused to follow college tradition and ex-

hibit cheap leg shows. Associated with them have been Walter Hampden, Dudley Digges, Margaret Wycherly and the late Louis Calvert. Though they have produced much of the usual Broadway claptrap, they have also performed meritoriously in Galsworthy, O'Neill, and Shaw. The Players make the one bright spot in the cultural darkness of N. Y. U.

## VII

The university is approaching its centennial, and since such things must not go unnoticed, the Chancellor and the Council are making plans for an adequate celebration. It seems that the institution has "sustained a remarkably high standard of teaching," that it "has been true to the ideal of an orderly and organized course of liberal education," and finally, "Citizens of New York, it is your own!" Such virtue should proverbially be its own reward, but New York University, in order to carry on its work of Service and Success, needs more than merely spiritual nourishment, and so it appeals "to the imagination of any man who has a drop of sporting blood in his veins." As a fitting birthday gift it desires within the next four years a check for $73,000,000. Only in this way can it ever become "a greater and greater New York University."

The campaign is now under way—a drive started by the gate receipts of a successful football season. As usual, the movement's early enthusiasm burns radiant. It is being whispered that within the next decade N. Y. U. will be even wealthier than opulent Harvard—that, as a matter of fact, it will be the nation's richest mill of higher learning. The whole town is being organized. Committees are being lined up in every quarter. The trades and industries are to send delegates to the various colleges to see how they are being served by the university's work. Soon the average New Yorker "upon whose generous assistance the university must mainly rely for the furtherance of its plans" will learn of "his indebtedness to this great institution." The chairman of the Centennial Fund Executive Committee is not —as one might expect—Chancellor and Doctor Brown, but Mr. Percy Selden Straus, Harvard alumnus, vice-President of R. H. Macy & Company, and trustee of the School of Retailing. Not even the fund's managership has been given to the Chancellor. Instead, it has been thrust into the hands of a director of the School of Commerce.

Still, Dr. Brown continues to roar—and not without effect. For the reverberations of his racket have at last caused a stir in the camp of N. Y. U.'s most hated rival—Columbia. And now Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, has launched a little bombilation of his own. Columbia has been rudely awakened to the fact that it requires sixty millions more to continue its work of culture—a whole ten millions less than the amount sought by avaricious N. Y. U. None the less, it is enough to add new wrinkles on the shiny brow of N. Y. U.'s harassed go-getting chief. For if Dr. Butler's school gets what it wants, it will have a total wealth of ninety millions, or much more than any other intellectual association in the world. And then —of course—the dream of "a greater and greater N. Y. U., the greatest of its kind in America" will be merely another mirage to be thrown on the rubbish heap along with Gene Tunney's card of N. Y. U. membership.

# THREE POEMS

BY JOHN McCLURE

## *Estray*

Dreaming by sand and water,
The brown beach and the bay,
I am the wandering minstrel
That wandered too far away.

He that went hunting early
To chase the stags of song
Struck the black spoor of sorrow
And followed it long.

I dream by the water and sand,
Aging, who once was young,
And the moonlight running on the water
Is the song I should have sung.

## *The Pillar Of Fire*

Gay Thomas in his early youth
Dreamt of a cloud of fire
All bright with burning beauty and truth
That beckoned like a star.

The only flames encompassed Thomas
When he was come to man's estate
Were lapping tongues of pain and sorrow
And the unmerciful flame of fate.

Gay Thomas in the crematory
Wrapped in his cloud of fire
Was tempered like Toledo metal
On his own funeral pyre.

## *In Bourbon Street*

As I was walking in Bourbon street
(It was the beginning of Spring),
I heard the calling of the free airs of April,
I heard their whispering.

And I remembered how the trees blossom,
How in the Western brush
Redbud makes pale fire in the lowlands
While I am a briary bush.

Redbud blossoms in Oklahoma,
Trees bear apples and pears:
And I am a bush in a stony pasture
Shaken by April airs.

# CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*The Revolt of Youth.*—The most intelligent editorial that I have read in some time is just about two and a half inches in length and appears, not in one of the august organs of public opinion, but in a magazine published by the students of the little university at Bloomington, Indiana. It bears the title, "The Revolt of Youth," and this is its essence: "The great majority of the youth of this university were surprised and flattered when Dr. Stephen S. Wise recently announced to them that they were in revolt. Seven or eight, certainly not more than a dozen, boys on the campus are in revolt, but they are by no means representative of the student body. There is a great deal of hokum about the youth movement all over the world. To hear speakers like Dr. Wise, one would think that every person under the age of thirty is a walking Vesuvius, when as a matter of fact the circle of progressive free-thinkers is very small."

The notion that the student bodies in our universities and colleges are in a state of seething rebellion and that no professor with so many as two white hairs in his whiskers is safe from derision and flying ink-pots has long struck anyone acquainted with the true state of affairs as just a bit comical. About five or six years ago, a few obstreperous boys were kicked out of as many colleges for printing pieces in the college papers or for getting up in classroom and proclaiming, with that bravado chronic to sophomores since the first university opened its doors, that all professors were *ipso facto* idiots, that none of them knew enough to come in when it rained, and that all of them should be bound up in potato sacks and thrown into the nearest lake. Out of this circumstance, the like of which any middle-aged university man easily recalls as having happened more or less regularly for the last thirty years, there sprang the theory, assiduously nourished by editorial writers hard up for ideas, that these few boys were typical of student bodies as a whole all over the country and, as a corollary, that the youth of the land was through with the old and established order and was already trying on the coat of Trotsky and the pantaloons of Lenin. The simple truth of the matter, of course, was and is that these miniature Branns and sapling Voltaires no more represented or represent the great body of college students than a couple of loud-mouthed Congressmen from the store-pie States represent the great body of the American people.

The so-called intellectual revolt in our colleges is not a revolt at all. Investigate it at first hand and all that you find it to be is exactly what it has been ever since—almost three decades ago it is now—I, with other boys like me, first stuck pipes in our hat-bands, buttoned only the lower buttons of our coats and so became members of the Athenian grove. In those days—and my father used to tell me it was the same in his—there were, as now, always three or four of us bumptious cerebrals who thought that we knew everything, and that no one else knew anything, and that any professor who didn't discern our remarkable genius in a flash was by way of being a profound ass. I hope that I do not lower myself too much in your, to say nothing of my present own, estimation when I confide to you that on one occasion, back in the early nineties, I myself came very near being booted out of college for just such a quasi-radical revolt as currently entertains and deludes the editorial phil-

osophers. It all amounted, as it amounts today, to nothing. The student bodies then, as the student bodies now, are no more in revolt than the populace of Old Point Comfort or Palm Beach. What is mistaken for the sign and symptom of intellectual revolt is merely the suppressed and natural youthful desire on the part of certain college boys to upset trolley-cars, ring doorbells, steal signs and trip up policemen and, finding that desire ungratified by reason of one inhibition or another, to take it out in raising a little pseudo-radical hell. I have gone carefully over the list of college boys who, since 1919, have figured as leaders of the undergraduate revolution. In that list I find ten outstanding names. What are these Tom Paines, these Kosciuszkos, these Bolivars and Huxleys doing today? They are still youths, let us remember, and, I repeat, what are they doing? Three of them are working quietly and obediently in their fathers' businesses, to wit, the manufacture of window screens, the selling of automobile tires and the writing of life insurance policies; one is helping his pa run a chicken farm in Missouri; two are humdrum reporters on newspapers, covering six-day bicycle races, the birth of triplets in the Bronx and John D. Rockefeller's golf game; two are teaching in provincial high schools; one is writing hack fiction for the shopgirl magazines; and the tenth, unquestionably the one potentially talented fellow in the lot, is doing book reviews, and good ones, for the literary journals. Of such are the brave Continentals of the insurrection.

*Cabell and Lewis.*—Among the gentry currently practising the art of beautiful letters amongst us, just two, aside from the inevitable Dreiser, I allow myself to believe, will be read by our grandchildren. These two are the MM. Cabell and Lewis. And why? Because these two alone have in their work the portents of longevity: the former, a beauty of prose that must outlive its time, and the latter a sound commentary on the civilization of his epoch that must carry into the future years its reflective burden of curiosity and illumination. There are, true enough, a number of other considerable fiction talents that are gladdening the present-day scene; some of them are talents of undisputed force; but they strike me as being merely of, by and for the moment. There is little in the work they are producing that can withstand the forces of time. The materials they deal with, though often ably handled and not without an immediate eloquence, are evanescent for all their apparent feeling of truth and humanity. The stories they tell are often moving, but thousands upon thousands of stories that have been equally moving in years that are gone have long since passed from the attention and even the memory of living readers. Mere truth, mere artistry, mere conviction do not always parade down the decades. It takes something more than these. Beauty, sheer beauty and nothing more, lives on long after impressive narratives less blessed have disappeared from the public's shelves. A study of the times and the manners of the times and the thought of the times, set forth in terms of an outstanding and recognizable institution or character, outlives ten thousand books that merely tell an insignificant story with brilliance.

*House Organs.*—One of the most amusing consequences of the recent and sudden itch for *Kultur* amongst us is to be observed in the many little magazines, brochures and pamphlets published monthly by various commercial organizations and known to the trade as house organs. In earlier days, when bankers were content to be bankers and didn't seek to constitute themselves authorities on the opera, drama, painting and all the other arts and when steam pump manufacturers were satisfied to be steam pump manufacturers and didn't wish to impress their neighbors, to boot, with their literary talents, these house organs devoted themselves intelligently and solely to the immediate business of the organizations. But today it is a rare

booklet of the species that does not interrupt its disquisition on the manufacture of wall paper or the wonders of a certain brand of bug-sprayer with a tasty essay on Montaigne, an appreciation of the genius of Rachmaninoff or a page of epigrams showing the wall paper and bug-sprayer trade what La Bruyère and Anatole France thought of women.

*Seeing Things.*—It occurs to me to speculate why the one kind of scientific man capable of writing a searching treatise on ghosts has never tackled the job. I allude to the ophthalmologist. Such a man, I believe, provided he devoted himself to a study of the subject and related his findings to his professional knowledge, might for once and all rid the world of much of the occult bosh that currently massages its belief in spirit manifestations. That many persons who say that they have seen ghosts are honest, that, indeed, they actually have seen ghosts, I have not the slightest doubt. For one fraud amongst them, I believe that there are a hundred who speak what is, to them, the truth. But that what they have seen are really ghosts, only an idiot, of course, could believe.

Ghosts or spirits, or what passes for them, are the results and conjurations of momentary defects in the human ocular system. They are illusions produced by momentary flaws and derangements in the human eye. With the complex machinery of this human eye I am not overly familiar, and hence am not competent to say just what produces such temporary quirks and aberrations, just what throws the seeing apparatus out of true focus, and just what are the various nerve, stomach and other disorders that for the time being convert the eye into a dubious instrument. But the experienced ophthalmologist is privy to such mysteries, and he might handily correlate them with the ubiquitous visions of deceased Uncle Henry, Little Bright Eyes and other such members of the Order of the Celestial White Nightshirt.

When a woman wakes up suddenly in the middle of the night and sees a ghost pointing a ghostly finger at the ceiling, or mayhap only at papa's union suit on the back of the chair, let the ophthalmologist jump into his Buick, rush to the scene, and ascertain, by careful examination, just what it is that has affected the functional delicacy of her optic nerve. When a colored gentleman, wandering about in a graveyard and already automatically sensitive to his surroundings, suddenly lets out a yell at the vision of a slice of perambulating London fog, let an ophthalmologist in hiding behind a tombstone hop out and take a look at the manner in which his crystalline lens focuses upon his retina. Let us have an examination of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's superior and inferior rectus muscles, of the newest Oliver Lodge's circular sinus or canal of Schlemm, of the most recent Lombroso's *macula lutæ* and *fovea centralis*. And we shall then have an end to a belief in spooks.

*The Court of Justice.*—If I were to be invested the Mussolini of These States tomorrow, with full power to exercise my sagacity in whatever direction I deemed that exercise necessary, the first thing that I would do would be to line up all lawyers who demand that witnesses answer questions with a simple *yes* or *no* and shoot them. Shrewd shysterism has never, with nonsensical procedure on its side and with the court's consequent necessary concurrence, evolved a more obfuscating and transparently unfair technique of chicane. That it is impossible, save in a purely superficial manner and to a purely hypothetical degree, to answer certain questions in the absolute affirmative or negative, everyone knows. Yet the prestidigitation of the law permits the buncombe a free course, to the embarrassment and confusion of honestly inclined witnesses and to the subversion of justice.

A witness in a murder case was, on a certain night, sitting in a room with the window closed and the blinds drawn. He could hear the sound of water dripping

against the panes. "Was it raining that night—answer *yes* or *no*?" demands the prosecutor. "It sounded as if it was," replies the witness, accurately enough. Whereupon the shyster gets as indignantly red in the face as a pair of fireman's underdrawers, pounds his fist upon the table and yells his demand for a simple affirmative or negative. "Did you mean what you wrote in this part of the letter—answer *yes* or *no*?" insists another shyster. The witness, intelligibly, may not conceivably recall to just what degree he meant what he wrote; he may have been a bit honestly doubtful himself, since his mind at the moment he wrote was not entirely clear. He tries to explain that doubt in a forthright manner. Whereupon the shyster tears at his collar as if it were a luscious pig's-knuckle, glowers at the poor fellow on the stand and demands that he lie by resorting to an equivocably definite reply. Almost any trial is full of such hamstringing. Hardly a witness, though honest as the day is long, but is not subjected to this, the unfairest and dirtiest device known to the administration of theoretical justice.

*Censorship.*—Literary and dramatic censorship rests largely upon the assumption that dirty words are conducive to a corruption of morals. Dirty words never corrupted the morals of anyone, young or old. If morals are corrupted at all, they are corrupted by dirty ideas cleanly and hence attractively and romantically expressed. The most aphrodisiacal book written since the Year of Our Lord 1800 hasn't a single word in it that the censors might object to. The least aphrodisiacal book written since the same year, a book that wouldn't cause an emotional flurry in even a fashionable girls' finishing-school, is full of words that would make a longshoreman blush. Our friend Satan knows his business. He writes English as immaculate and as shrewdly suggestive as a virgin picking daisies while enemy troops are marching by.

*Homo Americanus.*—To the phenomena of life which surround him, the American responds with clock-like precision in one of two ways, to wit, on the one hand, with an *Hooray* or, on the other, with a *Go to hell.*

# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *The Kaiser's Hordes*

For all their pretense to the contrary, elaborately enunciated in tracts that seek to conceal a forthright knowledge of what they are talking about in a welter of terminology more suitably associated with architecture, bridge building, the navigation of sailing vessels and the manufacture of steam pumps, it is quite clear that what appeals to our adolescent dramatists about Expressionism is the ease with which it may be negotiated. Of all the forms of dramaturgy that have been devised in modern times, Expressionism, together with its blood-brother, Impressionism, is the simplest superficially to master, and it hence naturally has a strong appeal for those young men who wish to become playwrights without knowing how to write plays. Expressionism is, in essence, simply the emotional skeleton of a play, the scenario. It presents the outline of drama, substituting mere close-ups of faces for a near view of character and sudden, startling claps of thunder for the slowly gathering dramatic storm of human passions. The first essay that every schoolboy writes is always full of italics; they are his means of a forceful expression that eludes his unpractised pen. In the same way, Expressionism is a convenient subterfuge for such talents as are unable to achieve the intricacies and profundities of dramatic writing. It is to dramatic strength of expression what cuss words are to an inarticulate man.

If there are mind and experience back of Expressionism, as in the case of Kaiser or Toller or Hasenklever, we find the technique of expression subservient to that mind and experience and we get, accordingly, a measure of genuine strength and pulsating conviction. But the majority of the youngsters who lay hold of the dramatic form popularized by the Germans have neither mind nor experience, and consequently all that we get from their exhibits is the technical monkeyshine. Incapable of drawing character in its various detail, they foxily resort to faking it by throwing into relief only its high lights, wrapping themselves the while in the comfortable, protecting cloak of the Expressionistic theory and pretending that their abandonment of that detail is deliberate, when anyone with half an eye can see perfectly clearly that the abandonment is due simply to the fact that they can't help it. Unable, further, painstakingly to unfold a drama in all its devious complexity and to tell a story in the more conventional and vastly more difficult manner, they resort to the new formula with avidity, since it offers them the very convenient and lazy means of getting an effect by telling the plot of a play theatrically without writing the play dramatically. The theory that Expressionism's value lies in its power of suggestion, that it gives to the audience untessellated tiles and materials wherewith the audience may fashion the drama into a complete mosaic for itself and within its own imagination, is buncombe pure and simple. It does nothing of the kind. An audience gets from Expressionism exactly what Expressionism shows it on the stage; it gets three times more, as a matter of fact, from the actually much more suggestive and inferential drama of standard form.

Almost anyone with a slight facility in the way of literary composition can write an Expressionistic play, and one just as good as most of those our young men are turning out with such rabbit-like fecun-

dity. The unhindered fluidity of the technique, the dismissal of the unities, the cinema-like hop, skip and jump, the absurd ease with which characters may be brought on and shooed off, the need only to indicate character superficially and the privilege to allow character to be identified in an entirely external manner and by such external means as manifold shifts of environment and intermittent comments by a mob of supers—these make the writing of Expressionistic drama even less difficult than the writing of music show librettos, in which some slight degree of consanguinity with the actual world must be preserved. A Georg Kaiser and an Ernst Toller employ Expressionism because it is a natural channel for, and even a natural outgrowth of, certain of their dramatic themes and ideas. No other form would serve as so apt a funnel for those themes and ideas. Our young men, on the other hand, lay hold of the technique as a quick-change vaudeville artist lays hold of a dickey with a diamond stud painted on it and a dress suit that can be jumped into from the back. It permits them easily to give a show. It is a ready-to-hand method for them to parade as dramatists. Its eye-holding hocus-pocus, its off-stage jazz noises and its revue-like shifting of sets and pulling back and forth of curtains throw the audience off the scent and conceal the fact that they have nothing to say. Nothing? Well, perhaps that is going a bit too far. The young men usually have some such colossal thing to say as (*a*), that New York is a Juggernaut that consumes youthful dreams; (*b*), that modern business is a Moloch; or (*c*), that the syncopated gin life of today is bad for young girls. These great ideas that would cause them to be booted out instanter by any half-sober magazine editor to whom they submitted short stories containing them and that would go to make plays that would never get a reading from any manager, they set forth in terms of a set of scenery that looks like a waffle-iron and in the staccato form of tabloid newspaper headlines and thereafter posture themselves as very intellectual fellows. What they are are dramatic frauds.

The latest sample of this pretentious mountebankery is called "Pinwheel," by a young man named Faragoh, and produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse. It is better than some of the recent things of its sort, if for no other reason than that its author's mind does not seem to be so cheap as the average in local Expressionism circles. There are even indications of mild talent in dramatic fields removed from Expressionism. But the exhibit, nevertheless, bears many of the stigmata of its local school. It is, in the main, mere sound and fury on a scaffolding, signifying nothing but a lack of genuine dramatic patience and ability.

## II

## *The Knee-Pants Drama*

The will to think is still another of the handicaps that beset our young gentlemen of the theatre. There are among these young fellows—I am speaking of those who are ploughing other fields than the isms—some who show a measure of talent for the writing of interesting and diverting stage pieces, but who spoil that talent by believing it to be necessary for them to constitute themselves philosophers as well. Every now and then a play comes along that, if left alone by its author, would be entertaining stuff, but that has been made a dreadful bore by the injection into it of quasi-profundities on the social, economic and other ills of the day. With one or two exceptions, the American drama is best when it deals simply either with straight emotion or straight humor. In such cases we periodically get from it plays of considerable merit. But, almost without exception, when the American drama tries to think it becomes ridiculous. This is doubtless due to the fact that the theatre here seems not to exercise much appeal to the better minds among either our oldsters or younger men and attracts chiefly an

inferior grade of intelligence. In England, where men like Shaw and Galsworthy are drawn to it; in France, where the best minds are and always have been deeply interested in it; in Germany, where it attracts men like Hauptmann, and in Italy, where it attracts such as Pirandello, the situation is different. But in America the theatre is looked down upon by men of any intellect—to their discredit and perhaps as a mark of an intrinsically bourgeois civilization—and the writing of its plays is left, accordingly, to what may be designated the knee-pants *intelligentsia*.

It is a characteristic of the young playwright that he wishes, in a single play, to say everything that is in his mind, where the adult and wiser playwright knows that good plays are to be written only by forgetting almost everything that is in his mind. The young man writes his play not content with making it an amusing play but insisting also upon making it an important one. His notion of such importance usually lies in interrupting his otherwise entertaining play every now and again with dank speeches in the manner of undergraduate theses generalizing upon the actions of his specific characters and essaying to give them a cosmic significance. Thus, just as an audience is beginning to be amused by the spectacle of a young woman chasing a truckdriver around the drawing-room in an attempt at seduction, the young Sardou calls a halt and makes the truckdriver stop short in his tracks and deliver a Shavian monologue deploring the new morality. This, of course, passes for sincerity and thinking on the part of our young men and leads them to believe that, in addition to the satisfaction of the royalties, they will be praised by the more astute critics for trying to do something above the average and improving the condition of the native drama. Yet the young men actually do nothing but make fools of themselves, for while it does not take genius to write amusing shows, it does take genius to wear becomingly the whiskers of metaphysics. What the young men cause their dramatic mouthpieces to exude is uniformly either juvenile and rather pathetic tract-tosh or platitude thrice platitudinous.

A recent example is Robert E. Sherwood's "The Road to Rome." What the author might have got out of his idea and what, when he is not posturing himself like a piece of Rodin sculpture, he fleetingly does get, is an agreeably smutty French farce with the conventional Alphonse, Raoul and Fifi figged out in Roman togas. But the desire to be an intellectual has been too strong for him and he must needs ruin what might have been a good, lively show by embellishing it with Town Hall dissertations on the futility of wars and with platform disquisitions on the "human equation" and other such schoolboy solutions for the world's malaises. The first act of the exhibit plays exactly the same scherzo that Rita Wellman played in her piece called "Barbarians," produced several years ago at the Provincetown Theatre. The second act sets out to rewrite the Monna Vanna theme lightly—the scene is the headquarters of Hannibal on the outskirts of Rome—but is no sooner under way than the intellectuality bee starts buzzing, to the collapse of the entire enterprise. The third act is also very intellectual, save for an amusing few moments at the finish; and thus what, with the rise of the first curtain, promised to be just a good, low, funny show, falls utterly and disastrously flat.

The leading rôle is played by Miss Jane Cowl. The talented actress, after a series of excellent performances in other exhibits, on this occasion is indistinguishable from Miss Ada May Weeks of the Ziegfeld entourage, than whom nothing has been so ferociously ingénue since Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Martin Brown's "The Dark," like the above mentioned play, is also devastated by its author's yearning to be a savant. It is obvious that Mr. Brown, once a talented dancer in the Casino shows and whose hoofing I was given to applaud, has

lately been reading Pirandello and that our Italian friend has made an impression upon him. He has accordingly poised himself to compose a play that would afford his pent-up metaphysical gifts an outlet, but, alas, all that has rushed out with the thunderous bursting of the dam is sarsaparilla.

III

*On the Other Hand*

Maxwell Anderson may, for all I am aware, be a veritable doctor professor among doctor professors, but, unlike most of his younger colleagues, he has the high sagacity to keep the fact a dead secret when he writes his plays. His latest is called "Saturday's Children"; it aims at nothing but the telling of a simple, recognizable and neighborly story simply and directly; and it succeeds most gratifyingly. Anderson has taken thrice familiar materials—those dealing with matrimony among the young and the incidental vicissitudes—, but it isn't long after the evening gets under way that he freshens them up and gives them bounce by virtue of a sharp recollection of the little things of life that ebb and flow about us, a mind that comments on them with a humor that is as casual and yet as smarting as a cinder in the eye, and a facility of expression that, like those newfangled kitchen appliances, squeezes the juice out of things with apparently no more effort than it takes to touch a button. Although it is not so theatrically amusing a play as Frank Craven's "The First Year," which it superficially resembles, "Saturday's Children" is a more honest and better written one. It is no more real in theme, but it is more real in execution. Its story is no more directly out of life, but I have a feeling that its characters are. And in the fact lies the reason, perhaps, why it may not be, for the mob, so good a show. Craven is an actor and, as the gutter lingo has it, knows his onions when it comes to intensifying naturalness to the point where it will get the maximum of stage effectiveness. Anderson is a poet and, while he may conceivably know just as much about such things as Craven does—you can never tell about poets in these mazuma days—, he yet declines to resort to them.

The play's virtue lies in its honesty. Even where Anderson must have appreciated that a little mountebankery and hokum would have speeded up matters and prevented the present occasional monotony, he has refrained and stuck to his guns. Only once during the length and breadth of the play does he betray a desire to flirt with the sensational box-office. This is in a speech he has given to the father of the young bride in the second act, wherein the former tells his daughter that it would be much better for young girls to go out and have a discreet affair than rush into marriage too quickly. In this, I detect Anderson necking Mae West. I'll wager a case of Staten Island vintage champagne against a five cent cigar that he inserted it into his script late in the day. Its sentiment I decline to comment upon the one way or the other, being the father of no daughter and hence, at best, a mere nosey outsider, but you can feel it sticking out of the otherwise serene manuscript like a plug hat in Italy.

The play is well acted and ably produced. It is one of the Actors' Theatre's best efforts to date and marks the taking of the helm of that organization by the competent Guthrie McClintic. Miss Ruth Gordon is right in every detail as the young married woman and the Messrs. Pryor and Perry are also highly commendable.

Sierra's "Cradle Song," perhaps the most delicately wrought play that Spain has produced since the nineteen hundreds crossed the calendar, was shown briefly in America several years ago and is now shown again at the overly labeled Civic Repertory Theatre in Fourteenth street. In the way of simply written plays, this comes very near being the simplest. Its tale of an episode within convent walls is told as a wise ancient might tell a fairy story to

children, but retaining ever his wisdom and his quiet understanding of the adult world. It is hardly a play at all, in the sense that the word has come to be used in the modern theatre; it is rather a snatch or two of pageant torn out of a drama written by someone else. It is an echo of the drama of the world heard within a cloister. In a theatre like that of today, given over so completely to racket for mere racket's sake, it proves a distinctly refreshing adventure.

## IV

## *On the Shooting of Mellow Actresses*

Several weeks ago, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after an absence of some fourteen years, made her reappearance on the New York stage at the Mansfield Theatre in a comedy by Frederick Witney called "The Adventurous Age." In the third act of the piece, the action called for Mrs. Campbell to crawl down a short ladder from the window of a house. Upon her negotiation of the feat, not without considerable visible effort and audible puffing, a great wave of applause broke over the auditorium. Though plainly unintentional, that applause was so ironically insulting that it would not have surprised me in the least if Mrs. Campbell, were she not the well-bred woman she is, had thereupon stepped to the footlights and in very polite terms bidden her audience to go to Hell.

The pathos and the significance of the incident should not be lost upon us. Here was an actress who in her heyday was a celebrated beauty; here was a woman who, aside from what acting talent she possessed, was once a slim and sightly creature to stimulate men's fancy, to turn the heads of countless cavaliers, to make tom-toms of innumerable masculine hearts, aye, even to cause the very dogs in Hyde Park to chase their tails with an unwonted dementia. And what had time wrought of her? A Brünnhilde creased with the years, an old woman plainly strapped in to the point of discomfort, whose mere climbing down a few rungs of a little ladder without collapsing created a gaping astonishment in her audience. That way lay the pathos. And this way lies the significance: that no woman such as Mrs. Patrick Campbell was should, when the decades have stolen her physical splendors, risk longer the kindly derisions of an ever essentially cruel theatre.

There is nothing more sad and nothing more ridiculous than the spectacle of an ex-beauty fighting it out on the old line. The greatest actress in the English-speaking theatre of today is the memory of Mary Anderson; the most pitiable, the quondam proud beauty, whatever her name, who valiantly and idiotically and very tragically tries to make the memory of yesterday still walk alive in skirts and grease-paint. With certain actresses, of course, the case is different. For there are actresses far gone in years who never capitalized youth or beauty as their chief theatrical assets, who were made to seem relatively venerable in youth by the classics, who have devoted their careers to capturing the esteem of men who have drunk out of Shakespeare rather than out of silken slippers. These are the ageless actresses, for they never made a weapon of mere years, and they are thought of primarily as actresses and not as women. The history of the theatre is not without many such names. But there are others of whom the public has been made to think first as women and secondly as actresses, and by the women themselves. These have been those who have enveloped themselves in their younger years with a surface romance of one kind or another, and with plays that emphasized the romantic aspect of them. These are the women who have made capital of their physical charms and who have presented themselves to audiences over a long period as sirens of Lake Como week-ends, vampires of the Nile and the despair of young clergymen on their way to the Holy Land. It is these upon whom time plays its foulest tricks. It is these who, grown chunky and wrinkled and rubber-girdled, dare the mordant

appraisal of audiences when vanity sacrifices them to the sharp steel teeth of its inevitable and merciless bear-trap. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is still a skilful comédienne, but what chance does mere skill at trivial comedy stand against the recollection of a once lovely woman become sere and fat and yellow?

To add to the almost ghoulish aspect of the occasion, Mrs. Campbell allowed herself the rôle of a woman bent upon persuading a young man to a sexual interest in her. In the company, by way of making the contrast doubly painful, there was a young girl named Cecile Dixon, a lovely creature whose scenes constantly brought her into juxtaposition with the star and who took on the appearance of a critical finger pointing at the latter like the ghost of a youth forever vanished. "The Adventurous Age" is a very bad play and there was only one way to make it even faintly palatable. That way was to retire Mrs. Campbell and to let Miss Dixon make up as an older woman and take over her rôle. That Miss Dixon cannot act anywhere nearly so well as Mrs. Campbell wouldn't have made the slightest bit of difference. There are some things that acting, even the very best of acting, cannot do, and you know what they are just as well as I do.

# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *Man of God: American Style*

ELMER GANTRY, by Sinclair Lewis. $2.50. 7½ x 5¼; 432 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

For the third time Lewis knocks one clear over the fence. Does it go higher and further than "Main Street" and "Babbitt"? I am inclined to think so. "Main Street" was superb in detail, but the book did not hang together, and its ending was vague and somewhat baffling. "Babbitt" was a magnificent character sketch, but more often than not—as, for example, in the episode of Babbitt's transient yielding to Liberal heresies—that sketch went outside the bounds of the typical Americano. I can find no such flaws in "Elmer Gantry." The story is beautifully designed, and it moves with the inevitability of a fugue. It is packed with observation, all fresh, all shrewd, all sound. There is gargantuan humor in it, and there is also something not far from moving drama. It is American from the first low cackle of the prologue to the last gigantic obscenity —as American as goose-stepping or the mean admiration of mean things. And out of it leaps the most vivid and loving, the most gaudy and glorious, the most dreadful and perfect portrait of a man of God that has got between covers since Rabelais painted Friar John.

In limning it, it seems to me, Lewis shows a great discretion, and no little self-restraint. The temptation to make the thing a mere lampoon and the man himself a simple and obvious hypocrite must have been very considerable, but there is no sign of yielding to it. Elmer Gantry is essentially a sincere man: that, indeed, is precisely the worst horror of his personality. He not only believes in all the fundamental imbecilities of evangelical Christianity; he also believes, and more especially, in his own magical gifts. When he mounts the pulpit and begins to vomit forth the immemorial bilge of his order a sort of mystical ecstasy falls upon him, and as the morons in front of him respond with their hosannas he feels himself to be veritably a spokesman of the All Highest. His occasional doubts—and he has them, of course, as even the Pope must have them on blue days—are never searching and never lasting. They play about superficialities: they concern only the machinery of his hocus-pocus, not its essence. In his most rationalistic moments the ancient Kansan faith keeps its hold upon him. He believes fully that the pathological phenomenon known as conversion is a genuinely transcendental experience, and that a half-wit who has gone through it is materially improved. He even swallows the archaic and barbarous ethical code that goes with the madhouse psychology and jungle theology. Personally, he slips through it more than once, but never deliberately, never knavishly. What may be called, to descend to theological slang, his conscience is ever alert and never tolerant. He laments his debauching of Lulu, the deacon's daughter, as honestly and as poignantly as he laments his periodical infidelities to Prohibition. In his sight there is nothing ignoble in these treasons to Revelation: they signify only that he is yet short of Christian perfection—that the Devil, eyeing him in some alarm, has been at pains to trip him. He resolves every time to sin no more, and as the years creep upon him he finds it easier and easier. When we leave him in the end he has been riding the water-wagon for a long time, in secret as well as in public, and the last of his mistresses has just been driven out,

and there is no sign that she is ever to have a successor.

To do him thus, as I say, took no little self-discipline. It took even more to keep the general fable from bulging over the shadowy line that separates the evangelical verities from sheer burlesque. A civilized man, viewing a Kansas Baptist or Methodist, is urged to laugh by a process almost as irresistible as that which prompts a galled jade to wince. The theory that such poor oafs are the special pride and concern of the Infinite Power that hung the nebulæ in the heavens and set the electrons to spinning in the atom—this theory is of the very juice and essence of humor. If it is not comical, then neither is the spectacle of Coolidge in the White House comical. But Lewis is shrewd enough to see that comedy can never lie wholly in the object: its main part must ever be in the eye of the beholder. His effort is thus not simply to parade his preposterous dunderheads before his gallery, but also to search their hearts. What he finds there is not something special and peculiar, but only the ancient folly of mankind. They are not comical to themselves, but sober beyond measure, and even a bit tragic. Their struggles with the theological puerilities that beset them are as real as Leibnitz's struggles with the differential calculus. The Hell they fear is near and yawning, and stoked with genuine brimstone. The Heaven they yearn for, though it may be only a sublimated Kansas, is as grand and glorious in their sight as the fields of asphodel that enchanted the Greeks. Lewis has done them mercilessly, but yet with decent feeling. There is not a downright rogue among them. From yokel deacons to gaudy Bishops they all follow a star.

In structure the story is extremely simple. Gantry's native tastes are anything but ecclesiastical. His fancy, indeed, turns him toward the law, but the prayers of his pious mother, combined with the effects of whiskey upon his hot blood, jockey him into holy orders. There is a slip at one point, and he puts in a couple of years selling agricultural implements. But the black eyes of the Rev. Sharon Falconer, the female evangelist, draw him back into the Kingdom, and he is presently serving her as assistant exhorter, business manager, and lover. So far he has been a Baptist. But when Sharon passes on to bliss eternal God sends Elmer into the path of the Right Rev. Wesley R. Toomis, Bishop of the Zenith Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, and that holy man, discerning his possibilities, recruits him for the Wesleyan pastorate. His chronicle thereafter is one of almost uninterrupted success. He has all the talents that Methodists admire in their clergy. He knows how to coo and he knows how to yell. A handsome man, with the figure of an ice-wagon driver and the hearty affability of a realtor, he shines alike in pastoral visiting and in the heroic exercises of the sacred desk. Acquiring a rich (though unfortunately frigid) wife in his first meagrecharge, he passes on successively to better and better cures, until in the end he is in New York, a Methodist colossus, able to make and break even Bishops and with the whole country in the hollow of his hand. His masterpiece is a Methodist holding company to take over the Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals and every other such engine of reform. He will be the boss of this celestial trust, and as such he will tell Senators when to back and Presidents when to fill.

Such is the outline. The merit of the thing lies in its detail. Here there is a truly immense accumulation of observation, and almost invariably its accuracy is obvious. There is seldom, if ever, a false note. The transaction recorded always has the air of a transaction actually seen. The labor of getting all that stuff together must have been enormous. Lewis sweeps the whole field of evangelical thought, prying into its most obscure vagaries. Multitudes of minor characters troop across the scene, everyone real, everyone carefully observed. There are no lay figures, no mere mobs. In

certain of the more important episodes, it seems to me, he goes far beyond anything visible in "Main Street" or "Babbitt." I point, for example, to the business of Gantry's conversion. It is done riotously, but the thing could scarcely be more true. There is, again, the episode of Gantry's approach to the beautiful and elusive Sharon Falconer—a little masterpiece of dialogue. The book is packed with such things, and especially the earlier parts. Toward the end it flags a bit, but only a bit. The final scenes, departing, as they do, from the normalcy that has prevailed so far, lose the overwhelming reality of what has gone before, but nevertheless Lewis has managed them with striking skill. "Gantry," I believe, will consolidate and improve his position in his craft. Was "Main Street" merely a lucky shot, and "Babbitt" only a bravura piece? In the light of "Elmer Gantry" such notions begin to look silly. The man actually has a tremendous talent. He is, within his bounds, an artist of the first calibre. No other American novelist, living or dead, has ever come to closer grips with the essential Americano, or depicted him with more ferocious brilliancy. The three works of his main canon are all shot through with defects, but in spite of these defects they remain almost incomparable. Put beside them, the average novel seems trivial and futile. His colleagues spend themselves upon riddles of personality. He depicts a civilization.

The possible effects of "Elmer Gantry" are incalculable. Like "Main Street" and "Babbitt" before it, it may give the language a new term of opprobrium, and so color the whole stream of the national thought. I speak as one who has devoted many years to preaching its fundamental thesis—that the Methodist dervishes who, through such agencies as the Anti-Saloon League, now seek to run the United States are men deficient in both intelligence and character, and that their power is inimical to everything rationally describable as civilization. The same sort of preaching has been done by many other men, most of them of far more eloquence and influence than I can pretend to. Its net effect, so far, has been precisely nil: the Methodists, despite the melodramatic failure of Prohibition, are more powerful in the government than they ever were before. It would be as hard, indeed, to imagine Dr. Coolidge flouting them as it would be to imagine him eloping with a Follies girl. Well, here comes Lewis with the case against them put into the form of a fable—more, a fable not too serious—an indictment in *scherzo* form. I am no prophet, but it seems to be quite possible that this simple (but far from idle!) tale may accomplish at one stroke what ten billion kilowatt hours of argument and invective have failed to accomplish. It may awaken the Americano to the dangers of the Methodist tyranny, as "Babbitt" awakened him to the imbecility of the Rotary-Kiwanis blather. In six months every Wesleyan spouter in the land may be jeered at as a Gantry, as every gabby tradesman is now sneered at as a Babbitt. The book may turn out a bugle-blast to topple over the evangelical wall, now so high and frowning. It may be the bomb foreordained to blow up the citadel. For there is a power in the imagination that indignation can never show. Its works enchant—and enchantment is vastly more than conviction. I confess frankly that I envy the man who possesses it. Especially I envy Lewis, for he has left a mark upon his time that will loom up wider and blacker, in the years to come, than the marks of a thousand Coolidges. Coolidge, I believe, will be remembered only as a footnote to Lewis' fancy. He will go down into history, perhaps, as only half real—by Babbitt out of Main Street.

## *The Origin of Species*

SYMBIOTISM AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, by Ivan E. Wallin. $3. 9 x 5¾; 171 pp. Baltimore: *The Williams & Wilkins Company.*

Dr. Wallin, who is professor of anatomy at the University of Colorado, here sets up a new hypothesis to account for the appearance of those variations which, sur-

viving by the force of natural selection or otherwise, produce what are called new species. In this field, as every schoolboy knows, there remains much vagueness and uncertainty, despite the almost universal acceptance of the fact of organic evolution. Even the familiar terminology lacks exactness. What, for example, is a species? No one knows precisely. There are many species, especially among the lower forms of life, that are differentiated from their biological next of kin only because some enterprising taxonomist once chose to differentiate them. And there are many other species, higher up the scale, that include races of such immensely diverse characters and habits that only the bond of mutual fertility holds them together. But this problem of classifying living organisms is, after all, light and simple compared to the problem of their origin. The guess of Darwin really begged the question. He tried to show how a change in any given species might persist and be augmented, but he by no means showed how it began. Nor have his followers and critics done much to clarify the matter. When the latter proved that changes often occur, not by gradual stages but by leaps, they only begged the question again. Why the leaps? That question has brought forth an immense crop of conflicting theories, but I don't think it has ever been satisfactorily answered.

Some time ago, in this place, I discussed a guess lately put forward by Morley Roberts, the English novelist, who is also an amateur biologist of wide learning and great originality. That guess was based upon the obvious fact that a living organism, at least of the multicellular type, is simply a congeries of cells of different kinds, and that its survival depends upon their living together in amity. If one group of cells, discontented with its place in the community, reaches out for more food or more room, then the organism either dies or there is formed some sort of mechanism to hold the rebels within bounds. Such defensive mechanisms, according to Mr. Roberts, make new tissues and even new organs, and thus a new species is formed. But sometimes the new tissues are of such a character that they cannot be utilized by the organism, or kept under control. Then they form what is commonly called a cancer, and the organism eventually dies. But why do groups of cells thus run amok? Mr. Roberts' answer is that changes in the environment are to blame, but regarding the precise nature of those changes he is very vague. Nor does he account very plausibly for the transmission of the new organ from parent to offspring. Here, indeed, he has to flirt with the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters, and like so many other ambitious evolutionists before him he comes to grief.

Dr. Wallin arrives at the same dilemma, but by a far different route. His theory is based upon the observed fact of symbiosis —that is, the living together of two different organisms in a contact so intimate that neither can survive without the other. The ordinary lichen, so familiar on tree trunks, rocks and old fences, offers an excellent example of symbiosis. A lichen is not a single individual, but a combination of a fungus and an alga, and if either be taken away the other dies. What Dr. Wallin asks us to believe is that nearly every cell in the body of an animal presents a similar picture of symbiosis—that everyone consists of the thing we call the cell, and of a series of minute bacteria living in it. But why have these bacteria not been observed before? They *have* been observed before, replies Dr. Wallin, and by multitudes of men, but always their nature and function have been misunderstood. Biologists call them chondrisomes or mitochondria, and commonly assume that they are precipitates from the protoplasm which fills the cell. They have been credited with various functions, and they are known to move from cell to cell when two cells coalesce, as in fertilization. Dr. Wallin now argues boldly that they are not natural to the cell at all, but invading bacteria, and that their presence, under easily

imaginable circumstances, may change the whole character and function of the cell they live in, and so modify the organism of which it is a part that a new species is formed.

A tall theory, obviously, and one that, assuming it to be genuine gospel, must run a dreadful barrage of doubt before ever it is accepted. Dr. Wallin thinks that he has demonstrated that the mitochondria are actually distinct organisms. He says that he has cultivated them outside the cell, and that they divide and multiply precisely like bacteria. Also, he believes that he has got 'round the difficulties presented by the inheritance of the new characters they set up in the host. Such new characters are not formed, he says, save when there has been some change in the virulence of the mitochondria—and when any such change appears it is universal in the mitochondria, and thus affects the offspring of the host as well as the host itself, for the mitochondria are transmitted from parent to daughter. Here there are many assumptions, and I am not competent to determine their validity. But it must be plain that Dr. Wallin has written a very original book, and that he shows commendable courage in grappling so boldly with a problem that has so long baffled biologists. Some day that problem will be solved. When the time comes, I suspect, it will be done by just such an ambitious guesser. The conservative and orthodox brethren have only muddled it.

## *Man and His Instincts*

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF OUR CONDUCT, by William E. Ritter. $3.50. 8¾ x 5¾; 339 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

This book is instructive and amusing. Its thesis is that many, if not most of the troubles of man are due to the operation of his instincts—that he is constantly led into foolish and dangerous courses by impulses theoretically designed to preserve his own life and the continuity of the species. Here, of course, there is nothing new: many other psychologists have observed the same thing. But Dr. Ritter, who is a zoölogist, supports his case with a large number of parallels from the life of the lower animals, and so it is overwhelmingly proved. What he shows, in brief, is that nature is an ass. Its most elaborate schemes to protect the individual and the species are constantly going to pot. Not only do men, with the best intentions in the world, and under the prompting of irresistible instincts, make war, get married, succumb to religious bugaboos and commit other follies, but the same or even worse things are done by woodpeckers, cockroaches and even algæ. The argument by design here suffers a fatal fall. The ant that Solomon admired so extravagantly, it appears, is an almost complete idiot. The busy bumble-bee has scarcely more sense than a Mississippi Congressman. The very protozoa in the sea-ooze go joy-riding and drink bad liquor. It is a pleasant book to hand to your pastor.

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# *Editorial* NOTES

So many requests have come in for copie of Mr. William Woollcott's national hymn "I Am a 100% American," first printed i these pages in November, 1924, that it ha now been reprinted separately. In its new form it is harmonized for piano, and five o the stanzas are given. It will be sent out t applicants free of charge so long as th supply lasts. Those friends who have bee trained in politeness will enclose postag with their applications—two cents for or copy, and six cents for ten. Glee clubs church choirs, oratorio societies and othe organizations desiring a larger supply wil communicate with the Editor. Mr. Wooll cott has refused to apply for a copyrigh on his hymn: it is dedicated to his country and with the warmest personal regards His first stanza runs as follows:

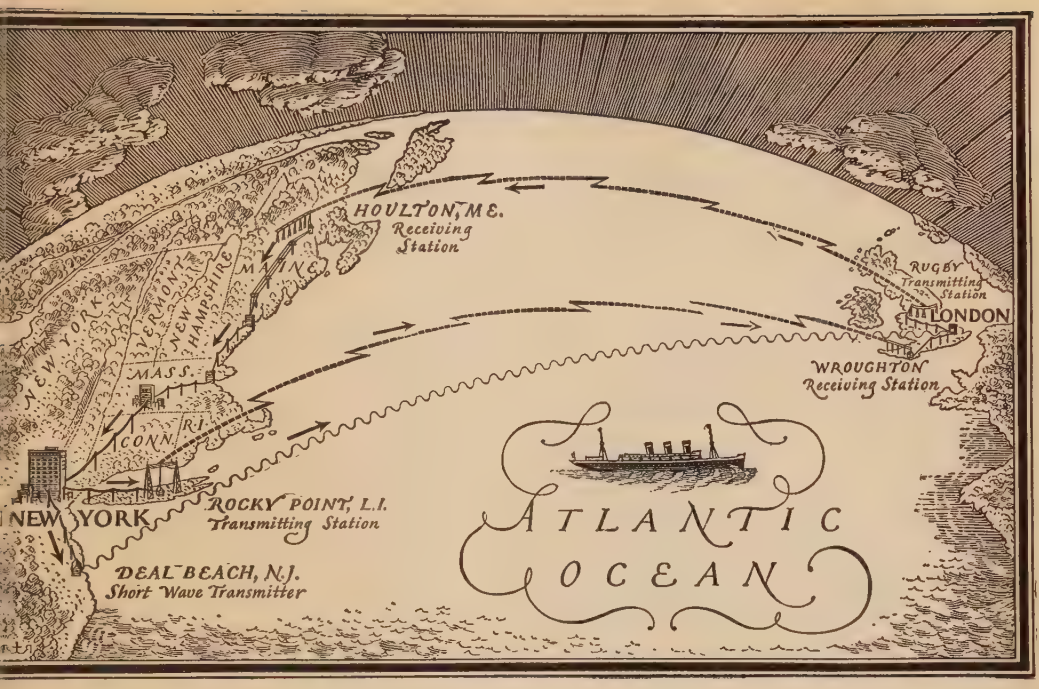
I am a one,
I am a one,
I am a one-hundred per cent. American!
I am a supe-
I am a supe-
I am a super-patriot!
A red, red, red, red, red I am,
A red-blooded American!
I am a one hundred per cent. American,
I am, God damn,
I am!

There follow various other stanzas, o which the following are specimens:

||:I am an ant:|| i-Darwin intellectual.
||:The man who says:|| that any nice young boy or·gal
Is a descendant of the ape
Shall never from Hell's fire escape!
I am a one hundred per cent., etc.

||:For I am just:|| folks, that's just what I am.
||:I like to read:|| the *Saturday Evening Post*.

*Continued on page xliv*




# The Radiophone's Meaning

*An Advertisement of*
*the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

AN ADVENTURE in communication was made last January when transatlantic radio telephone service was established between New York and London. There had been previous tests and demonstrations. Nevertheless, the fact that at certain hours daily this service was made available to anyone in these cities from his own telephone, created such public interest that for several days the demands for overseas connections exceeded the capacity of the service.

It was then demonstrated that there was a real use for telephone communication between the world's two greatest cities. It was further demonstrated that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the co-operation of the British Post Office, was able to give excellent transmission of speech under ordinary atmospheric conditions.

In accord with announcements made at that time, there will be a continued effort to improve the service, extend it to greater areas and insure a greater degree of privacy.

It is true that static will at times cause breaks in the ether circuit, but a long step forward has been made towards international telephone communication and more intimate relationship between the United States and Great Britain.

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Extremely Mild

# Editorial NOTES

(Continued from page xlii)

In art I pull no high-brow stuff,
I know what I like, and that's enough!
I am a one, etc.

---

Mr. James Weldon Johnson's Negro sermon in verse in this issue is to form part of a book of such sermons, "God's Trombones," now on the press. From the preface to that book the following is taken

At first thought, Negro dialect would appear to be the precise medium for these old-time sermons; however, as the reader will see, the poems are not written in dialect. My reason for not using the dialect is double. First, although the dialect is the exact instrument for voicing certain traditional phases of Negro life, it is, and perhaps by that very exactness, a quite limited instrument. Indeed, it is an instrument with but two full stops, pathos and humor. This limitation is not due to any defect of the dialect as dialect, but to the mold of convention in which Negro dialect in the United States has been set, to the fixing effects of its long association with the Negro only as a happy-go-lucky or a forlorn figure.

The Aframerican poet may in time be able to break this mould of convention and write poetry in dialect without feeling that his first line will put the reader in a frame of mind which demands that the poem be either funny or sad, but I doubt that he will make the effort to do it; he does not consider it worth the while. In fact, practically no poetry is being written in dialect by the colored poets of today. These poets have thrown aside dialect and discarded most of the material and subject matter that went into dialect poetry. The passing of dialect as a medium for Negro poetry will be an actual loss, for in it many beautiful things can be done, and done best; however, in my opinion, Negro dialect as a form for Aframerican poets is absolutely dead. The Negro poet in the United States, for poetry which he wishes to give a distinctively racial tone and color, needs now an instrument of greater range than dialect; that is, if he is to do more than sound the small notes of sentimentality.

I said something on this point in "The Book of American Negro Poetry," and because I cannot say it better, I quote: "What the colored poet in the United States needs to do is something like what Synge did for the Irish; he

Continued on page xlvi

# Like the finest motor car— the soundest bond can get out of date

"SPEAKING of bonds," an investor said, "reminds me of my oldest motor car. It is too good. The engine is as sound as ever. Yet I seldom use it. The newer models are so interesting, so much better adapted to present-day traffic, that I seldom use the best car I own. Bonds are like that. I have some bonds that are just as sound as they ever were—but they no longer suit my needs."

Analysis of this investor's list showed him to be correct. He had clung to a fairly large block of securities purchased early in his financial career. As he grew wealthier and more certain in his financial judgments, their once desirable yield seemed less significant.

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## *Editorial* NOTES

*(Continued from page xliv)*

needs to find a form that will express the racial spirit by symbols from within rather than by symbols from without—such as the mere mutilation of English spelling and pronunciation. He needs a form that is freer and larger than dialect, but which will still hold the racial flavor; a form expressing the imagery, the idioms, the peculiar turns of thought and the distinctive humor and pathos, too, of the Negro, but which will also be capable of voicing the deepest and highest emotions and aspirations and allow of the widest range of subjects and the widest scope of treatment." My first attempt at a Negro sermon, "The Creation," was an experiment in this direction.

The second part of my reason for not writing these poems in dialect is the weightier. The old-time Negro preachers, though they actually used dialect in their ordinary intercourse, stepped out from its narrow confines when they preached. They were all saturated with the sublime phraseology of the Hebrew prophets and steeped in the idioms of King James English, so when they preached and warmed to their work they spoke another language, a language far removed from traditional Negro dialect. It was really a fusion of Negro idioms with Bible English; and in this there may have been, after all, some kinship with the innate grandiloquence of their old African tongues. To place in the mouths of the talented old-time Negro preachers a language that is a literary imitation of Mississippi cotton-field dialect is sheer burlesque.

---

Mr. Granville Hicks's treatise, "The Parsons and the War," in the February issue has inspired the following sad reflection by the editor of the eminent Nebraska City *News-Press:*

> It is an interesting article and quite appropriate during this, the so-called Laugh Month, for among those who urged the hanging, drawing and quartering of the Germans in 1917 and 1918 were the Rev. Nathaniel Dwight Hillis and Dr. Henry van Dyke, now two peace-loving gentlemen, true disciples of the Live and Let Live creed. But what roaring lions and raging tornadoes of oratorical invective they were when the Kaiser was Meing and Gotting all over the smoke-bedimmed landscape of Europe!

*Continued on page xlviii*

*Mr. Stuart's prize-winning gelding*

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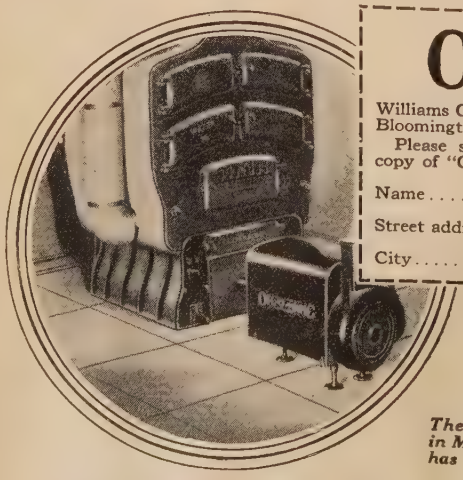

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## *Editorial* NOTES

*(Continued from page xlvi)*

It all goes to show what a thin veneer this civilization thing is in time of national and international stress. Men lost their perspective, their sense of fair play and, what's worse, their sense of humor, in that heated period when every man Jack of us devoted so much to Four-Minuting, Spy Hunting and Stirring Up the inoffensive folks in our own communities.

The *News-Press* is not absolved from blame. We, too, fell for the propaganda which, having been emitted from High Places, was not doubted. We, too, were quite sure that there was a spy under every bed in the house and a Big Bertha hidden away in every clump of trees on Goose Hill and points East.

We say, of course, that we wouldn't do it again, but we're not quite so sure. The world is full of smart boys who know how to step on offending caudal appendages. There are still indications that sabres can rattle and spurs jingle. At this moment the jingoes are howling for revenge and pointing their fingers in the direction of Latin-America where somebody's oil concessions or banana plantations are gazed at by envious eyes.

Don't boast too much that you'll never, never be fooled again by eloquence and editorial vehemence.

Better men than you and I, Horatio, fell for it in 1917.

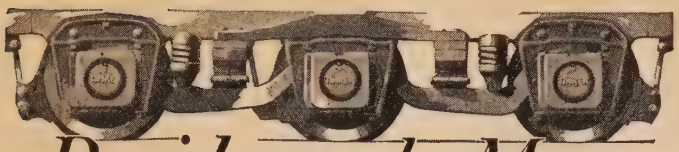
---

The late George Sterling's article on Joaquin Miller, printed in the issue for February of last year, brings forth the following belated but interesting observations from Mr. Henry Meade Bland, of the State Teachers College at San José, Calif.:

It appears to me that Sterling missed his mark in some respects. I knew Miller when he praised Sterling's "The Wine of Wizardry," exclaiming in this praise, which Sterling believed was overdrawn, the one word "Miltonic." Miller had in mind then that Sterling was a master of the English heroic, and the praise was not given hastily or without thought. That he did not like Ambrose Bierce did not prevent him from giving this praise while Sterling, beloved of Bierce, was yet a young man.

Sterling made an error in his reference to Miller's relations to the Indians. Sterling said:

*Continued on page l*



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## *Editorial* NOTES

*(Continued from page xlviii)*

"Chief among his [Miller's] fabrications were the assertions, orally and in printed word, that he had lived among the Modoc Indians, and that he had been a member of Walker's filibustering expedition to Nicaragua." Miller actually went to Nicaragua with Walker and knew Walker and his ideas, but he did not have an opportunity to go ashore. As to the truth of the Modoc story, if Sterling had looked at a note on page 218 of the Poppy edition of Miller's complete poems, he would have found there an affidavit made by a reliable man that Miller was in the battle of Castle Crags, and there received the wound he carried throughout his life.

As to Miller's age, Sterling was again wrong, for the evidence of Miller's mother is absolutely clarifying in that respect, although the family Bible recording the birth year of Miller as 1841 was lost in the journey across the plains. Miller was a tall, lank, overgrown boy of a man's height when he first ran away from home and went to the mines. That he had a romance with a young Modoc woman of about his own age is true, and that she met a tragic death in attempting to save his life from hostile whites is also true. That this Indian woman bore for him the Indian girl, Calla Shasta, is also doubtless true. Yet he amply repaid any injustice that might have befallen the mother of Calla Shasta by idealizing this mother in the most bewitching of Indian romances. It has appeared under various titles, and is known in its latest form as "Paquita, the Indian Girl Heroine." No doubt it is tinged with imagination, but the heart of it is founded on fact.

It is to be regretted that Sterling missed the great strains in Miller's poetry. That Miller had some of the weaknesses of the early pioneers is doubtless true, but he was naturally a man of power and high motives. A boy thirteen or fourteen years of age, thrown among the swarm of criminals that flocked from Australia and from all parts of the world to mine in the Sierra Nevada Mountains would have a difficult time, indeed, in keeping straight. He fell into the habit of drink when a thoughtless physician prescribed whiskey daily for him as a remedy for the tuberculosis which ran in his family and then seemed to be threatening him. The miracle of Joaquin is that an important poet survived out of the fierce temptations he was subjected to.

*Continued on page lii*

# WHAT!

## ANOTHER BANQUET?

OMBINING business with fun
a great idea, but there are
ies when it bears a little
d on the—shall we say?—
istitution. Too much good
d (etc.) . . . too many
nquets . . . too many late
urs.

Of course you can't avoid
m. It wouldn't be business
mmon sense to do so. But
suffer from them any more
n necessary isn't common
se either.

So when you exclaim, "What!
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h in a glass of water when
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## *Editorial* NOTES

*(Continued from page 1)*

In Americana for February, on the authority of the New Orleans *Item*, Mr. John Trotwood Moore, director of the Division of Libraries and Archives in the Tennessee Department of Education, was credited with the following:

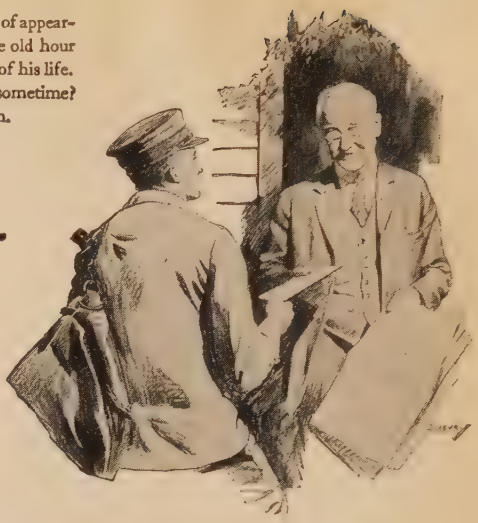
> I believe that, next to God, Andrew Jackson was the greatest man who ever lived.

Mr. Moore now denounces this saying as purely apocryphal, and has addressed the following letter of protest to Mr. Marshall Ballard, editor of the *Item:*

> A friend from New York has sent me a newspaper clipping which seems to have been credited to your paper. It reads as follows:
>
> BUT WHY THE EXCEPTION
> [*From the New Orleans Item*]
>
> We respectfully call this to the attention of Mr. H. L. Mencken for inclusion in his next volume of "Americana." John Trotwood Moore, State historian of Tennessee, was the principal speaker at a North Carolina celebration of the birth of Old Hickory. John Trotwood himself, none other and not less, averred as follows: "I believe, next to God, that Andrew Jackson was the greatest man who ever lived."
>
> It may interest you to know that although your editorial paragraph was very short it contained three errors: first, I was not the principal speaker; second, it was not a celebration of the birth of Old Hickory, as anybody who knows anything about Jackson at all knows he was born on March 15; and lastly, and more important, I did not make any such silly and blasphemous statement as you have attributed to me. What I did say, and which can be substantiated by any number of those who heard me, was as follows: "I believe, before God, that Andrew Jackson was the greatest man ever born on the American soil. He had more different kinds of sense than any public man of his day and generation and proved it in one respect by actually resigning more offices than were ever held by any public man in America."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY joins Mr. Moore in denouncing Mr. Ballard, and has lodged a complaint against him with his spiritual adviser. And it adds its apologies to Mr. Moore.

Nobody likes the thought of appearing at his work at the same old hour every morning for the rest of his life. Wouldn't *you* like to retire sometime? This page tells how you can.



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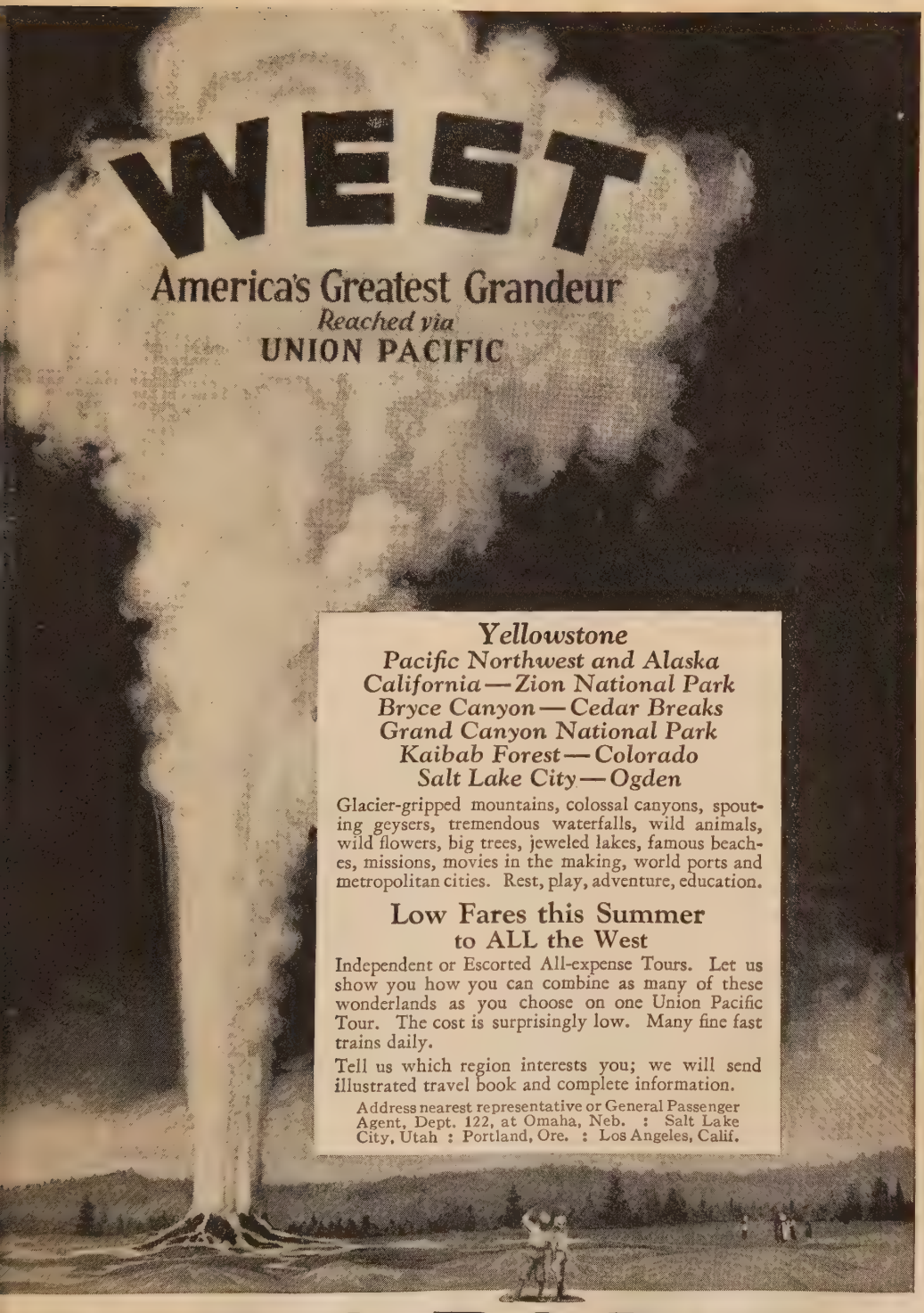


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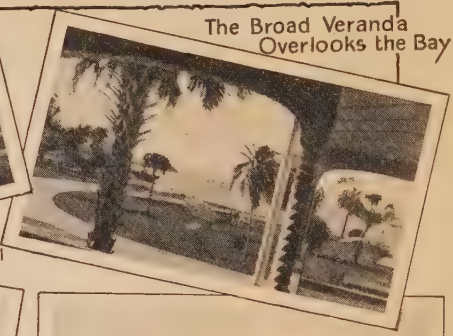

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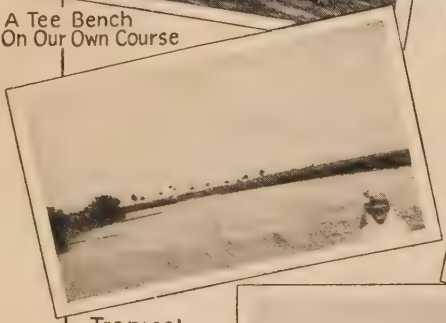

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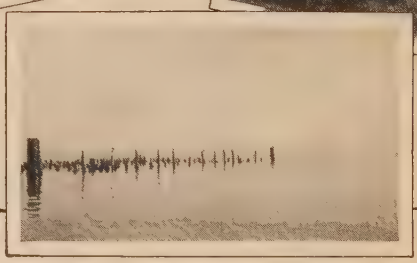

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Alfred A. Knopf

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

## *1901: A Shop-talk*

THE preceding shop-talk promised that this column would recur during the coming months to certain of the books which, regardless of the season of their original publication, are of a perpetual present—the books in behalf of which we do not willingly relinquish our efforts. Because this month sees the publication in English of THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN (see p. lxvi), and because its appearance is producing a wide curiosity about the author and his achievements, we think it well to say a word in this place about that one of *Thomas Mann's* works which does most to fill in the background of his own life and early years.

*Mann* was born June 6, 1875, in Nuremberg, the town of Dürer, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer. His creative life began with his second quarter-century: he completed at twenty-five, and published in the year which stands at the head of this article, a work which almost immediately gave him classic rank among living European novelists. That work, BUDDENBROOKS, issued in two volumes under the Borzoi imprint in 1924 (in a rendering by the same admirable translator who now gives us THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN), is a sort of Continental anticipation of John Galsworthy's FORSYTE SAGA—the history of a large and complex household of some commercial, financial, and social importance, with full-length portraits to represent each of its generations, and a searching study throughout of the impact of new ideas upon established family habits and upon individual temperaments.

There is usually an undue element of assumption in reading a work of the imagination as if it were autobiography; but we can pick our way through BUDDENBROOKS under expert guidance. Arthur Eloesser, a close friend as well as student of *Mann*, published in 1925 a volume intended as his contribution to the nation-wide celebration of Mann's fiftieth birthday: THOMAS MANN: SEIN LEBEN UND SEIN WERK (S. Fischer Verlag, Berlin). In the chapter entitled "Kindheit" we are told that the Buddenbrook family history is very closely parallel to that of *Mann's* own ancestry, and we are authorized to trace a variety of specific correspondences—*e.g.*, the extraordinary coach-and-four of old Johann Buddenbrook, the exact counterpart of a *Mann* family tradition. There can be no longer any doubt that in Hanno Buddenbrook we have *Thomas Mann's* not unaffectionate self-portrait as a boy.

In a very real sense BUDDENBROOKS might be called *Mann's* early physical autobiography, as THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN is his mature psychic and intellectual autobiography.

Both are, of course, primarily works of the imagination, as which they tower above most work of our century thus far. Both are taking their destined places among the world's classic books. But BUDDENBROOKS has, incidentally and almost accidentally, the property of casting a prefatory light on the later work by telling much that we care to know about the inheritance and early life of its author.

## *France Through American Eyes*

FROM the period when, in 1914 and the years following, a growing consensus of American opinion identified the cause of France against Germany with that of civilization against barbarism, it became easy and natural for our public opinion to make false assumptions about the history of our former relations with France. As a fact, American sentiment toward France has been closely analogous to that toward Britain. It is now commonly seen and admitted that the American attitude toward the mother-country, which remained chiefly vindictive from 1776 to 1914, then suddenly became sentimentalized. The typical school-books of history, which had hitherto treated the British lion as a devil with horns, were rewritten or replaced almost overnight; and for the first time an attempt was made to present the origins and stages of our

(*Continued on page lxvi*)

## *Lud-in-the-Mist*

LUD-IN-THE-MIST is the name of the town in which takes place the story of this delightful fantasy. *Hope Mirrlees* will be remembered as the author of that distinguished novel, THE COUNTERPLOT; in this new book she has written an allegory which successfully escapes the purely moral variety. For centuries the traditional taboo of Lud-in-the-Mist had been "fairy fruit," the mysterious, seductive fruit that enticed the thoughts of men from the sedate, solid virtues and unimaginative pursuits of daily life. With the coming of Endymion Leer, a strange madness affects the town, and the mayor's own son is among the first to succumb to the forbidden delights of the smuggled fairy fruit. Endymion Leer pays in the end for his crimes, but he has worked a great awakening in the atrophied consciousness of the people.

Man does not live by bread alone—these words might be the motto of LUD-IN-THE-MIST. Fairy fruit stands for the other staple of man's diet, for the bread, not of wheat, but of ideals, dreams, imperious longings, ecstasies, whether of love, or art, or philosophy, magical voices calling to a man from his Land of Heart's Desire." And even if this Land of Heart's Desire, this Fairyland, prove a delusion, a mirage in the desert, fairy fruit remains a reality, and loses not a jot of its virtue.

The writer of this book is not preaching the immortality of the soul, nor any other religious dogma. On the contrary, the moral of the book is the importance of the things of the spirit, in spite of the non-existence of the supernatural. "The Dapple flows into the Dawl" is the text of Master Ambrose Honeysuckle's speech to the Senate. Lud-in-the-Mist stands at the confluence of the two rivers, the Dapple and the Dawl. Through the centuries it has been the Dapple that has floated fairy fruit into Lud, and from this fact Master Ambrose deduces that fairy fruit is one of nature's gifts to man, and that it is no more supernatural than wheat, or sunshine, or trees.

(*Continued on page lxx*)

## *The New American Credo*

"THE superficial, no doubt, will mistake this book for a somewhat laborious attempt at jocosity. Because, incidentally to its main purpose, it unveils occasional ideas of so inordinate an erroneousness that they verge upon the ludicrous, it will be set down as a piece of spoofing, and perhaps denounced as in bad taste. But all the while that main purpose will remain clear enough to the judicious. It is, in brief, the purpose of clarifying the current exchange of rhetorical gas-bombs upon the subject of American ideals and American character, so copious, so cocksure and withal so ill-informed and inconclusive, by putting into plain propositions some of the notions that lie at the heart of those ideals and enter into the very substance of that character.

"Deep down in every man there is a body of congenital attitudes, a corpus of ineradicable doctrines and ways of thinking, that determines his reactions to his ideational environment as surely as his physical activity is determined by the length of his *tibiæ* and the capacity of his lungs. These primary attitudes, in fact, constitute the essential man. It is by recognition of them that one arrives at an accurate understanding of his place and function as a member of human society; it is by a shrewd reckoning and balancing of them, one against another, that one forecasts his probable behaviour in the face of unaccustomed stimuli.

"If the beliefs of the American people are grotesque, it is not for the statistician to criticise or protest; it is merely his business to set them down, that professors of the American mind may have at their elbows material for a more extensive, more profoundly analytical and more acutely penetrating interpretation of that mind, the most curious and remarkable, perhaps, ever heard of in Christendom."

THE AMERICAN CREDO, when it was first published seven years ago, contained just 488 articles in the philosophy of the American people. The present volume lists more than 1200.

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## *Overheard in a Washington Library*

"AND just why should a publisher charge $2.50 for as thin a little book as this?" asked He Who Had Not Read MY MORTAL ENEMY.

"And do the Corcoran and the Metropolitan buy their canvases by the yard?" answered She Who Had.

## *France Through American Eyes*

(*Continued from page lxiv*)

colonial rebellion with some justice to both sides of the contention—not in the interests, be it noted, of impersonal historical truth, but as part of a systematic anti-German propaganda. It was not that we loved England more, but simply that we were commanded (and taught) to hate Germany, the enemy of England. The same logic bade us love France; and presently we had all succeeded in convincing ourselves that Franco-American relations had been one glad sweet song from the moment of Lafayette's arrival to that other moment when General Pershing uttered—if he did utter—the words "Lafayette, we are here."

*Elizabeth Brett White* has written, and now publishes, a book which sets straight once for all this general matter of the history of cisatlantic opinion of France. It is an authoritative book, because its material is primarily an ample array of those contemporary facts and documents which express, far better than official diplomacy ever ventures to do in an era of nominal peace, the state of actual popular feeling. The surprising disclosure made is that American feeling about France was never very cordial from the time of Lafayette to that of the recent war; that the American consensus has always tended to fear and distrust the Gaul as it used to do the Briton, and that its occasional apparent tolerance was an effect of playing off the one of these hereditary animosities against the other. The pitch is set by a popular toast of 1811: "The French Tiger and the British Shark: Paring to the nails of the one, and a file to the teeth of the other."

AMERICAN OPINION OF FRANCE
FROM LAFAYETTE TO POINCARÉ. *By* ELIZABETH BRETT WHITE, PH.D. $4.00 *net.*

## *The War on Modern Science*

TO THE scientific mind knowledge is something to be gained by patient study and research; the Fundamentalist considers it the result of the will to believe. These diametrically opposed theories are the sources of the inevitable conflict between Fundamentalists and Modernists. The author of THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE warns us that there must be no compromise between two such forces.

The Scopes trial in Tennessee was only symptomatic of the vast divergence in the viewpoints of two factions of our population, but it brought to light the existence of the question, what constitutes the proper, and therefore lawful, method of attaining knowledge and truth. If the scientific method is the correct one, then the Fundamentalist idea must be wrong. However, as the results attained by the method of science are "contrary to the Word of God," the possession of the Fundamentalists, this method must be made illegal. In other words, if the scientist persists in his researches he must be fined or jailed as a criminal. "This is the *method of revelation*, reinforced by the policeman's club, as opposed to the *method of science*, reinforced by what man is daily finding out."

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## *A Protean Masterpiece*

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN seems to be about an unimportant young marine engineer, Hans Castorp. But that is only a seeming—an appearance of reality like any one of the scores through which, in the book itself, the pen of a great master thrusts to the truth deeply underlying it. What the story is actually concerned with is an altogether grander set of verities: life, death, time; disease, health; patriotism, love; intellectual anarchism *versus* a moribund romanticism—in fine, the groping struggle of the modern mind among the problems that beset it in its own world, its own universe.

Hans Castorp goes to Switzerland for a brief vacation and a visit to his tubercular cousin, a soldier. He stays on and on—at first inexplicably, drugged with the fascination of a whole community organized on the principle of disease. Presently he discovers disease in himself. Then, for seven years, in that strange and pathologic world above the world, he learns through a cycle of profound experiences to think, to love, to laugh, to renounce, to fight for his own identity and his own existence, and at last to know and to command himself.

So much is only the machinery of this strangest, most deeply moving of modern masterpieces. It gradually dawns upon us that the personæ, superhumanly distinct as they are in themselves, stand for something far beyond themselves. Vivid and overwhelming as a tale, THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

*THOMAS MANN*

s staggeringly more than that. It is a portrait of he modern world at large, and in its cumulative ffect it becomes a complete Pilgrim's Progress of he physical and psychic life of modern man.

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## *Love Is Enough*

THE march of *Mr. Brett Young's* talent through experiment to achievement gives, in the large, an effect of constant and inevitable arrival. He has steadily grown, not merely changed. From the early time when newspaper critics took to comparing him with Hardy and Conrad, and when men so diverse as Mackenzie, Walpole, Cannan, Beresford, and Lawrence united in their admiration, his successive books have steadily gained in depth, poise, and the enduring qualities generally. At no point of his writing life has there been a trace of shallow and sterile cleverness or false brilliancy; you will scan the row of his books in vain for anything meretricious, hasty, or hollow. Surveyed as a whole, he inspires above all the conviction that he is a sound writer, an incorruptible workman, studious of his chosen art of prose, and deeply studious of his chosen material, the implicit poetry of human lives and loves and fates. He has not allowed himself to be hurried by the fancied requirements of keeping himself before a capricious public, or cheapened by the fancied requirements of that public. His work is an entity which any man who cares for the dignity of the creative artist can survey with respect, and which *Mr. Brett Young's* brother artists do survey with pride of craft. His growth from book to book, in this age of hectic experiment and speculative literary adventures, has been like the growth of one of the olive-trees on his own terraced mountainside above Anacapri.

And now, as the present culmination and fulfillment of this cycle, comes LOVE IS ENOUGH. Here *Mr. Brett Young* works on a deliberate scale that he has not hitherto attempted. It is quite possible that, to the eye of future appraisal and summary, this two-volume magnum opus may loom as the nucleus of the entire *Francis Brett Young* shelf—this novelist's TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES, his OLD WIVES' TALE, his MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET. It is one of those unhurried chronicles in which the object is to compass all human life by the portrayal of one life in its entirety. The life is that of a woman whom we are made to know from youth to middle age, and through all the crucial experiences that can come to a woman as schoolgirl, wife, mother, widow, rival, friend; as these, and as seeker after the meaning of her own life—her own necessity, her own kind of truth. Following his succession of works done in the mode of a briefer impressionism, LOVE IS ENOUGH takes on an even greater stature. SEA HORSES, COLD HARBOUR, THE DARK TOWER—these are the achievements of a rounded artist, a man who has arrived. LOVE IS ENOUGH will come to his wide and growing public as a species of monument to his arrival. And, more than any of his books, it may be trusted to make him new friends: for there is that in its truth which turns its many pages into the truer-than-truth which we call vision.

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## *With the Authors*

*Langston Hughes*, whose second volume of poems, FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW, was published in February, has received from "Palms," a magazine of verse, the John Keats prize of $25.00 for his poem, "The House in Taos." This won the Bynner prize also, and *Mr. Hughes* rightly considers it his lucky poem.

*Carl Van Vechten's* NIGGER HEAVEN is the most talked about book in London. In her revue "Blackbirds" at the London Pavilion, Florence Mills has introduced a scene which is advertised as a reproduction of the cabaret scene from NIGGER HEAVEN.

*Francis Brett Young* recently had a most successful lecture tour in the Middle West. Upon this writer's arrival in New York he was interviewed by a staff writer from the Boston *Herald* for the first of this paper's articles on the methods by which various prominent authors have achieved success.

It is interesting to learn that *J. S. Fletcher*, perhaps the most prolific writer of mystery fiction living, began his literary career by writing idylls and pastorals. The first time he appeared in print was in the *Leeds Mercury*, the principal daily newspaper in Yorkshire; his article was entitled "VILLAGE POLITICS," and was written under the pseudonym "A SON OF THE SOIL."

## *Lud-in-the-Mist*

(*Continued from page lxv*)

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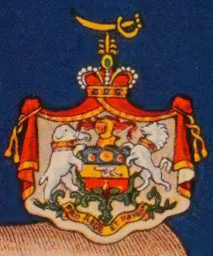

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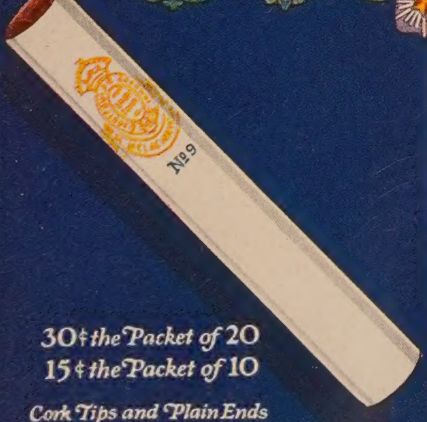


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